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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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COLOR FEATURES

Triplets make family of
SIX GIRLS UNDER FIVE

Rough, tough world of
ROLLER SKATING

Wonderful scenes from
NEW FILM : THE BIBLE

16 - page lift - out
40 BRIDAL FASHIONS

*Jacki Weaver's
wardrobe - page 57*

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NOVEMBER 9, 1966

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OUR COVER

● Perched in a comfy tree high over the water in the Sydney harbor-side suburb of Clifton Gardens, singer-actress Jacki Weaver sports a smart trouser suit, topped by a floppy flowered hat—and note the matching pouch-bag. You'll see more of Jacki's bright and practical wardrobe on page 57. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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MAISIE DANIEL, mother of triplets

SIX LITTLE

AT 11.30 p.m. on September 4, attractive Maisie Daniel, 25, and her husband, Charles, 26, arrived at the Merriwa District Hospital with their three daughters, Carol, 4½, Susan, 3, and Josephine, 1½. Just 45 minutes later their family numbered six — six little girls, the eldest not five.

The birth of triplets caused great excitement in the Upper Hunter district of New South Wales. Strangers, as well as friends and relatives, sent congratulations to the parents and gifts for the babies.

Kim Maree, first-born of the triplets, weighed 4lb. 11½oz. at birth. She is the personality girl. She is much fairer than the other two and is



FAREWELLED at Merriwa District Hospital by Sister Joy Medd, Nurse Robyn Pitman, and Sister Muriel Horner, the babies met their sisters Susan and Carol, while Josephine looked on. Home was 48 miles away.



AFTER THEIR DAY in Merriwa the older girls were glad to get back to their swings at the side of the house. The family used to go to town monthly; now there will have to be fortnightly visits to the hospital baby clinic.



TODDLER JOSEPHINE was first to greet Dad arriving home for lunch on the tractor. He's not disappointed that his six children are all girls, but he'd like a boy, too ("in about ten years").



HELPING FATHER milk the family cow is a favorite pastime of the girls. They also collect the eggs in the fowl-run and play with the two pet lambs, which keep the grass down on the front lawn.

DAUGHTERS UNDER FIVE

9961 AON - 2
2 NOV 1966

a dainty little creature, whether she is yawning, having her bottle, or simply surveying her big, new world.

Second-born Irene Emily weighed 4lb. 14oz.; the third, Maria Diane, weighed 5lb. 2oz.

When they left hospital 20 days after birth, Kim Maree weighed 5lb. 6oz.; Irene Emily and Maria Diane each weighed 5lb. 9oz.

Staff photographer Keith Barlow and I helped the Daniels take their precious cargo home to their white-painted, green-roofed cottage set on a grassy hill overlooking the willow-lined Widden Creek on "Baramul," in the picturesque Widden Valley. Mr. Daniel is a stationhand on "Baramul."

The three elder girls watched open-mouthed as their tiny sisters were carried from the hospital and put into the car. Particularly sorry to see them go was Sister Muriel Horner — "they are so gorgeous, they're the sort of babies I hate to part with."

She sent home the babies' first two feeds already mixed so that when we arrived at the cottage this had only to be warmed up. But how does a mother feed three babies who are all hungry at the same time?

Carol and Susan came to the rescue and held the bottles for Irene Emily and Kim Maree while their mother fed Maria Diane. The whole family call the babies by their two names, although Mrs. Daniel told me she can't yet tell them apart and has to refer constantly to their wrist tags.

Life in the three-roomed cottage will go on much as usual, say the Daniels. "I'll just have to get up at 5.30 a.m. instead of 6.30," Mrs. Daniel said. "But I'll just muddle along until I get used to things."

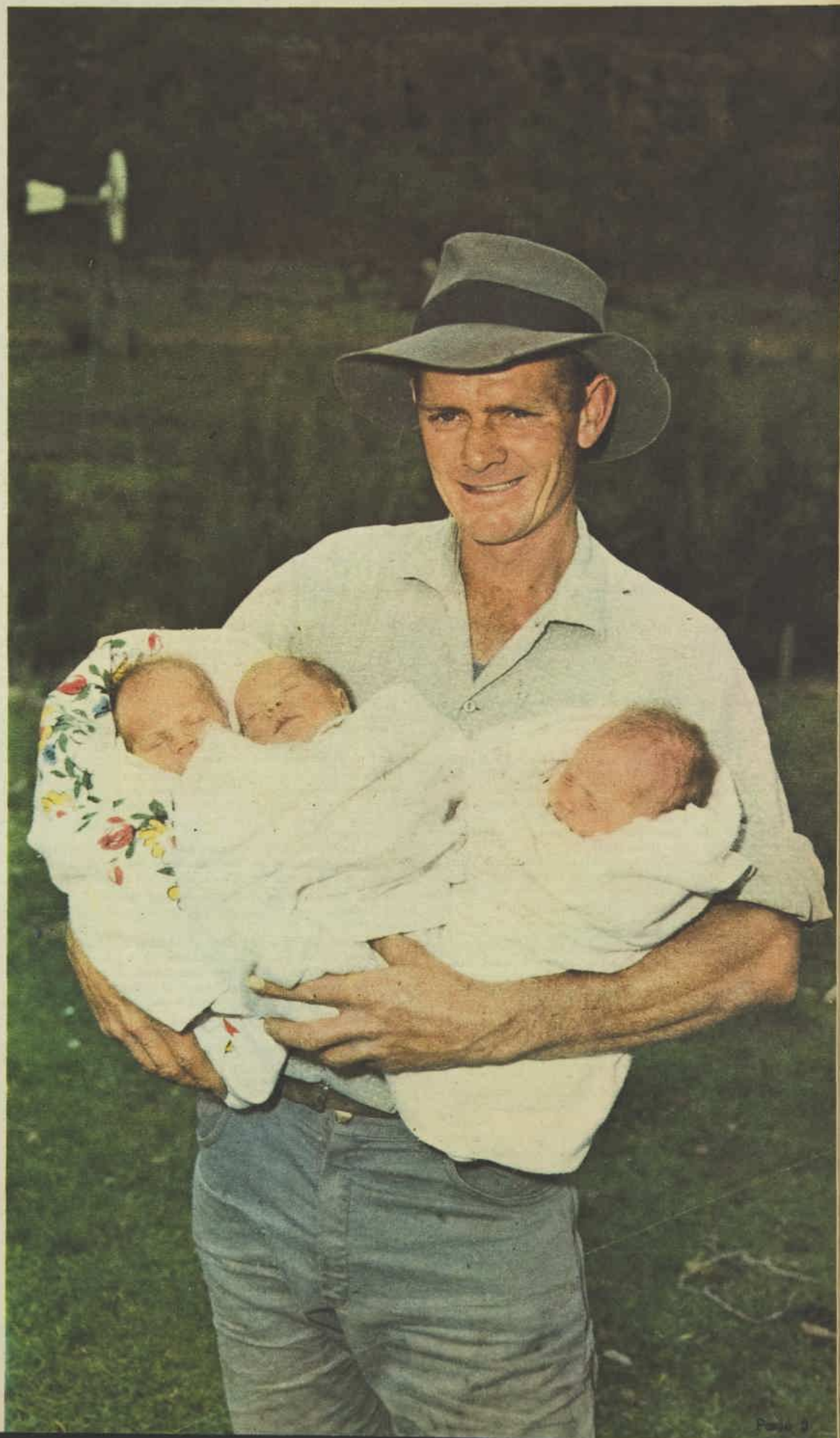
"Chas" (as he is known) says he is quite willing to lend a hand after Mrs. Daniel's mother, Mrs. Max Rose, goes home to Gungal, about 25 miles away.

— MOLLIE LYONS

PROUD FATHER, Charles Daniel, with triplet daughters Kim Maree, Irene Emily, and Maria Diane. He is a stationhand on "Baramul," a horse stud, and both he and his wife have lived all their lives in the district (he used to be at Giant's Creek and she at Gungal). At Merriwa District Hospital about 65 babies a year are born, but these are the first triplets in 70 years.



CAROL AND SUSAN helped Mrs. Daniel with the triplets' first feed at home. Their mother is naturally hoping they won't lose interest too soon at the babies' feeding times.





GLAMOR GIRL of the Thunderbirds, Cindy McCoy, would rather be a skater than a fashion model — despite two stitches above her eye and the many bruised ribs she has suffered.

THE ROLLER GAME

• It's rough, it's tough, and it's popular

THE first thing people say when they meet Cindy McCoy, "baby" of the Australian Thunderbird Roller Team, is "you don't LOOK like a roller-skater!"

"They seem to think you've got to be tough in appearance," the slim, attractive teenager said. "Off the track we're just regular girls—worrying about a new dress or if someone special is going to call."

Cindy, 17, had the choice of becoming a full-time fashion model when she left school last year. "But the Roller Game is much more exciting," she said.

Cindy, who comes from Los Angeles, is the most recent American member of the Australian Thunderbirds — the home team of the sport which has caused a sensation with thousands of Australian fans.

The Roller Game has a tremendous following in Australia. While more than 20,000 fans see it "live" each week, an estimated half million follow it on television. It has probably caused more controversy than any other sport, too.

With three banked tracks (each costing approximately \$5000) in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane, the Roller Game has become the biggest indoor spectator sport Australia has seen.

Comprised of six girls and seven boys, the Australian team is made up of nine ex-members of the Los Angeles Thunderbirds and four young Sydney skaters. They hope eventually to have an all-Australian team.

On the track, five men or women make up a Roller team. (Men's teams and women's alternate every 12 minutes.)

One skater — called the jammer — leaves his team's pack and tries to lap as many opposing skaters as possible in a 75-second jam.

The rest of his team try to help the jammer "break through," while the rivals try to block him — and this is where the Game gets really tough.

The Game has been called too rough for women. As "blocking" can mean—among other things—striking a rival skater with a stiff forearm, hundreds of protest letters have poured into newspaper and television offices.

"We had the same protests when the game started in America for women," Adeline Hocker said. "We don't think it's unfeminine or anything—it's only a sport."

"Besides, we never worry about getting hurt — we're more nervous of the crowds who come to watch."

And the crowds come in droves.

The fans include whole families who follow the Game faithfully every week. Many have permanent bookings.

They read the weekly gazette on Roller Game gossip and many parents dress their children in replicas of the Thunderbirds' red-white-and-blue uniforms.

Like pop stars, the skaters are often mobbed by fans and receive 200 to 300 letters a week.

While most write for photographs and autographs, many ask, "How can I become a Thunderbird?"

"That's quite a tough question," said player-coach Ralphie Valladares, who's in charge of recruiting new members.

"First and foremost you have to be a fantastic skater, and that usually takes years of practice and hard work. Speed and personal fitness come next."

Height and build are not terribly important.

"Look at Ralphie," said fellow team member Jojo Stafford. "At 5ft. 2in. he can outskate a 6ft. giant."

The skaters deny all rumors that the Roller Game is a set-up stage show.

"It's a fair-dinkum sport," said Ralphie, cheered on by the others. "There's no denying there are some born showmen in the teams, but it's definitely not rehearsed."

One of the most popular stars on the track, Ronnie Rains, took over. "As professional skaters, we can afford to ham it up now and then."

That's especially true for Ronnie, who, at 22, holds the world speed record for skating, at about 35 m.p.h.

The Roller Game was first introduced to Australia about two years ago when Channel 9 started featuring American games on Saturday afternoons.

When ratings showed it as one of the most popular afternoon sessions, Bill Griffith, executive director of the National Roller Game, took some teams to tour Australia.

That was last January and the tour proved so successful that Mr. Griffin left one team, the Los Angeles Thunderbirds—from which the present home team has developed—in Australia.

The four Sydney skaters now included were "discovered" by Ralphie Valladares at a local roller track.

They are John Single, 21, of Summer Hill, who was working as a printer, Brenn Green, 20, of Balmain, who was a tyre fitter, Colleen Murrell, 17, of Campsie, an apprentice dress designer, and Colleen Richardson, 21, of Leichhardt, who is married with a three-year-old daughter.

The day we went to photograph the Thunderbirds, John Single was still in hospital after a freak accident in his last game — he fell on his thumb and it bruised his ribs! But a few days later he was back on the track.

The Thunderbirds' weekly itinerary (which begins on a Wednesday) reads like this:

WEDNESDAY: 8.15 p.m. Roller Game in Sydney.

THURSDAY: 12 noon. Meet at Sydney Stadium to take bus to Mascot Airport. 1 p.m. Take plane to Brisbane, where there's hardly time for a shower and dinner before the 8.15 game.



PERFECT BLOCKING by the Australian Thunderbirds as Colleen Richardson (left), Ann Calvello, and Toni Gandera link arms to stop two Hawaiian Warriors breaking through. All are crack skaters.

FRIDAY: 8.15 p.m. Another game. 10.30 p.m. Take bus to airport. 11.30 p.m. Take plane for Sydney. 2.30 a.m. Arrive Sydney.

SATURDAY: 8.15 p.m. Game at Sydney Stadium.

SUNDAY: 12 noon. Take bus to airport. 1.30 p.m. Take plane to Melbourne. 8.15 p.m. Game in Melbourne. Midnight. Take plane back to Sydney.

Mondays and Tuesdays are officially days off, but often the skaters make personal appearances and do Press and television interviews.

One of the most-asked questions is why the skaters, who come from all walks of life, adore the life.

For they do get hurt. Heavily insured because of the high accident rate, many of the veteran skaters have had broken legs, arms, or bruised or fractured ribs.

"Perhaps it's because skating is so good for our figures," was Ann Calvello's reason. "Look at mine—not bad for an old lady, eh?" At 37, the captain and "character" of the girls' team can be rightly proud.

"We skate about 20 miles a game. We eat like horses and never put on weight."

The mother of a 13-year-old daughter, Terri, who's at boarding school in San Francisco, Ann is well known to her fans for her multicolored hair.

Nicknamed "The Jolly Green Giant," because of the green hair she sported when she first came to Australia, Ann has since moved on to red, white, and blue stripes, shocking-pink and red spots, and on the day we photographed her green and gold checks.

"I started the hair colors for a joke about five years ago," Ann said. "But my fans were so wild about them that I've been at it ever since. It's my trademark."

Her Sydney hairdresser has become so interested in creating mad hair colors that he wants to change them every day.

"But you've got to be a millionaire," said Ann.

But Ann doesn't have to worry too much. The fees of professional skaters run from \$100 to \$400 a week — plus bonuses for winning a game — and she's at the top.

She's also one of the oldest players on the track. "But not the oldest," she insists. "There's 'mama' — Midge ('Toughie') Brasuhn—and she's 42."

Midge, who recently toured Australia with the New York Bombers, has a 22-year-old son, Don, and a three-year-old grandson, Daniel, in Hawaii.

Skating on and off for 25 years ("I keep coming back like your Madam Melba," she said laughing), Midge was named as one of the top ten U.S. sportswomen in 1950.

"I've got fat now," said Midge, who at 4ft. 11in. weighs about 13 stone. "But I've never felt better."

Midge, who won her "Toughie" title because she's quite a girl on the track, is only one of the many roller stars with a nickname.

"I'm 'Alice the Chalice,'" said Ann Calvello. "Sometimes known as 'My Mother, the Skate.'"

—By KERRY YATES



TAKING A SLUG at one of the Australian Thunderbirds (Toni Gandera) is one of the "toughies" of the visiting Hawaiian Warriors team, Bobby Velasco. This kind of slugging is quite common during the game.

WORLD CHAMPION speed skater on the roller track, Ronnie Rains, is thrown to the ground in the picture below by one of the Hawaiian Warriors. Most of the skaters admit to having had broken legs and arms.

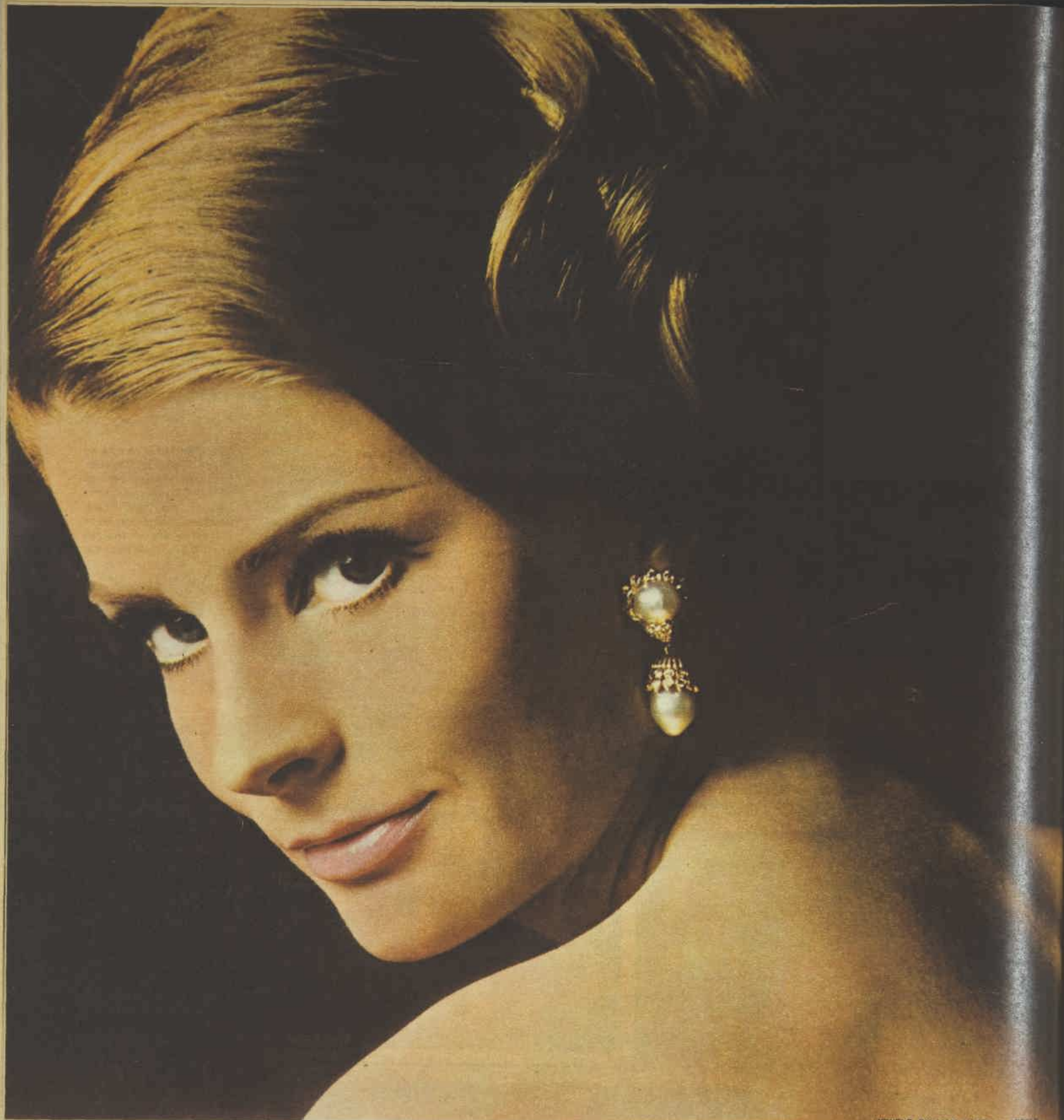


"NOW GIVE ORDERS!" Ann Calvello (below) quips to team coach Ralphie Valladares. Ann delights her fans by sporting a different hair color each week. Here she wears a green and gold hairdo.

MEMBERS of the Australian Thunderbirds: Back row, from left, Ralphie Valladares, Dave Cox, Ann Calvello, Brenn Green, Toni Gandera, Adeline Hocker, Bill Fitzgerald. Front row: Jojo Stafford, Cindy McCoy, Colleen Richardson, Colleen Murrell, Ronnie Rains.

GRANDMOTHER (below) Midge "Toughie" Brasuhn has been skating on and off for 25 years. A member of the New York Bombers, Midge was once named as one of the ten top U.S. sportswomen.





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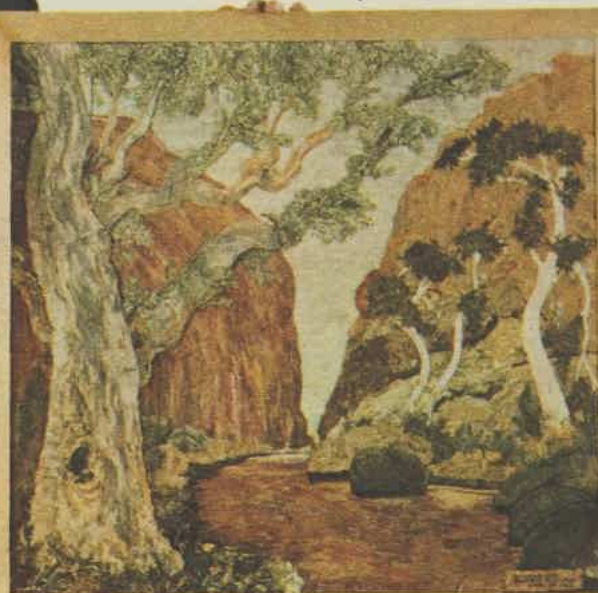
'Touch & Glow' by Revlon

Also from Revlon's 'Facemakers a la Carte' Collection: 'Contempéra' for a high-fashion matte look. 'Love-Pat' for a soft, semi-powdered look.

There's beauty in bark

EARL McNEIL with one of his bark paintings of an inland pass.

● When Earl McNeil retired from his job as a news photographer 18 years ago, he and his wife bought an old colonial house at Arakoon on the north coast of N.S.W. The house, just near the historical Trial Bay Prison, has been restored (Mr. McNeil put in about 2000 feet of cedar) and is now a show place in the district. In the past few years he has developed another interest — "painting" in bark and foliage.



ON this page are some of Mr. McNeil's pictures — mostly made with materials found in the bushland around his home.

The first step in creating a bark painting is to collect strips of teatree or paperbark tree bark, and these should be torn, rather than cut, away from the tree.

Mosses, fungus, dried foliage, and seaweed can also be used.

All material is thoroughly dried between masses of newsprint. Marine growths should be cleaned of sand and salt before a first drying, then washed

again in lukewarm water and a little glycerine before a final drying.

The background is a sheet of compressed wood or cane. Mr. McNeil first draws a design for the picture on the board, but some artists prefer to work directly in bark.

Mr. McNeil never uses paint, but does sometimes draw aboriginal figures with charcoal on a bark background.

The pieces of dried bark are glued to the board, then pressed down with weights. The finished picture should be protected with a glassed frame.



ABOVE: "Arakoon," Mr. and Mrs. McNeil's restored colonial house, near Trial Bay Prison at South West Rocks, coastal N.S.W.



ABOVE: Ayers Rock, "painted" in brilliant fungus, and, BELOW, aboriginal faces drawn in charcoal on bark. One important point is that the material used must be quite dry.



ABOVE: Mr. McNeil works on an Ayers Rock picture, using bark and fungus collected from the bushland near his home.

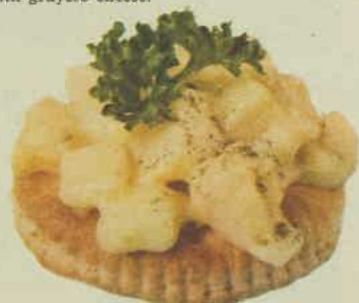
What can you do with our Golden Puff pastry in summer?



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Golden Alfresco: Split a Golden Puff down the middle. Add a generous slice of mortadella or similar continental sausage, spread with green pickle and top with gruyere cheese.



Potato Puff: Just about everybody loves potato salad. Next time you make it, heap lots of it on top of a Golden Puff. Add a decorative sprig of parsley, then stand back and wait for the rush.



Vanilla Verve: A new way to bring an old favourite up-to-date. Take a Golden Puff and fill with custard. Top with your favourite icing and sprinkle with coconut. It's a vanilla slice with lots of verve.

With a little imagination you can turn flaky Golden Puff pastry into dozens of different delicious summer snacks. All you have to do is add your favourite sweet or savoury filling and you've got it made. Hot or cold, it's simply delicious with Golden Puff all summer long.



Seafood del sol: Mix prawns, crab or lobster with tomato sauce and spread on Golden Puffs. Top with a mayonnaise and a sprig of parsley. Serve hot as a savoury supper or cold as a picnic snack.



Rarebit Rave: Heat Golden Puffs in the oven. Split or leave whole. Pour Welsh Rarebit or melted cheese over them, and top with finely chopped browned onion. Serve hot with dill pickle or gherkin.



Sunnyside Canape: Spread Golden Puff with butter and heap with rich red salmon. Place a slice of hard-boiled egg in the centre, and arrange "petals" of thin radish slices or pickled gherkin around it. Delicious.



Picnic Caper: Anchovies again, but this time the real thing. Mix with cream cheese. Slice Golden Puff and fill generously. Add a few whole anchovies and spice it up with a couple of capers. Who's for a picnic?

Isn't it time
you got together
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and see what
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"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . ."



"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters . . ."



"Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters . . ."

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD is depicted by photographer Ernst Haas, who travelled with a crew of ten for 18 months to film natural phenomena in such far-flung places as Iceland and Ecuador. The result is a fascinating version of the six days of Creation as recorded in Genesis. Also filmed is a section showing original man being formed out of the dust of the earth and receiving the breath of life. Then Eve is created.

THE BIBLE

It took five years to film "The Bible — in the Beginning," which is directed by John Huston and covers the first 22 chapters of Genesis. In continuous sequence it tells the stories of the Creation, Adam and Eve, Noah and the Flood, the Tower of Babel, the destruction of Sodom, and the saga of Abraham. The film, released by 20th Century-Fox, will be shown in Australia later this year.

Christopher Fry, who wrote the screenplay, was advised on theological considerations by representatives of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths, but biblical narrative is not used. Producer Dino de Laurentiis said, "We did not want stilted figures posing in a series of tableaux. We wanted the characters to be men and women with whom the audience could identify."

Type-casting was avoided, but when a brunette

was chosen for the role of Eve a furore was created and it was pointed out that the famous representations of Eve have shown her as a blonde. Eventually blonde beauty, anthropology student Ulla Bergryd was spotted in an art gallery in Sweden and signed up for the part. Michael Parks, a young American actor, plays Adam.

The possibility of using animated drawings to depict the Creation was considered and rejected. Ernst Haas, who was already considering a book of photographs of natural phenomena to illustrate his theory that the world is in a continuing state of creation, was chosen to film this section.

Many problems — the building of the Ark and the Tower of Babel, for example — arose because so little is known of the appearance of these things from the biblical descriptions, but one of the most unusual was the "mark of Cain." The Bible offers no description whatsoever. Then Fry remembered



ABOVE: Swedish student Ulla Bergryd, a newcomer to films, portrays Eve. Here she has been tempted by the Serpent and is eating the forbidden fruit from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SETTING for the Garden of Eden was found outside Rome in a private garden surrounding an old castle. To create the lush beauty of Paradise, 20 nurserymen were employed to work around the clock and many thousands of fresh flowers were brought by truckload every day. It took 50 animal trainers and 30 workmen to care for the birds and beasts populating the Garden. A river, 20 feet wide and several feet deep, was dug. Shown here are Adam and Eve before they had eaten the forbidden fruit, lost their innocence, and felt shame at being naked.



THE BIBLE... continued from page 9

having read that a man struck by lightning is often left with the mark of a blasted tree on his body, and this idea was used in the film.

Many panoramic and magnificent locations were chosen for the exterior scenes. On 25 acres of the lava-strewn slopes of Mount Etna, a still-active volcano in Sicily, the remnants of the destroyed Sodom were constructed, and the crater of the dormant Vesuvius volcano, which wiped out Pompeii nearly 2000 years ago, served as a desolate backdrop for part of the story of Cain and Abel.

The Sahara Desert was used to show the scope of construction of the Tower of Babel, and the great camel caravans of Abraham and Sarah going into the land promised them by the Lord, and also for the battle scenes when Abraham rescues his nephew Lot from rival tribes.



LEFT: Director John Huston was elected to play Noah because no one could be found with his extraordinary ability to handle animals. More than 200 species are represented and, although their trainers had predicted chaos, Huston was able to lead the animals quietly into the Ark. RIGHT: Peter O'Toole, who combines the Three Angels of the Lord into one role. He comes to judge the evil city of Sodom.



CAIN (left) cries out in terror, "Am I my brother's keeper?" after murdering Abel. He is condemned to roam the world as a fugitive, branded with a mark so that no man will kill him. After this, the first murder in history, Eve bears another son, Seth, who starts the lineage to Noah.

THE ARK (right). Only the measurements are given in the Bible, and an Italian architect used the earliest boats depicted on tombs as a guide when building the five arks needed for the film. A forest of 1000 trees was created to show Noah collecting the timber.



BELOW: Lot, his wife and daughters escape the destruction of the city of Sodom. They were spared because of their relationship to Abraham, but were warned they must not look back. Lot's wife (Eleonora Rossi Drago) disobeyed the Angels of the Lord and was changed into a pillar of salt.

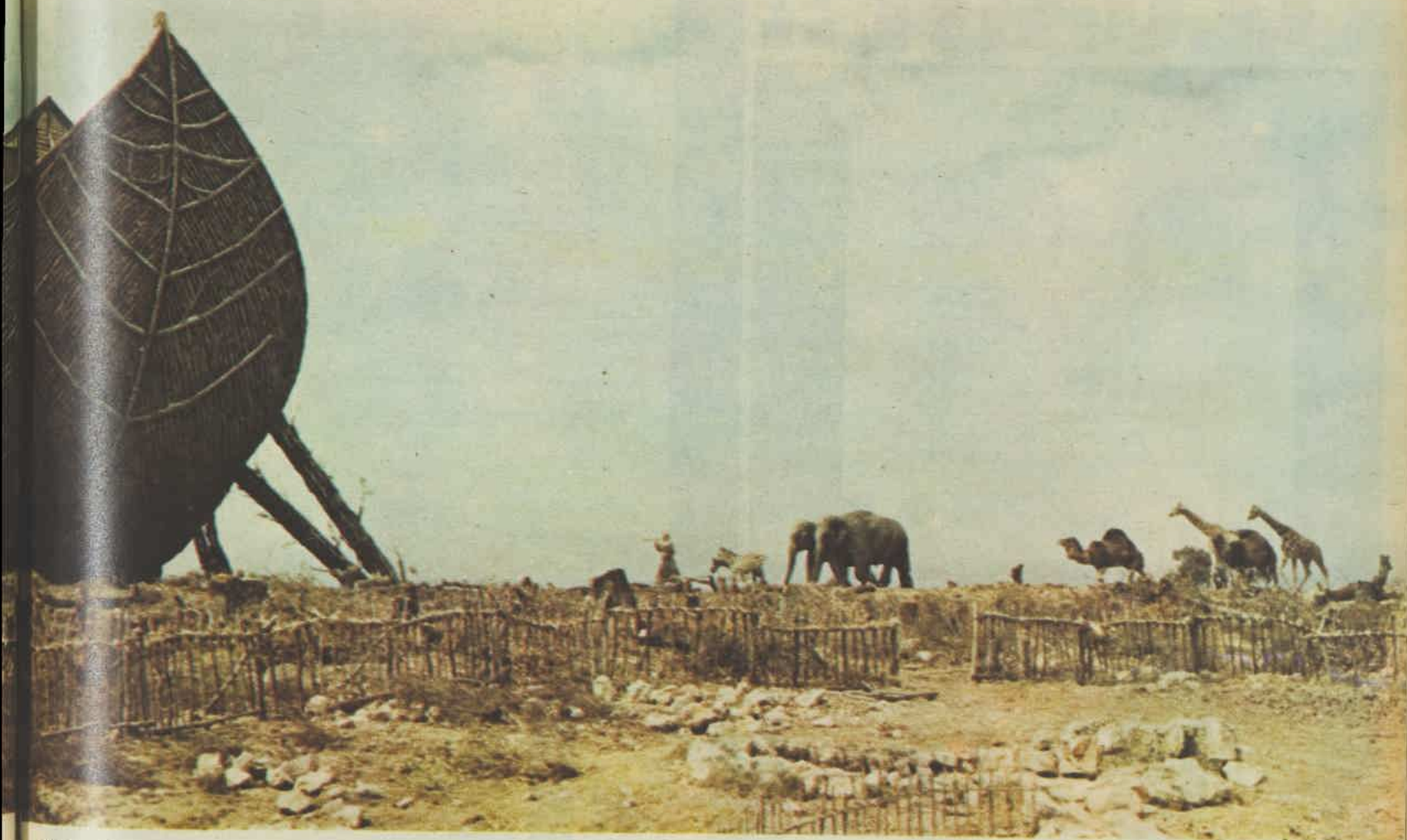


THE TOWER OF BABEL had to be constructed as solidly as a modern skyscraper to allow the thousands of extras to swarm over it. It was erected on the edge of a huge ravine to allow for some spectacular camera angles, and was designed after the Ziggurat, an ancient Babylonian structure.



STEPHEN BOYD is almost unrecognisable in his role as Nimrod, the proud King of Babel, who wanted to build a tower that would reach into heaven. His tower was never completed because "The Lord did confound the language of all the earth . . . and . . . scatter them abroad . . ."

AVA GARDNER plays Sarah, the barren wife of Abraham. There is jealousy between Sarah and her handmaid, Hagar, who, as was the custom when the wife was barren, bore Abraham a son, Ishmael. Sarah ages 50 years during the film.



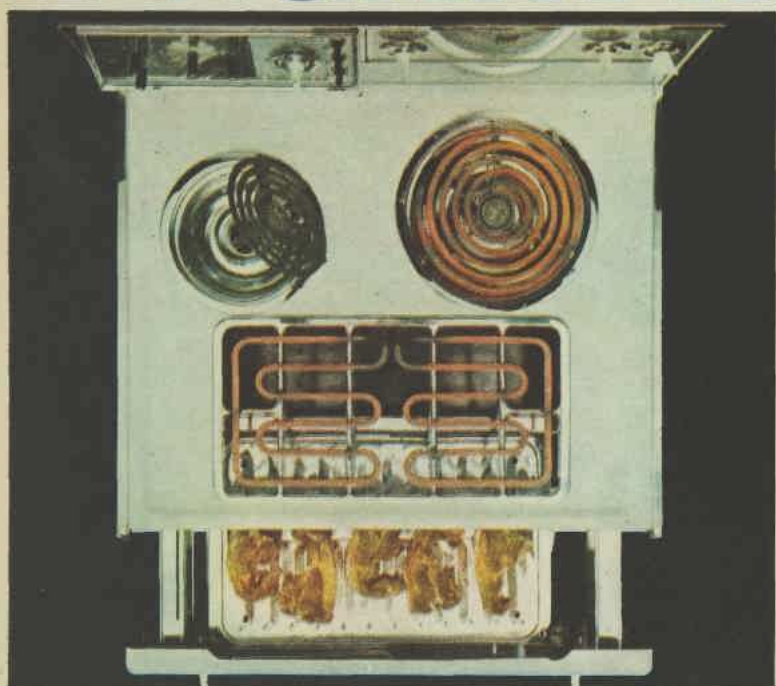
BELOW: The son they have waited for so long is born, and the aged but radiant Sarah hears Abraham (George C. Scott) name him Isaac. Subsequently Hagar and Ishmael are banished into the wilderness of Beersheba, where they nearly starve.

BELOW: After a night of anguish, Abraham decides to obey the Lord and sacrifice his son Isaac. The desolate slopes of the volcano Mt. Etna were a setting for the ruins of Sodom, through which they walk.

RIGHT: Abraham places one hand over the eyes of his son as he raises the knife to kill him. His faith has been tested and the Lord stops the sacrifice. He blesses Abraham and all his descendants for his obedience.



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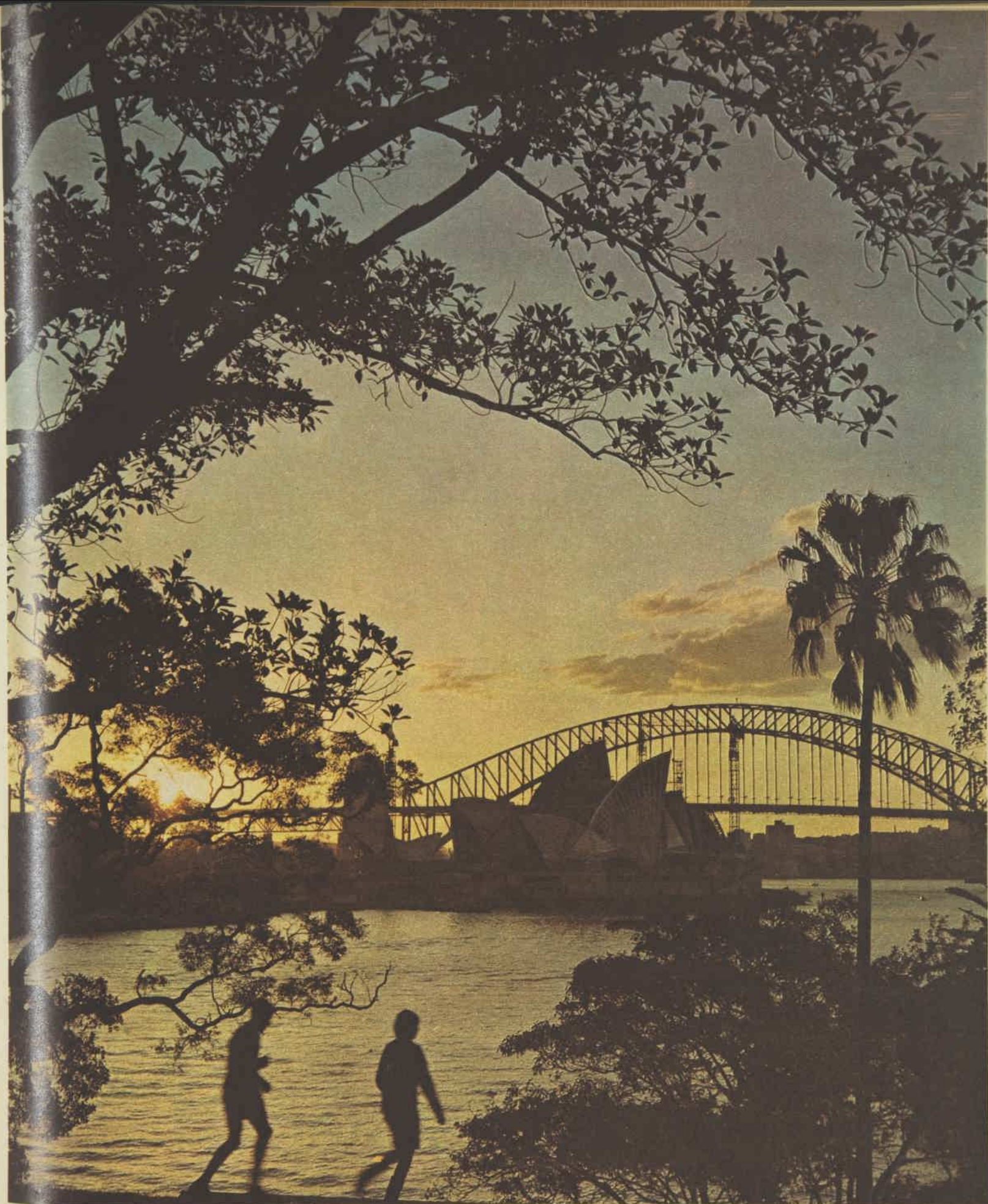


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**Beautiful
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Picture by Mr. Alan Boyd, Coogee,
N.S.W.



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● Prince Stanislaus ("Stash") Klossowski de Rola, Baron de Watteville, is a pop singer, whose first British record has just been released. A fellow drama student once described him as "an Edwardian peacock, combining the present with the past and living for the future." Stash went wild at being labelled "Edwardian" (the period was too late) but agreed with the rest. His English accent has a hint of Hollywood. His favorite word is "scene" — everything is a "scene."

THE POP WORLD OF A PRINCE

STASH'S ancestral lines weave through Europe's oldest families like a spider-web. His father is Count Balthazar Klossowski de Rola — the well-known French painter Balthus — and his mother is one of the de Wattevilles, a noble family famous in Swiss history. Both are wealthy.

Lord Byron was a kinsman, and Stash wears a silver ring given to the poet by his last great love, showing a "hand of attachment."

He lives in a medieval chateau in France, and has other homes in Italy and Switzerland with his family. His Hollywood "scene" is now let to P. J. Proby.

At 23, he claims to be a multi-millionaire — before singing a note.

"I agree that I am richer than most people of my age," he said, slowly sipping a Coke at his London "pad." "But I don't want to just sit back and spend my money. I have higher aspirations than to be a playboy."

Stash and his younger brother did indulge in *dolce-vita*-type parties in Rome. "I think of them now as 'youth mistakes'," he said.

Together they gave enormous dinners to visiting artists and Anglo-Italian film stars.

His best friend at the time was a grandson of the late King of Spain. Stash confesses: "One night the three of us looned off through Rome on ponies to ride into the Ottanta-Quattro Club. We were drunk."

"The doorman stepped in our way, and actually we ran over him. We entered the club like a bunch of maddened Cossacks, and made a quick retreat after terrifying the place."

"Photographers took flashes, and a story appeared about how the young princes behaved strangely, to say the least."

Stash's playboy image developed further when his name was linked successively with those of Tuesday Weld and Joan Blackman. He still wears a shallow gold bracelet given him by a "famous sex siren." Her name is a mysterious smile.

But although attracted by the glamor of film stars and films, Stash is most interested in pop music. His first British record, recently released, is called "Message to Pretty" —

huskily spoken lyrics with a strong romantic backing.

He is not new to pop singing — he was once with Vince Taylor's group.

Also he appeared in an avant-garde film "Midnight Daemon," in which he played a mad, poetic fashion photographer, wearing lace shirts and jewellery—"I put a great deal of myself into the part."

He studied drama in New York and spent 1963 in Hollywood.

"I once held a dream that America was the ideal nationality, which I respected more than other countries," said this Polish-Austro-Hungarian-Swiss-Scottish holder of a French passport.

"I still feel more American than French, although I don't think nationalities matter any more."

"And then I have a great love for the English. They allow much more than other people. They support free expression."

"The French, on the other hand, are not tolerant. They are rough on teenagers who express themselves through their clothes and hair."

"These kids are treated like animals in France — with contempt, in a Fascist way."

Stash is a great supporter of the young generation. "Rebellion is a phase most young people go through," he said. "Incidents are so blown up, delinquent teenagers are exposed as a major problem when they aren't."

His ideas on delinquency weren't formed without experience. In Hollywood he was an honorary president of Hell's Angels—the almost legendary motor-cycle gang on Sunset Strip. "Most of them have a genuine attitude of rebellion against American puritanism," he said.

"Incidentally, I found some of them interested in mystical things." Stash himself wears one gold earring in his left ear as a symbol of "rebellion and eternity."

He feels strongly against war and the enrolment of young people to "fight for causes which don't exist any more."

"I am against many things," he said. "And particularly one-track minds — like people who say that classical music, or pop music, is the only music."

He himself seems sure of his success as a pop singer. "In my family," he said proudly, "it is unthinkable to be a failure at anything one attempts."



STASH DE ROLA, actor, singer ("in my family it is unthinkable to be a failure"), wealthy young cosmopolitan who will inherit a further fortune at 25. in two years' time.





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WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING... STICK TO IT!



THE PRATTS' FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

● Mr. and Mrs. Graham Pratt recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary. On the big day they told the world from Denistone, a Sydney suburb, about the Pratt Ten-Year Plan: to have five children who will be brought up in Sydney as sun-loving Aussies.

They sound just like any other young couple, but they're not. Young Mr. Pratt, a handsome 29, is working on Wall Street for a New York firm of stockbrokers. Mrs. Pratt, 23, a lively coffee-colored girl, part Irish, part American Indian, and part American negro, is world-famous singer Leslie Uggams.

Leslie, back in Sydney at Chequers for her first season since her marriage, settled happily in her mother-in-law's Denistone home. She is as gay as the azaleas that riot in Mrs. Pratt's garden, bringing a rich disorder of colorful showbusiness dresses and mod gear into the ordered Pratt home.

The young Pratts are back in the States now, but Leslie's talents will brighten viewers' eyes again soon in a TV special.

—NAN MUSGROVE



LESLIE UGGAMS, with her Australian husband, Graham Pratt. The Pratts, who married in New York, had their first wedding anniversary in Sydney.

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG

Television

LESLIE loves clothes. Below she wears a spectacular shift of pale blue crepe, embroidered at neck and round high Empire line with crystal bugle beads.



MOD GEAR is favored by Leslie, too. This op-art dress in scarlet and navy-blue is one of her favorites. She wears flat shoes day and night with most outfits.



SHOWBIZ dress that the men love is this little-girl party dress, made in gold lame with a woven white spot sewn with seed pearls and a white satin sash.





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GLITTER LASHES

There's no limit to the gimmickry of eye make-up. Here now is the glitter look.

IT'S the newest trick—a combination of lavish cosmetics and synthetic sparkle.

Eyes are made up to look sultry and shimmery, and then accentuated with false eyelashes embellished with a row of tiny diamante set just below the natural lid-line.

Pictured at right are two views of the full eye make-up with black lashes; at lower right are dark green lashes with green eyeshadow on the eyelids for definition.

You can buy these glamorous glitter lashes now in black, dark green, and light pink.

When worn under night lights, the effect of added sparkle as well as sweeping length of lash is devastating.

Ideally, false eyelashes should be trimmed and fitted by an expert.

If you fix your own lashes, follow the instructions for attaching given in the sketches below. The trick is to trim the inner lashes fairly short, otherwise blinking is awkward.

—Carolyn Earle

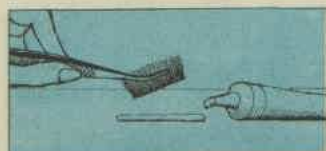


● Lavish, winged effect of new eye make-up (above, left, and below). Several beauty preparations, all blended cleverly, go on the eyes—shadow, liner, mascara, bone coloring—extending beyond the natural outer corner and curving up. One pair of false lashes, diamante-studded, veils eyes.



● Lift one strip of lashes (left) in tweezers or special applicator (cost about 60 cents), measure against your own eyelashes and cut to a length that blends with them.

● Squeeze a bit of lash fixative (right) on the nylon edge of lash-strip and spread lightly and evenly with a toothpick. The fixative makes the false and real eyelashes "belong."



● With your left hand, ease back the skin of your eyelid (left). Place lash-strip quickly in position on the line of natural eyelashes, attaching them from the inner corner.



● With applicator (left) press strip lightly across the lid. When strip is in place, look up to make sure it is firm and comfortable. Blend real and false lashes with mascara.



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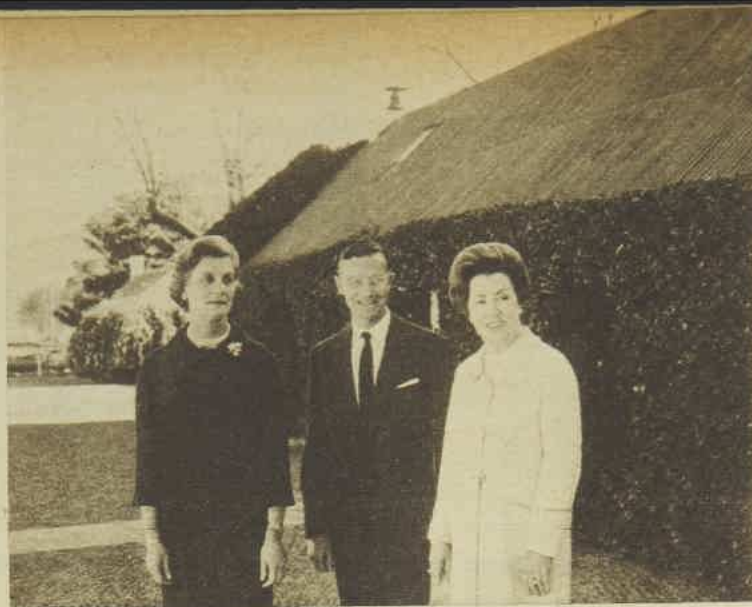


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BARBECUE: Mr. and Mrs. Ross Field with Mrs. T. A. Field at Lanyon Station, Tharwa, A.C.T., which they lent to the American Ambassador, Mr. Ed Clark, for a barbecue in honor of the President of the United States. The President and Mrs. Johnson were enchanted with the courtyard where this picture was taken and the original Lanyon homestead in the background, built by convicts in the late 1830s.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by
Mollie Lyons

EVERYONE to whom I've spoken this week seems to have heard about the Day in Paddington on November 8 which Mrs. Hanne Fairfax has arranged. It's to be run on the same lines as the Day in Woolloomooloo she arranged two years ago, which was such fun. The day starts at 10 a.m. and from then until 10 p.m. the lovely old terrace homes, galleries, restaurants, and antique shops in the Paddington area will be inspected. Quite a number of the houses will be open for people to look through, including that wonderful old two-storey colonial house of the Jack Lees, which, I think, is one of the nicest of the renovated homes. Proceeds from the day will be added to the Art Gallery Ball Committee's cheque from the ball to buy a work of art for the Art Gallery.

SISTERS Mrs. Max Halliday and Mrs. Ross Hayes will be hostesses at a shower tea for their niece, Pauline Dutton, on November 5, at Mrs. Halliday's home at Cremorne. Pauline, who lives in Manila, will marry David Medway at St. James' Church, City, on January 7, with a reception to follow at the delightful terrace home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Broun at Woolloomooloo.

ON her way overseas is Mrs. Frank Louat, who sailed in the Oriana recently. Mrs. Louat plans to disembark at Naples, where she will be met by former Sydneysiders Dr. and Mrs. Eric David, who will travel from London to meet the ship. From there they will all motor to Lisbon, where the Davids hope to buy a villa. Later they will travel to London to the Davids' home at St. John's Wood.

DATES for your dairy . . . the luncheon and fashion parade arranged at Point Piper on November 9 by the Sydney University Settlement Auxiliary; and the inspection of houses at Hunters Hill on November 10 arranged by the central auxiliary of the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation.

WHAT a pretty outfit bride-to-be Jannette Walker has chosen for her marriage with Gregory Sims, on November 5 at the West Pennant Hills Methodist Church. The Victorian-style dress will have a high waist, long sleeves, and ribbon-threaded hem, and will be worn with a pretty bonnet cap. After the wedding Jannette and Gregory will motor up the coast for a week, and then after Christmas plan a three-week trip around Tasmania.

BUSY time for Suzanne Byrne, who is arranging pre-wedding parties and making preparations for the two weddings at which she will be bridesmaid. She was hostess last week at a Continental Night for Sally Norman and Graham Pitkethley, who will marry at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on November 2, and is now arranging a party for Robyn Leslie for some time in December before her marriage to Tony McDonnell on January 6.

WAITING on the doorstep of the Roundhouse at the University of New South Wales on November 18 will be the members of the social committee of the Ski Council, who'll move in at 5 p.m. when the students move out, to do the decorations for their ball that night. Headed by Mrs. Anthony Furse, they've been busy for weeks painting branches and hanging balls of white paper on them to resemble a snowfall. The snow-trees will be placed around the balcony with drapes in between of blue sheer material.

ANOTHER ball which sounds as if it will be a great success is the Chevalier Old Boys' Ball on November 12 at the Wentworth. It's to be a masked ball, and guests (who'll include Michael Wolf, Cheryl Fitzgibbons, Brian Agnew, Wendy Cavanagh, Tony Herlihy, and Jane Forsythe) are being so careful to keep their disguises a secret until the night.

I'LL really feel as if I'm at sea by the sound of the decorations at the Navy League Ball at the Australia Hotel on November 4. Deep blue cellophane paper table-covers will represent the ocean and gold-painted boats sailing the seas will have gold candles as funnels. Official guests will start their evening off at Tresco as the guests of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Tommy Morrison for pre-ball cocktails.

TWO of the most excited grandparents of the year would be, I think, Archdeacon and Mrs. O. T. Cordell, who had a telephone call this week from their son, Oliver, in Rawalpindi, West Pakistan (where he is serving in the Diplomatic Corps), to tell them of the birth of a baby boy to his wife, Roslind. Great excitement in Canberra also (where Roslind's family lives), and I hear cables sent around the world with the news included one to her father, Mr. W. T. Doig, who is in New York as a member of the Australian Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly.

HEAR that youthful Mrs. Hamish Turnbull, of New Farm, Queensland (the former Caroline Quist, of Clifton Gardens), will be among visitors to Melbourne for the Cup. She will be at the Southern Cross and will be among those on board HMAS Vampire for their Cup party. After the races she will fly to Tasmania to stay with her in-laws, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Turnbull, in Launceston.

MOST amusing remark of the week I heard . . . "I was in here yesterday, but I didn't see him; I don't know how I could have missed him." HIM? The 17ft-high copy of Michelangelo's David currently dominating the scene on the ground floor of a big city store.



ENGAGED: Miss Stephanie Hopkins and Mr. Peter Harris, who have recently announced their engagement. Miss Hopkins is the fourth daughter of Mr. D. J. Hopkins, of Warrabee, and of the late Mrs. Hopkins. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Harris, of Mosman. They are planning to marry in June.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Talty leaving St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Carolyn Condon, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Condon, of Bellevue Hill. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Talty, of Double Bay.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jordan after their marriage at St. Michael's Church, Faulstich. The bride was Miss Rosemary Ashton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ashton, of Faulstich. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Jordan, of Reid, A.C.T. After a cruise to Hong Kong and Japan, Rosemary and Robert will make their home on "Macclesfield," Boorowa.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Werner Baer (at left) with Mr. Jean-Pierre Rampal, the visiting French flautist, and Mrs. Rampal at the reception given by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra Subscribers' Committee at the Forum Club in honor of the Rampals and Sir Bernard Heinze. Mrs. Baer is the wife of the music supervisor for the ABC.



BELOW: Mrs. Huck Finlay with Mrs. Geoff Lee and Mrs. Peter Utz (left to right) on the veranda of Mrs. Lee's home at Bellevue Hill. It was one of eight modern homes open for an inspection which was arranged by members of the Cornucopia Committee to raise funds for the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



LUNCHEON: Mrs. W. Askin, wife of the Premier (at left), with Mrs. V. Beermann, whose husband is the representative for Australia and New Zealand in the United Nations Development Program (centre), and Lady Casey, wife of the Governor-General, at a luncheon given by the Combined Women's Organisations at the Cheeron Hotel. Lady Casey was guest of honor and principal speaker at the luncheon held during United Nations Week.

NEXT WEEK

- In a 16-page lift-out book . . .



SUMMER KNITTING AND CROCHET

... a collection of 16 patterns—dresses, jackets, sweaters, and handbags—to knit or crochet for the summer days.

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THE GLAMOR YACHTS



... the two potential challengers for the America's Cup, Gretel (above) and Dame Pattie, shown on recent trials.

- A change-about air-travel wardrobe that's smart and practical and well within the traveler's baggage allowance of 44lb.

- He ignored his wealth to live in squalor and to paint: the strange life of painter Godfrey Miller.

- Sir Robert and Dame Pattie Menzies "at home" in Virginia, U.S.A.; Dame Pattie is "just a housewife" these days, she says.

- Mmmm! We've **GREEK PASTRIES** three pages of rich, succulent recipes for

And . . . don't miss our special long story:

"THE PELICAN"

by Cecil Roberts

—the touching story of a boy and a bird

- Keeping slim is nearly as hard as getting slim. But one of our readers has found the answer.

IT'S A GET-SLIM STAY-SLIM DIET

By Anne Olsen

- "Diet bibles" used by Mrs. B. J. Anderson, whose story appears here, were "How to Lose Weight Wisely," issued by the N.S.W. Department of Public Health, and a Calorie Counter from The Australian Women's Weekly.

AFTER being overweight all her life, Mrs. B. J. Anderson, of Girraween, N.S.W., decided it was time to cut down her size by 30 percent.

And she did, in less than three months.

Now, three years later, she still hasn't put on an extra ounce.

"I didn't want to be one of these people who rush round and say, 'Look at me—I'm slim' and then slip back gradually to their old weight," Mrs. Anderson said.

"I felt I'd give myself three years to see if the diet really worked. Now I know it does."

Mother of a 21-year-old daughter, Mrs. Anderson is 5ft. 4in. tall and weighs 8 stone 7lb.

For years as a teenager and a young mother, however, she often weighed more than 12½ stone.

"I had always been overweight," she said during a holiday from her job as a kindergarten teacher.

"I loved bread, toasted sandwiches, and potatoes.

"I imagined I had to eat these things to keep up my strenuous job of teaching active youngsters.

"And at night I insisted on having a good sweet pudding for dessert. I considered this essential. How wrong I was."

After her first husband died (he was the late Mr. A. J. A. Dorsman, of Balmain), Mrs. Anderson's weight problem became worse.

"I think my unhappiness made me eat even more than ever. There was a stage when I worked out I must have been consuming some-

thing like 3500 calories a day.

"To put it plainly, I was just over-eating."

Little by little she began to feel run down, lazy, and "found everything a chore."

"I had to go to bed early through sheer physical exhaustion."

When her doctor recommended a weight loss, Mrs. Anderson went thoroughly into the question of diet and for weeks studied calorie counters and diet charts before her "D" day on September 16, 1963.

Her "diet bibles" were "How to Lose Weight Wisely" (a booklet issued by the N.S.W. Department of Public Health) and a Calorie Counter which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly.

For 12 weeks ("not long really, but to a dieter it's an eternity") she varied the suggested daily menus listed in the Department's booklet together with her own menus.

Eating only salads, foods high in protein and low in carbohydrates, Mrs. Anderson shed pounds during the diet period on a 1200-calorie-a-day limit.

"I actually dropped more than four and a half stone, and I was worried I might continue to lose weight."

Finally she sought medical advice and it was suggested that she increase her intake slightly to perhaps one slice of bread a day and an occasional half-chocolate bar.

Beginning with a 38in. bust, 32in. waist, and 42in. hips, Mrs. Anderson found it a help to keep her measurements down on a chart.

Three months later she was a neat 32-26-36.

"I felt a little too scrawny at 8 stone, so I stabilised my weight at 8 stone 7lb. and

SAMPLE MENU FOR ONE WEEK

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
Breakfast	4 prunes (no sugar) 1 boiled egg 1 slice wholemeal toast, thinly buttered Coffee with milk (no sugar)	1 grilled chop Grilled tomato 1 slice brown bread, thinly buttered Coffee with milk (no sugar)	½ cup stewed apple (no sugar) 1 poached egg 1 slice soya bread, thinly buttered Coffee with milk (on sugar)
Mid-morning	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)
Lunch	Cold meat Lettuce Cheese Carrot sticks 1 slice brown bread, thinly buttered Apple Tea (no sugar)	2 hard-boiled eggs Lettuce Celery 1 slice brown bread, thinly buttered Grapes, medium bunch (1 portion fruit saved from breakfast) Tea (no sugar)	Cold rissole Lettuce Cucumber 1 slice brown bread, thinly buttered Banana Tea (no sugar)
Mid-afternoon	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)
Tea	Braised steak and onions in unthickened gravy 1 medium boiled potato Brussels sprouts Pumpkin Rockmelon Tea (no sugar)	Roast beef 1 medium boiled potato Beans Marrow ½ cup fresh orange sections (no sugar) Tea (no sugar)	Curried mutton in unthickened gravy ½ cup rice Cabbage Carrots ½ cup stewed peaches (no sugar) Tea (no sugar)

- This menu for one week only serves to illustrate the meal plan and is merely intended as a guide. There are any number of variations according to season and personal preference.

increased my measurements by one inch, which is just right for my age."

Some of Mrs. Anderson's tricks for keeping on a diet are:

- Start a diet with a doctor's supervision and the help of a prescribed appetite depressant. "After a few days on a balanced diet you can get by without the tablet, but it helps you over the terrible hunger pangs you may experience at first."

- Don't go near the kitchen for the first few days of your diet. Try to get a member of the family to take over cooking chores, at least until you are "well on the diet habit." In Mrs. Anderson's case, her daughter, Ellen, took charge of all cooking, and even prepared Mrs. Anderson's meal and took it to her on a tray.

- Drink cups of black coffee or tea (without milk or sugar) during the day if hunger persists. "I drank gallons of coffee at first (black coffee contains no calories), and the fact that you are drinking something hot somehow comforts you."

- If you begin to feel hungry at night after the main meal of the day, don't risk staying up and wandering into the kitchen. "Go to bed" is Mrs. Anderson's advice.

"Sometimes I was in bed at 6.30 p.m. to avoid the temptation of breaking my diet," she said.

"A good book or magazine would attract my attention and I would forget my hunger."

- At parties drink only soda water. On hot days at home Mrs. Anderson used to squeeze a lemon or orange to add to it for a refreshing thirst quencher.

- If she was still hungry after a breakfast of eggs, toast, four dried prunes, and

coffee, Mrs. Anderson used to take a starch-reduced roll.

Mrs. Anderson substituted an artificial non-fattening sweetening aid in all foods which needed sugar. "I still use them in everyday cooking and my family doesn't know the difference."

- Tell your friends you are on a diet. "Most people will joke with you about it at first, but gradually they'll learn you are serious, and actually they are the ones who will encourage you and help you stick to your diet."

- Dieters often get a dry mouth. Combat this, says Mrs. Anderson, by chewing an occasional sweet gum.

- Eat lots of apples and fruit. "Now I am the weight I want, most days I have only fresh fruit for lunch with a good meal at night."

Being slim and remaining so has meant new interests in Mrs. Anderson's life, including a new romance.

In December, 1964, she married her present husband.

"He was interested to hear of my success with my diet, so for a while he tried it, and he has dropped a couple of stone, too."

Now, to maintain an even steady weight, Mrs. Anderson watches her calories so that they never go above 1800 a day.

"If I know I am having a larger-than-usual dinner that evening with friends, then I'll be very careful and eat lightly the previous day."

Mrs. Anderson recalled some of her experiences.

"I went into a dress shop some months before I began my diet. I was then size 18 and the girl shook her head and said, 'No, madam, we couldn't possibly fit you!'"

"Then I dropped four stone in weight and it became necessary for me to get some new clothes in a hurry,

Mrs. Anderson (right) was plump and went on a planned diet to slim.

so I went back to the same shop for something to suit.

"The same girl didn't recognise me and she said again, 'No, madam, we haven't anything in your size — you're too small.'"

One of the hardest things about keeping slim on a low-calorie diet is coping with feeding an adult family as well, said Mrs. Anderson.

She has solved this problem by using the Health Department's suggested daily menus as the basis for her entire week's catering.

"I work out a week ahead what we'll eat for the various meals."

"Then, equipped with a list, I shop on Saturday morning for the week's food supply only."

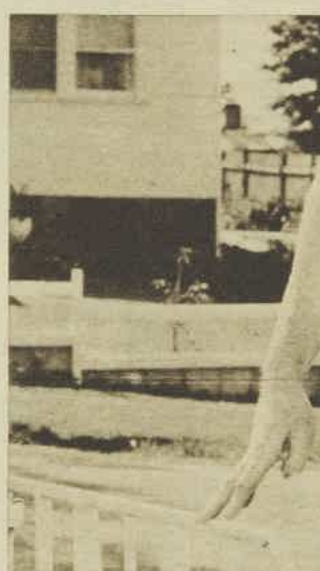
"If I don't do it that way my budget may go wild and I end up with all sorts of unnecessary foods."

When serving the meals, Mrs. Anderson gives herself prescribed portions ("with practice you get to know approximately the calorie value of what you are eating") and her husband and daughter much larger portions, according to their needs.

"Of course, often I cook potatoes for them, but as a rule I don't eat potatoes more than twice a week," she said.

"If I find that either my husband or Ellen is gaining weight, then I automatically cut their servings down by about 500 calories a day, and that will do the trick easily over a couple of weeks."

MRS. ANDERSON at her front gate, now a slim and happy woman.



BEFORE AND AFTER

• This sample menu, from "How to Lose Weight Wisely," a booklet issued by the Department of Public Health, N.S.W., was the basis for Mrs. Anderson's reducing and maintenance diets, and she still uses it for family menus. She limits her own portions to 1800 calories a day; her daughter's to 2500; her husband's to 3000.

THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
1½ slices toasted bread with cheese and tomato Tea (no sugar)	½ cup stewed dried apricots 1 boiled egg 1 slice wholemeal toast, thinly buttered Tea (no sugar)	Scrambled egg 1½ slices brown toast, thinly buttered Tea (no sugar)	1 slice papaw 1 poached egg 1 slice wholemeal toast, thinly buttered Coffee with milk (no sugar)
Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)
Tuna Lettuce Beetroot Celery 1 slice wholemeal bread, thinly buttered Pear Tea (no sugar)	Cheese Lettuce Tomato 1 slice wholemeal bread, thinly buttered Mandarin Tea (no sugar)	Grilled chop Lettuce Tomato Celery 1½ slices brown bread, thinly buttered Tea (no sugar)	Roast leg of lamb 1 medium potato baked in jacket Peas Cauliflower ½ cup fresh fruit salad (no sugar) Coffee (no sugar)
Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)	Tea (no sugar)
Grilled steak 1 medium potato baked in jacket Beans Grilled tomato ½ cup fresh fruit salad (no sugar) Coffee (no sugar)	Grilled fish and lemon ½ cup mashed potato Peas Baby marrow ½ cup cubed pineapple (no sugar) Coffee (no sugar)	Grilled hamburger steak (lean, no bread) ½ cup mashed potato Silverbeet Carrots ½ cup stewed pears (no sugar) Tea (no sugar)	Corned beef Shredded cabbage salad* Red capsicum 1 slice wholemeal bread, thinly buttered Baked apple (no sugar) Tea (no sugar)

* Dressing for cabbage salad—evaporated milk mixed with lemon juice, a non-calorie sweetening, salt, pepper, and mustard if desired.



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AV-81

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 9, 1966

Visit to Australia will be a dream come true for...

SASSOON, WHIZ KID OF THE SCISSORS

● Hairstylist Vidal Sassoon, who has chopped cute triangles into many a famous head of hair, will visit Australia next February.

HE will make personal appearances, give demonstrations, and appear on television.

Vidal (pronounced Vee-dal) says his visit to Australia is a dream come true. "I had Australia in mind — and the problem of styling hair so that it would look good after surfing — when I launched my geometric cut," he said.

That geometric style was to become one of the world's greats. Short, snappy, and slashed into points, it carried its own swinging message on an international wave-length.

The Vidal Sassoon salons in London doubled, trebled. Vidal Sassoon salons opened in New York, are opening in Paris, in California.

He styled the hair for Mary Quant's first showings and has been giving Mary and the Quant girls the Vidal cut ever since.

"Revolution"

The art that is Vidal Sassoon's — he's known as the whiz kid of the scissors — calls for a circular cut from the crown of the head, while the back is a continuation of the layered and smooth line moulded into a point on the nape of the neck.

A Vidal Sassoon haircut was such a revolution when it was launched that it became as quickly recognisable as the Dior new look of two decades ago or the rebirth of the Chanel suit.

Vidal Sassoon is a superb stylist.

His clients in London and New York appreciate his clever cutting techniques and the way they can be applied to different hair qualities, length, and shape of face.

Vidal Sassoon does not insist on geometrics when he finds they do not flatter.

Sury Parker is a client and much different in her soft Chanel suits from Mary Quant.

Geraldine Chaplin has recently had Vidal chop her foot-long, sooty-black hair off to above the ears.

Sun Phillips (Mrs. Peter O'Toole), Nancy Kwan, Joan Collins, and Peggy Moffitt,

who models Rudi Gernreich's clothes, are some of the different types who find his imaginative approach ideal for their fashion thinking.

Vidal Sassoon, who establishes for each individual a good haircutting pattern, rarely loses a client; never a friend. An initial cut may take as long as an hour. It costs £4/4/- sterling (\$A.10.50) — if the maestro cuts it.

Vidal Sassoon abhors back combing, too much lacquer, and permanent waving.

He likes to achieve his settings by careful brushing instead of rollers, whenever possible. These are the elements of his success.

These are the reasons he refused to take the examination to allow him to work in the United States.

He felt the examination paper was based on old-fashioned permanent waving and pin-curlers, that these were out of date, not his kind of hairdressing.

He returned a blank paper. Now he may not snip a single lock in the U.S.

Vidal Sassoon has remained unassuming and appears unaware of his success.

"Which makes him very refreshing to work with," one of his staff said.

After being shampoo boy and apprentice to a London hairdresser, he opened on his own a tiny third-floor room overlooking Bond Street in 1954. Four years later he had a black-and-gold salon in Mayfair, was on his way to becoming the darling of the aristocracy and the jet set.

His assistants are trained to the nth degree in his salons. They also attend evening classes three times a week.

Classes start at 6 p.m. and go on until after midnight when the maestro is perfecting a new style.

Each week there is a working night that is something like a club. Then models, friends and sisters of the trainees, even their mothers, come to the classes and have their hair styled and set. There is no charge.



● Vidal Sassoon and three examples of the cut he designed for the 1966 autumn collection of Italian couturier Mila Schon. The style keeps the original Sassoon geometric design (emphasised left and above with triangular sunglasses), but is cut short and layered to give a rippling effect. The hair is cut in a circular movement from the crown. The back is also in triangle shape, moulded into the nape of the neck.

"Even if Mr. Sassoon cuts the hair as a demonstration," said a hairdresser's Mum in some awe.

At these evening classes the staff's friends and relations are likely to be wash-bowl to washbowl with film stars and top models.

Vidal Sassoon feels that now the impact of his ideas has been felt, he wants to simplify hairdressing.

"It is simple," he says, "though to those not trained in the cut it is complicated."

The three Sassoon salons in London alone style and set the hair of nearly 3000 women a week.

In his salon with Charles of the Ritz, in New York, 1000 women a week make appointments for the Sassoon cut.

What inspires Vidal Sassoon?

"The work of architects fascinates me," he says. "I would like to work with glass and concrete."

From his understanding of architecture, his eye for a wrong shape or bad aspect,

the good lines of his styles have evolved.

"There is nothing kinky about my cuts," he says.

Vidal Sassoon is a health fanatic, and good health means good healthy hair, he believes.

By

ANNE
MATHESON,
of our London staff

At 38, he looks 30. He is a neat man, compact, and alert-looking.

His routine would rock the average successful businessman. He has two sauna baths a week. He swims at least four times a week.

He is a glutton for health food—wheat germ and honey, raw eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables, tomato juice rather than cocktails. He buys at health-food shops, and holidays at least once a

year on a health farm or a beach.

Vidal Sassoon lives in a Mayfair flat as clear-cut as his hair styles and as uncluttered as his salons.

Married once and divorced, he has a wide circle of friends but remains a rather a solitary figure, flying back and forth to the United States, to Paris or Rome.

His most precious time is the morning, when he entertains at breakfast—with health foods.

However, he enjoys dining in restaurants and usually will be accompanied by one or other of his friends, model Maggie London, photographer Terry Donovan, Catherine Milinair, the Duke of Bedford's step-daughter.

Some of his friends tend to be "groovy" (the word he uses to describe them), but he is not. He is quite unaffected. A close friend is Terence Stamp, who shares his East End background.

In London, Vidal Sassoon works all morning in one of

his salons. His clients are all old friends or celebrities.

His afternoons and often late evenings are spent styling and working on fashion shots.

He has offices behind Grosvenor House and, with TV appearances, his spot on Sunday night at the Palladium, his demonstrations, he has little free time.

He rarely has lunch. "If I am forced to eat a heavy meal in the middle of the day I don't eat at night," he said.

When he wants what he calls "a good blow-out" he has a Chinese meal, because he says the effects wear off quickly.

He loathes fatness. "To me, fatness is unsexy," he said. "If an overweight girl comes to me for advice on styling, I send her away to slim first."

All women are treated as celebrities in his salons. "She comes to the hairdresser to feel good. She should be made to feel her best, as well as look her best," he says.

ROYALTY HEADED THE GUEST LIST AT ABBEY WEDDING



THE QUEEN wore a brilliant coral-pink coat for the occasion. Here she is shown with her son, Prince Andrew, 6. It was his first appearance as a page.

PRINCESS ANNE (at right), in apple-green, and Prince Charles, who wore a new grey morning coat and slim-line trousers. Charles, like his father, dislikes top hats, and carried his.

NOT many brides can say that a member of the wedding party cried so much that he had to be excused from the ceremony. But at the recent marriage of Miss Alexandra Phillips, a descendant of Tsar Nicholas II of Russia, to the Marquis of Hamilton, the fourth page, Master James Ogilvy Stuart, howled his eyes out and was relieved of his duties. He's only three, so everyone took it well, and the gala event was not marred.

Royalty in force headed the guest list and the use of Westminster Abbey for the ceremony and the State Rooms at St. James' Palace for the reception made the occasion very much top-drawer.

There were 1000 guests, including the Queen, Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, Princess Marina (godmother of the bride), and Earl Mountbatten (her godfather). The Duchess of Athlone, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Beaufort also were guests, as well as 24 tenant farmers from the Aberdeenshire estate of the bride's father, Colonel Harold Phillips.

Miss Phillips wore a dress of white silk gabardine, with a train of jewelled silk organza.





SMALL ATTENDANTS waiting for their car after the wedding. There were seven bridesmaids and three pages. The fourth page, James Ogilvy Stuart, became overawed by the fuss and burst into tears.

—PICTURES BY DAVID GRAVES



LEAVING ABBEY, Lord and Lady Hamilton. The Marquis, 32, is the elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. His mother is Mistress of the Robes to the Queen Mother, and his sister, Lady Moyra Hamilton, has been lady-in-waiting to Princess Alexandra for nearly 15 years. The bride is the granddaughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, friends for many years of the royal family.

FIVE of the important guests at the wedding — (at left, from left) the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Athlone, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Beaufort, and Princess Marina, who is the bride's godmother.

THE OLDEST GO-GO GIRL

Mod gear for this frail little old lady? The salesgirls gaped at her. So did the dancing studio staff when she requested go-go lessons. She didn't explain that she is an actress.



AS GO-GO GIRL in a Sydney revue.

"THEY thought I was just a mad old lady until at last I had to tell them I needed the lessons for my part as a go-go girl in a revue," said silver-haired Maudie Jaques, who returned to the stage after a 50-year absence.

"And as for the mod clothes, if I was going to be a go-go girl I had to have the right gear."

Just 5ft. tall, weighing 6½-stone, Mrs. Jaques fitted perfectly into one of the shop's latest mini-models.

Under her professional name, Maudie Ray, Mrs. Jaques appeared in four humorous sketches of the revue "Ring Out Wild Bells" in Sydney.

"It's wonderful," she said. "I'm back where I started—really living again."

"My dear, you'll have to

calculate or guess my age. If I told you, people would think I came out of the ark.

"Anyway, no sensible woman over 25 reveals her true age."

Mrs. Jaques, a widow since 1951, lives with her younger daughter, Ray Jaques.

"After my husband died I became very morose and I let life slip by me," she said.

"This year I've speeded things up a bit and I've never felt so well or happy."

Although Mrs. Jaques has never worn black, and stuck to the "sweet-old-lady colors of lavender and pale blues," she has lately taken to wearing brighter colors.

"Discreetly, though — I don't want people to say 'Mutton dressed up as lamb.'"

"Personally I hate being old. Age is usually such an

ugly thing and this is an era where everybody judges you by your exterior."

Mrs. Jaques began her stage career in London at the turn of the century, aged six, when she earned a gold sovereign weekly playing child parts in music-hall shows. (She still wears the first sovereign on a chain).

Daughter of music-hall entertainers Minnie Stirling, a skirt dancer, and Irish comedian Harry Calpin, she

By ANNE OLSEN

was brought up with suitcases, and travelling is part of her earliest memories.

As she grew up she played mainly light, pretty, frivolous parts in pantomime.

She said she originated the role of "Oliver Twist" on the English stage when she was only 15. She was paid £8 a week — excellent money in those days.

In 1915 she married a cavalry officer, "all dashing and bronzed," on leave from Egypt — Frederick Jaques, son of stage star Minnie Raynor.

"He had proposed to me when he was ten," she recalls.

While Frederick served as a pilot in France in the Royal Flying Corps, Mrs. Jaques lived in England, where her first child was born.

In 1924 — with their life-savings and Frederick's Army gratuity — they took their three children to Australia and joined a Government-sponsored scheme to

pioneer dairy farming outside Denmark, W.A.

"We were really only glorified bushwhackers," Mrs. Jaques recalled.

"We lived for one terrible year in a tent, then a shack, while our menfolk dug the earth and prepared it for cultivation, armed with only the most primitive tools."

Disillusioned, Frederick left his family in Perth while he travelled to Victoria to get himself a job.

When he joined Larkins Airways as a pilot in Mildura, Mrs. Jaques and the children joined him.

In 1926 they moved to Broken Hill — "a wonderful rough rollicking town where the people were real and down-to-earth."

Eventually station owners and private backers enabled Mr. Jaques to open his own charter plane service called Jaques Flying Services.

Operating from Adelaide's Parafield airport, with two Avro - Avian planes, Mrs. Jaques accompanied her husband on charter flights as far as N.S.W. and Victoria.

Although Mr. Jaques never let her handle the instruments, she became a competent navigator.

"I was really the sales bait, I'm afraid, to get people to fly," she said. "Frederick would do some fantastic acrobatic flying, loop-the-loop, and so on, and when onlookers saw a woman emerge from the plane they would feel happier about going up themselves."

"It proved excellent business psychology."

"Those years were the good ones for us. We were just raking in the profits."

The Jaques's newfound prosperity didn't last long. The depression hit and "no one had the money to buy petrol, let alone to fly."

They sold one plane to pay debts and flew the other as far as Byron Bay, N.S.W., where they left it on the airstrip.

"No one would or could buy it, and we didn't have the money for enough petrol to fly it to Sydney."

They lived in Sydney at Darlinghurst.

"I tried getting jobs in radio, and poor Frederick tried everything," said Mrs. Jaques.

In 1933 "just out of the blue" Frederick's mother sent passage money to enable the family to return to England.

Frederick got a job piloting the early helicopters.

He later became managing-director of the Northern-



AS HERSELF. Mrs. Jaques recently resumed her stage career after a gap of nearly 50 years.



AS FIFI in "The Belle of New York" on tour of Britain in World War I.

Eastern Airways between London and Scotland.

After the airline was taken over by the Government in 1947, they returned to Australia "with its glorious sunshine."

This time, armed with a substantial amount of money and 24 oxygen tents, the entire family set up in business in Sydney.

Running a 24-hour service, they hired out the tents to small hospitals.

After her husband died Mrs. Jaques continued the business with the help of her

son, John, and finally gave it up in 1957 to take a trip to America to visit her married daughter.

Since 1957 she has occasionally kept up her interest in theatre groups.

A "writer of sorts," she recently finished a book, and a play, "Bed and Breakfast," based on migrants living in a Melbourne guesthouse.

"To be a good writer one must get out and experience life. That's exactly what I am doing now," she said.

And Mrs. Jaques left for a stage rehearsal.



LONG AGO: Wedding day (above) of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jaques in 1915. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Jaques (second from left and second from right) with friends beside one of their planes in Adelaide in the 1920s.



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THE MAGAZINE
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Everybody's

● Jacki Weaver, 19, blonde, and sweet as they come (see cover and page 57), who co-stars in ABC-TV's "Be Our Guest," is to marry the show's director, David Price, 27, on Saturday, November 12, at the Wayside Chapel, Kings Cross.

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

By NAN MUSGROVE

THE wedding ceremony, timed for late afternoon, will take place eight weeks and one day after the couple met at a rehearsal of "Be Our Guest."

"We just met — and that was it," Jacki said. "I know it has been quick, but I have seen David all day every day since then, and it seems like a long time, really."

"We decided to get married a few weeks after we met, but we didn't know when."

The only cloud in Jacki's sky was having to tell her long-time steady, pop singer Bryan Davies, that she was to marry David. It wasn't any more than a wisp of a cloud, though, for their romance had lost its glitter and become a friendship ages ago.

Jacki met Bryan when she was Cinderella and he Prince Charming in the Philip Theatre production of the pantomime four years ago. The romance was a natural sequel to the casting, and in the fashion of the day went steadily on, although Jacki was only 15.

"Don't make it dramatic about Bryan and me breaking up," Jacki said. "It's been brewing for ages. I've been going out with other boys for a long time."

"I could never not be friends with Bryan, there are no hard feelings between us, truly."

The wedding, to be very quiet because of the rush arrangements, will be attended only by the bride and bridegroom's parents and a few close relatives and friends.

Sean Scully, another star of "Be Our Guest," will be David's best man. Barbara Hay, of Wahroonga, a school friend of Jacki's, will be her bridesmaid.

And Jacki, who would look like an angel in bridal regalia, is not wearing it.

"Just a white dress and coat," she said, "just plain."

Work prohibits any honeymoon for Jacki and David. They'll be rehearsing on the Friday, married on Saturday, and back filming the show on Monday.

"Be Our Guest" has been the centre of a lot of talk, from critics and the top brass at the ABC, ever since it went to air early in October as one of their family shows designed to snare late-afternoon viewers.

It had a very lukewarm, indeed a tepid, reception from TV critics, who panned

Television

both its production and its lack of story line.

It is strictly a pop music show in a motel setting, and is carried largely by the charm of its two regular girls, Jacki and Lorraine Bayly, and the quality of its guest stars.

"Be Our Guest" has possibilities and could develop into a fixture on ABC-TV. Signs of it developing into a smoother production are already apparent as its team of technical men and its regular cast work more confidently together.

Fashion winners in special show

A BP Super Show, "Fashion '67 — The Trend-setters," featuring winners of the Victoria Racing Club's Fashions in the Field competition, will be screened on TCN9 on Saturday, November 5, at 8.30 p.m.

Don Lane, host of Sydney's "Tonight" show, and Judy Ann Stewart will compete the program, which will be filmed at a champagne dinner in the Melbourne studio.

The show will be seen simultaneously in Melbourne



JACKI WEAVER, a star in ABC-TV's "Be Our Guest," with director David Price. He is Australian doubles skating champion.

and Sydney via the coaxial cable.

It will be the first time Don Lane has hosted a national program. The show will include a fashion parade of 50 gowns from leading overseas designers.

There will be a special mod section, with go-go dancers, compered by Lionel Yorke, a Melbourne disc jockey.

During the evening Baroness Thyssen and Mrs. Peter Young (formerly Miss Australia, Tania Verstak), the official guests of the Victoria Racing Club for the Spring Carnival, will present the prize to the overall winner of the Fashions in the Field competition.

REMEMBER the days when "Leave It To Beaver" was the big thing on TV, way back in the early days, and Beaver's behaviour the big talking point next morning?

Beaver, Jerry Mathers in real life, is now well past his 18th birthday. I was staggered when I heard; it's later than I thought!

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, and this is for all farmers and their wives, "Have you noticed how hard it is to keep help nowadays . . . how many sons and daughters are leaving for the big city, saying it's too dull on the farm? It seems no one wants to be a farmer any more. But did you know that farmers and their wives live longer and have a lot less illness than city-dwellers? And something else you probably haven't thought about . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Another great thing about living on a farm is that you can fight with your wife without being heard."



the year to be going places!

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ORCADES April 12	ORIANA Sept. 21	\$2,386
HIMALAYA May 4	CANBERRA Oct. 16	\$2,388
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● Mrs. Britta Fahlgren, above. At left, a modern Swedish train pictured in a Stockholm suburb. Note the tall, up-to-date apartment buildings.

PEOPLE walk calmly to the platforms. There's no panic or rush on this clinically clean underground station. Driverless trains (run by computers) pull up every two minutes and expressionless people board them quietly. A voice says, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now going to close the doors," and the trains pull silently out.

Is this a scene from the automated society of tomorrow? No, this is Sweden today, as seen by Mrs. Britta Fahlgren, of Paddington, N.S.W.

"I was amazed at the super-efficiency and lack of personality in it all," said Mrs. Fahlgren, who, though born in Sweden, has spent most of her life in Australia. She has just returned from a holiday in Sweden.

"It was almost eerie," she said. "There was no fuss, noise, or bustle. Whatever happens, the commuter knows the transport itself won't make him more than two minutes late—or two minutes early—for an appointment."

Modernistic sculptured concrete seating is a recent addition to the centrally heated underground tube stations in Stockholm.

"Like everything else in Sweden, the seats are aesthetically pleasing."

"You get a bit of a shock, though, when you sit on them. They are warm, heated by electric pipes embedded in the concrete."

An attractive widow in her early 30s, Mrs. Fahlgren spent about five months in Sweden, where she visited her mother, Mrs. Judith Janzon, formerly of Bondi, N.S.W.

"There are big changes going on in Stockholm since I was there ten years ago."

"They seem to be building more complicated underground and overhead roadways and pulling down small skyscrapers to put up even more glamorous towers of concrete and glass."

In a shopping arcade in the heart of Stockholm—it is three city blocks long and

is completely closed off from vehicles — designers have created a heating system which prevents snow from falling into the open courtyard boulevard in winter.

What impressed Mrs. Fahlgren even more than the architectural progress of the cities was the immense social welfare scheme.

Her mother, a widow of 67, has taken a part-time casual job with a Social Welfare Department.

"At the equivalent of an Australian dollar an hour, she is employed to go to the homes of various elderly people and talk to them."

Sometimes she makes them a meal or takes them for an outing.

Her clients are people in their 80s and 90s, and they refer to Mrs. Janzon as a "girl"; which has an incredible effect, said Mrs. Fahlgren, on her mother's morale.

One is an elderly man, who is virtually crippled with a muscular ailment but prefers his own home to a hospital.

So the Government supplies home medical services as well as private visiting and nursing aides for him, and subsidises his rent and electricity bill.

"What was the most amazing thing of all, they even provided him with stamped, addressed envelopes in which to return his electricity bills to the Welfare Department!"

Medically fit older people are encouraged to carry on their careers and are still eligible for the pension (without a means test) when they reach 67, said Mrs. Fahlgren.

"The pension is about \$16 (Australian) a week, but some years ago a supplementary benefit was introduced to make the pension and supplement equal to about two-thirds of a person's average income on his or her best 15 years' earnings."

It gave Mrs. Fahlgren a strange feeling to visit older pensioners living in comfortably furnished, centrally heated apartments, and to hear them talk of forthcom-

ing holiday trips to European resorts.

"There's no stigma at all in being a pensioner," she said.

"When at last the Swedish pensioners have the time and freedom to do what they have wanted to do all their life, they have the money to live comfortably and indulge themselves."

The family man, too, has a great many advantages in modern Sweden.

"There's a saying that if a man has six children he practically doesn't have to work — the Government will look after him," she said.

As well as coming into a much lower tax scale (taxes on earnings are generally high), he will receive all kinds of "side-benefits" such as free education and travelling and clothing allowances for his children, and subsidised medicine and free

● **Holidays for tired housewives.** "It is possible for overworked, rundown housewives to apply for State-paid holidays in the various rest-homes."

Government loans are available on marriage (to a maximum of \$700), or to students, up to a maximum of \$1100 per year.

Mrs. Fahlgren's cousin, a 23-year-old woman, is studying to be a radio officer on a Government loan with interest at $\frac{1}{2}$ percent.

"Her parents could have provided the money for her studies, but they preferred to keep their own savings in the bank, where they earn a high 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6 $\frac{1}{2}$ percent."

Students who continue study after the compulsory nine years' basic education are encouraged with a "student's salary" of \$120 a year.

Another point which im-

"Of course, many people live together without being married and many even have happy family life. Everybody in Sweden just accepts this as not worth talking about any more."

"But marriage is still the most popular form of union by far. Premarital sex is widely practised in Sweden, so that, too, is merely considered natural, and never even discussed."

At one stage several couples deliberately chose to live together without marrying, and thus avoided paying a higher tax.

"Now the Government has legislated so that if it can prove a man and a woman have lived together for a consecutive number of years they are taxable like any other legally married couple," Mrs. Fahlgren said.

Swedes (there are 7.5 million of them) are still interested in discussions on contraception and the Pill. "Contraceptives are available from automats dotted all over the city," she said.

Strict police regulations are clamping down heavily on drunken driving.

"Police give the balloon-breathing test to a suspected driver and if it registers more than $\frac{1}{2}$ percent he can be charged immediately."

"The man who sold or gave the driver the drink, or the passenger travelling with him, may also be charged."

The latest status symbol ("although really there's very little class distinction in Sweden now at all") seems to be either owning a dog or being seen buying butter, says Mrs. Fahlgren.

"Dogs are very popular—even though a great number of the people live in apartments. The supermarkets have neat little racks of hooks outside labelled 'Hund' and it looks quite funny to see a line-up of assorted animals waiting for their owners."

Because margarine is half the price of butter and is of excellent quality, butter has become an "In" item only for entertaining.

Foodstuffs and rents are generally quite high in price.

"However, wages are higher and rents now are only really approaching what they have been in Australian cities for years."

"I suppose the Swede would have much the same in his pocket after tax as his Australian counterpart."

Despite the country's abounding prosperity (wage-earners all over Sweden were recently granted a nine percent increase with promises of yearly increases to 21 percent within three years, to combat the "natural" cost-of-living spiral) and the excellent features of the welfare system, Mrs. Fahlgren was a little dubious of its effect on the average citizen.

"Nothing ever happens to a Swede. He never has that anxious feeling 'what am I going to eat tomorrow?' or the uncertainty of not knowing where he'll be tomorrow. He can never feel desperate about such things."

"Oddly enough, it may be this very sense of security which is linked with the country's great juvenile delinquency problem."

"The young ones feel there's nothing to perform for. Whatever happens, they will be taken care of, provided for."

"They don't ever have to prove anything; consequently they run round doing aimless acts of vandalism."

Strangely enough, one of the things which really does excite Stockholmers more than any of their new-fangled gadgets or modern skyscrapers is a really old-fashioned feature, borrowed from other European cities.

They are the red double-decker buses with drivers in brass-buttoned uniforms ("who look so prosperous they could be company directors in disguise"), which are a recent addition to the Stockholm scene.

"As is typically Swedish, the buses are very modern and function beautifully, but they add such a touch of color and variety. Perhaps that's why the Swedes adore them, for they are so totally unexpected."

By ANNE OLSEN

medical and dental care for his entire family.

In some cases even rent is subsidised.

Some of the other highlights of the welfare scheme which Mrs. Fahlgren noted:

● **Child Endowment:** "Regardless of the number of children, it is about \$13 per child per month."

● **Maternity Allowance:** "On the birth of each child, parents receive \$160."

● **Hospitals:** "Free if treated in the excellent public wards. Even the journey to the hospital is refundable."

● **Dental:** "Pregnant women receive all dental treatment during pre-natal and post-natal periods for only 25 percent of the total cost. School-children receive it completely free during school and student days."

● **Schools:** "Books and clothing are provided free to each child, although many parents, out of pride, buy their children's school clothes. A hot, nourishing meal is provided at all schools."

pressed Mrs. Fahlgren was the efficiency of all Government departments.

"My mother was in hospital with a broken arm for several weeks."

"Within a week of her returning home from hospital there was a cheque in the mail compensating her for the money lost by not being at her part-time job."

"She hadn't filled in a form or anything, and in fact didn't even know she was eligible for the payment."

Mrs. Fahlgren added:

"Another time I visited a Government insurance office, and even though I hadn't been in Sweden for a long time the girl pressed a button, spoke through an intercom, and within 60 seconds my complete dossier was on her desk and we were discussing my problem."

Of the much-publicised "advanced" theories on sex associated with Sweden, Mrs. Fahlgren said:



GREAT GO-TOGETHERS: Look at Dri-Glo's fresh "green" team. All the plains and patterns have been specially designed to go-together perfectly in your bathroom. And the delightful thing is—you'll find that

same "family" look in the complete Dri-Glo range! Blue, pink, lavender, honey or green—choose your favourite colour! Only Dri-Glo make these glowing go-together towels. In stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

Dri-Glo

towels in 'colour harmony'

Army took over for LBJ's barbecue

Entertaining 450 guests—headed by President Johnson and Lady Bird—at a barbecue and serving them all sizzling steaks within 15 minutes would cause a king-sized attack of hostess panic to most people.

Faced with this problem, America's Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Ed Clark, and his wife made it a military operation. They gave Australia's most glamorous barbecue yet at Lanyon Station, Tharwa (near Canberra), the country home of the Field family.

Twelve army officers, American and Australian (none below the rank of major), and their wives took over. The beautiful Park Paddock at Lanyon became the scene of a superb army exercise in entertaining.

American Colonel W. A. Divers, Army Attache with the U.S. Embassy, first enrolled Gerry Kearney, chef of Sydney's one-time Toby Tavern and later chef of the Beefsteak Club, to do the cooking.

He is one of the few remaining chefs who barbecue over charcoal and not on today's fashionable hotplate.

Kearney provided his own equipment, chose the meat, cooked it to perfection. The carcasses from which the steaks came hung for ten days before the steaks—boned sirloins—were cut.

His attention to detail resulted in steaks such as gourmet's dream of. He visited the Field meat house when the steaks were ready to be cut, and demonstrated to the butchers how he wanted them cut.

They were horrified at what he cut off. There was no bone, no gristle, just a fine edge of fat left on the meat. Each steak was two inches thick, weighed a pound, and the guests and others ate 900 of them.

They also ate 900 lamb chops, and trimmings of sliced raw tomatoes and onions, baked beans, and new potatoes.

Kearney set up five cooking points in the Park Paddock, each manned by two chefs (all amateurs, they included a solicitor, a company director, an architect)

● "Checker of the Year" Clara Pontello, 20, with the cup she won for her store and her own miniature replica.

who cooked over 42ft. of cooking area.

The steaks and chops were threaded on stainless steel skewers, and barbecued over charcoal fires burning in stainless steel vats, 21in. wide, 3ft. long, and 16in. deep.

The long skewers just fit over the fire. Their handles protrude so the chefs don't have to lean over the fire and barbecue themselves.

The "others" fed were the scarlet-clad band of the Royal Military College, Duntroon (who played suitable airs from the green slopes of a nearby hill), Commonwealth police and security officers, United States Secret Service agents, Commonwealth car- and bus-drivers, the staffs of the Hotel Rex and the Parliamentary dining rooms, who served drinks from bars under the trees.

What to wear was the problem for guests. The invitation said, "Dress: Lounge suits," so flowered hats were rampant among the ladies.

President Johnson was the only one who rose above protocol. He ditched his lounge suit and appeared in his Texan barbecue rig—with the Seal of the President of the U.S. gold-embroidered below the right shoulder.



● Chef Kearney

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NO CHECKING CLARA!



"I'M just, oh, so happy," a tearful Italian-born Clara Pontello, of Sydney, said when she learned that she had won the title of Checker of the Year in a recent contest for store checkout girls held by the National Association of Retail Grocers and National Cash Registers.

The annual interstate contest, designed to stimulate the efficiency, accuracy, and personality of the checkout girls, who today, in most chain-stores and supermarkets, provide the only personal contact with the public, netted Miss Pontello \$300 and a ten-day holiday for two in Noumea, New Caledonia.

In one check-through run, 20-year-old Miss Pontello, who works at the Grace Bros. Roselands supermarket, recorded 31 grocery items in 30 seconds.

The runner-up, 18-year-old Miss Denise Schnitzler, of Queensland, was awarded a cash prize of \$100 and a seven-day holiday for two at the Newport Inn, Newport, Sydney, plus half a day free water-skiing tuition and a full-day motor cruise on Pittwater and the Hawkesbury River.

Finalists from six States took part in the contest, which was held during the N.S.W. Grocers and Storekeepers' Association convention.

GARDENER NIPS LEGEND IN BUD

★ Ask any Australian what he pictures when he thinks of a Japanese garden and he'll probably reply: "Pink cherry blossom, pebbles, pools, red bridges, and Japanese lanterns."

But, according to leading Japanese landscape designer Professor Kanto Shigemori, that is a false image.

"In truth," said Professor Shigemori, through an interpreter, "Japanese gardens are not very colorful and rely mainly on their texture and form for their beauty and tranquillity."

Professor Shigemori recently made a two-week visit, sponsored by the Japanese Government, to Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra.

Famous father

Equipped with color slides showing classical gardens which were planned and planted hundreds of years ago, the Professor hopes that the various garden groups and clubs who saw the slides will understand the true nature of a Japanese garden.

In the collection shown were also many gardens which were designed by the Professor for large civic schemes and private homes in Japan.



● Professor Shigemori

The son of a famous landscape artist, Professor Shigemori designs many such gardens in the Tokyo area.

"The garden in itself is not important," he said. "Whether the area is large or small, it should be in good harmony with the house or building round which it falls."

The object behind a traditional Japanese garden setting should be to provide, as closely as possible, a miniature of the world's landscape, said Professor Shigemori.

"There should be something representative of a mountain, a river, a plain, a desert, a waterfall—and so on."

Bird that came in from the cold!

AN unofficial guest at the N.S.W. Grocers and Storekeepers' Association convention (see item above) was a young budgerigar.

A delegate on his way to the convention saw the bright-blue little bird sitting on the steps leading into the convention hotel.

When it chirruped "Hello," cocked its little head to one side, and looked at him appealingly, the delegate bent down and it hopped happily on to his finger.

Later, walking around the convention hall with the bird, now perched on his shoulder, he met Mr. Vincent Dowall, general manager of the Grocers and Storekeepers' Association, who asked him what he intended doing with the bird.

"Would you like him?" asked the delegate, and the budgie calmly accepted his new friend who took him up to his room on the ninth floor, sent out for a cage, food, and water, and sat him before the plateglass window—which really gave him a bird's-eye view.

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YOUTHFUL, line-free loveliness is restored to the complexion when it is generously nourished at night. After removing your make-up, massage gently with Ulan vitalizing night cream, paying particular attention to the crow's-feet area where ageing lines and wrinkles first appear. This skin nourishment should be maintained during the day by smoothing in a film of oil of Ulan before making-up.

... Margaret Merril



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in an easy to use aerosol pack will positively kill fleas, ticks and lice and protect your dog and cat for 10-14 days.

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KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like sin and rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYS-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific. Laboratory-tested and Certified CYS-TEX from your chemist for fast relief. Only 4/6.

Who said women don't make good deep-sea divers?



Even if the cap doesn't fit, widows suddenly deprived of a husband's help must cope with the responsibility of family and home. Thoughtful husbands who have considered this possibility seek sound counsel from A.M.P. An A.M.P. man advises on taxation laws, death duties, and social

services which affect financial security and how best to dovetail in with insurance protection. To discover exactly how your family stands, call in an A.M.P. man or visit the nearest A.M.P. office for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-up, free and entirely without obligation.

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A U S T R A L I A N M U T U A L P R O V I D E N T S O C I E T Y

NEEDLEWORK OFFER

Three lovely outfits for teenage dolls

LOOKING for a novel gift for a little girl? Then send for our "DOLLIES - MAKE-A-DRESS SET," and give her the pleasure of making the lovely teen doll clothes shown here.

Cut out, ready to sew, and with easy-to-follow step-by-step instructions, the clothes are beautifully designed but simple enough for a little girl to make herself.

Each set comprises:

- Short party or bridesmaid dress in white embroidered nylon, half slip and briefs.
- Sports outfit. Your choice of pink/white or blue/white check cotton.
- Long bridesmaid dress of lace-trimmed white nylon net over pink or blue taffeta, hat and underclothes.

When ordering be sure to state colors desired. Short dress is in white only.

Cost of each "DOLLIES-MAKE-A-DRESS SET" is \$1.50 (plus 10 cents for postage). For further details see "How to Order" panel.



PARTY dress for teenage doll (above) with dainty slip and briefs is one of three outfits in "Dollies-make-a-dress set" offer. See order details below.



SHORTS and top (above) are cut out, ready to sew, in pink/white or blue/white cotton with braid trim.

HOW TO ORDER

- Price for each "Dollies-make-a-dress set" is \$1.50 (plus 10 cents postage). Send cheque, postal note, or money order to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, or call at Fashion House, 344/346 Sussex Street, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



BRIDESMAID'S outfit (right) has choice of pink or blue taffeta underskirt. Ribbon and flower trimmings are included in set.

'Youth's the season made for joys,'

JOHN GAY



LUCAS
Black Lance

LUC9 HP

Full steam ahead for the slim, trim nautical look of Black Lance. Shipshape and shapely, in a salty range of sizes and colours. Top, Style 6672, \$11. Slacks, Style 5667, \$13.

TO REDUCE THE HIGH COST OF SLIMMING USE FAULDING SACCHARIN TABLETS

200-TABLET SLIMPACK DISPENSER OR HANDY PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
ONLY 25 CENTS
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If Julius Caesar had known about

TILT-A-DOR



he'd have installed several in the Colosseum

For your garage, insist on TILT-A-DOR overhead garage door fittings—they last longer, look better, tilt and lower as light as a feather. See your door specialist!



(Based on a true life story)

Grumpy Girl yesterday Giggling girl today!

"Yesterday Julie was so irritable," says her mother. "I'm so glad the chemist told me about Laxettes. One square last night and today she's full of beans!" Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6. (35 cents).

like to wear a glass slipper?

You can - when you smooth away ugly, unsightly callus, snagging roughness, corns, with Heros. Barefoot beauty is yours after one washing with Heros. Quick. Easy. Safe. Try it. 79c all chemists.



chirology sponge

Teaching a budgie to talk

IT is an accepted fact that budgies do not respond to commands to talk or move, "Budgie." If a bird does not talk by six months, there isn't much hope, especially if it is a hen. To get a talker, choose a male bird that has just begun to feed itself, get it used to being handled, then concentrate on teaching it one saying by a few days of incessant repetition.

\$2 to Mrs. J. W. Bailey, Silkwood East, Qld.

TO finger-tame your bird, put your hand inside the cage and gently force your finger under its feet. Do this several times a day for about a week. He is considered finger-tame when he willingly accepts your finger. Always make slow movements when your hand is in the cage. To teach him to talk, get him to perch on your finger and repeat the same word or words over and over again.

\$2 to Miss M. Shield, Balwyn, Vic.

THE younger the bird, the better—when just covered with feathers is not too young. There should be no playthings in the cage until he has learned his first three or four words, and only one person should talk to him. A male bird has a deep blue nose-bridge.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Thorne, East Ipswich, Qld.

BY talking to the bird at night, saying the first words to him in the dark, the words will be memorised more quickly than if there were distractions. By doing this in the beginning he should be talking within three weeks. After that he can be taught more words and sentences at any time.

\$2 to Mrs. E. J. Napper, South Grafton, N.S.W.



• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

LETTER BOX

"Bon voyage" cloth

WHEN I left on an overseas working holiday, Mother gave me a "bon voyage" cloth. As I made new friends on board ship, where I worked or visited, or travelling, these friends were invited to autograph my cloth, and I embroidered the names in bright cottons. Now I have an attractive "travel" suppercloth with 120 names, the sentimental value of which becomes greater as time passes.

\$2 to "Happy Sailing" (name supplied), Shepparton, Vic.

Proudest moment

MORE than 20 years ago my husband patiently and laboriously taught me my first few words of the English language. Now I do all sorts of crosswords, play scrabble, and write all the family letters. But my proudest moment was the time my husband turned to me and asked, "How do you spell 'amateur'?"

\$2 to Mrs. Erna Plant, Grenfell, N.S.W.

Child psychology

ALL my small cousins' questions about the facts of life have always been answered quite openly by their parents. Recently my aunt announced the impending arrival of her sixth baby. Asked did he want a boy or girl, my 11-year-old cousin replied, "A boy, of course." The reply of six-year-old Peter, when asked the same question, was, "Oh, I want a horse." So much for modern child psychology.

\$2 to Mrs. G. Guyer, Warwick, Qld.

Long-wearing

I HAVE some wooden clothes-pegs that must create a record for longevity. The pegs have been in constant use since 1879, and are believed to have been brought from Denmark more than 87 years ago. They are polished smooth with use and are of irregular sizes, as they were cut direct from twigs.

\$2 to Mrs. Florence Herbert, Moorabbin, Vic.

Prayer to ponder

WITH so much social, racial, and political intolerance in the world today, a prayer we all might ponder would be: "Lord, grant me not only to have the courage of my convictions, but also the courage and grace to admit that my convictions may be wrong."

\$2 to Mrs. J. Whistler, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Truth before flattery

DOES the recent correspondent "Kicking Mama" ever think to look at her daughter's (or her husband's or son's) face when she is taken to be their sister/daughter/girlfriend? What seems a compliment to one may seem an insult to the other party. My 22-year-old daughter's face was a study when we were taken for sister. I would much rather forgo the compliment and have truthful friends and an admiring daughter. No 50-year-old woman really looks like her own daughter. Not even ourselves!

\$2 to "Old Gracefully" (name supplied), Vauchuse, N.S.W.

Study together

THIS year my 15-year-old daughter has been doing the commercial course for her Junior, and, from the beginning, has complained about shorthands. So I decided to take it up. It has given me an outside interest, and, more important, the opportunity to help my daughter with her worst subject. We study together, and the mutual interest has drawn us closer to each other.

\$2 to T.C. (name supplied), Mt. Isa, Qld.

Sweet (dahlia) potatoes

A FRIEND of mine, who is a keen gardener, sent his daughter-in-law some very choice dahlia bulbs, a rare variety called Mrs. Miniver. A couple of weeks later he received a letter informing him that the sweet potatoes had arrived in good condition, had been cooked, and eaten — although neither the writer nor her husband had liked them very much.

\$2 to "Andy" (name supplied), Armidale, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

Rude Awakening

I HAVE been examining, in a despondent state of mind, a pair of my winter pyjamas.

The coat is still in working order. But the trousers have split at the back.

To be candid, this outfit is unfit for further use. It is impossible to maintain dignity in pyjamas which have suffered that kind of wear and tear.

One cannot go outside and pick up the paper in the morning with any confidence.

If only the coat had split, it would not be so bad. But in my experience the trousers always go first.

I rummaged in my cupboard for a replacement. There I found four widowed pyjama coats — what the

trade calls broken sets—but not a pair of trousers in sight.

Why must it happen this way?

I can only assume that lying in bed, with the associated tossing and turning, puts more stress on pyjama trousers than on coats.

Gradually the structure weakens. Then one night, in the small hours, the critical point is reached.

One makes a turn too many, and something gives. There follows a



cool, partly uncovered sensation. Another suit of pyjamas has reached the end of the line.

At the same time another surplus pyjama coat is added to the collection.

A somewhat similar situation exists in the cup-and-saucer field. Cups get broken, while saucers survive. Every normal household has more saucers than cups and more pyjama coats than trousers.

The people in the pyjama game, to my mind, have neglected this problem.

In the motor business they drive new models for thousands of miles over rugged proving grounds. But nobody is ever told to prove a new suit of pyjamas by tossing and turning in it for weeks.

A mechanical simulator could easily be built, which would toss and turn faster than a human.

I would like to see specially strengthened heavy-duty pyjama trousers.

Perhaps a leather patch could be built in, like the ones they put on the shoulders of coats for sportsmen who carry guns.

Again, it would help if one could buy separate trousers to match bereaved pyjama coats.

One can often buy a cup to match a spare saucer. Surely the same principle could be adapted to pyjamas.

There is much to be said for going back to the old-fashioned nightshirt. I understand they are less split-prone than pyjamas.

Unfortunately, they are not considered very dashing now. I would have to think twice before going outside to pick up the paper in a night-shirt.

Would you like...

a face powder as different from others
as silk is from muslin?

We thought so!

Corn-Silk Micron Powder is the first and only
face powder milled from corn—golden, silken
corn. Until now all face powders were made
basically from minerals.

Corn-Silk is as natural as the sun and air from
which it comes. There's no artificial colouring in
Corn-Silk, so it leaves no powdery colour
on your face.

Instead it brings to life the best of your very own
skin tone—in a beautifully natural way.
It's translucent!

Corn-Silk gives a magnificent matte finish that
will not cake or change colour. Miraculously,
Corn-Silk absorbs excess facial oils and
moisture.

It keeps the shine off your nose hours longer.
Excess oils are kept just a whisper away from
your skin where they can't block pores.
Corn-Silk actually leads to a clearer,
finer complexion.

Like it? We thought so.



Corn-Silk pressed powder compact, \$1.50.
Also available in loose powder, \$1.50.

Try Corn-Silk Tinted Foundation in
four flattering shades — Natural, Medium,
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CORN-SILK MICRON POWDER IS A WORLD PATENTED PROCESS EXCLUSIVE TO SHULTON.



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 is the era of
 the lean
 the lithe
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 the bared
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this
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 Bond's
Cottontails

Cottontails couldn't be more now! They're the
 lightest whitest softest smoothest sleekest
 briefs of all. The 'action' gusset is for now. So's
 the quick way the cool absorbent cotton washes
 — boils even — never needs ironing.

BREEZEWEIGHT **75c** INTERLOCK **79c** SSW to OS
 Stay-put 'nylorib' legbands ■ replaceable elastic waistband

BOND'S
 Australia's greatest name in cotton

HEAD ON THE SILL

Miss Oxley raises a target . . . final instalment of our three-part serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE



"Robert! Where are you?" Polly called out as she hung on waiting for Francis to answer the phone.

CALLER to investigate the murder of ERNEST EVANS at a block of flats owned by MISS OXLEY, DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING find he has been disliked by everyone. ROBERT LERREL, who had the flat below him, had been driven to cut the sash cords of a window which had caused many arguments between them and which eventually had killed Evans by crashing down on his neck. POLLY and FRANCIS NICOLSON, the young married couple in the upstairs flat, had argued because Evans used to call in at meal-times while Francis was at work. Miss Oxley had argued with Evans over the milk delivery, and her companion HARRIET WRIGHT had thought little of him.

Two families living in the same street had also disliked him. VIOLET HOPKINS and her daughter SARRINA had seen him kick their poodle. NATALIE and BRUCE PERRYMAN, as well as Natalie's father, MR. DIXON, had been angry when Evans accused Natalie's son of a former marriage, LEO, of being a member of a gang of hoodlums who had attacked him one night in the street.

Having questioned everyone at the flats just after Evans' murder, Grogan and Manning are about to leave when they see Harriet fall to her death from an upstairs window.

Later the police concentrate on Natalie, as she had spent a weekend away with Evans, checking his accusation that he had seen Leo at a motel with a girl. Also a valuable ring of Natalie's is found in Harriet's room, although she has told them she lost it while taking it to be repaired.

Miss Oxley seems quite distracted and both the Hopkins and Perrymans warn Polly to watch her carefully, as they feel she knows more than she has told the police. NOW READ ON:

ROUND about four o'clock Polly thought she would go out and buy some fruit at the little shop round the corner, and, taking her purse, ran down the now unswayed, untended stairs. Ah! where would be found another Harriet with her vigilance and her little brush and duster?

Miss Oxley's door was open. "Going out again, dear?" she called, spying Polly.

"Just down to the shop at the corner." A few minutes later, coming back with a pineapple and a bag of apricots, Polly saw Miss Oxley's car standing on the drive. Since Polly and Francis had come there to live, Polly had only seen Miss Oxley take it out half a dozen times. She was frank about her dislike of driving in the faster and faster traffic of these days, and Polly felt surprise that today of all days she should put her nerves to the test.

As Polly stood on the path, Miss Oxley came out of the house and, with a brief greeting, crossed the lawn to the car, wrenched open the door, and wound down the window and fidgeted and fussed inside. She switched on the ignition and raced the engine, and then switched it off again and took off her gloves as though to get a firmer grip of the wheel, but made no move to start again.

In a minute she put her head out the window and called to Polly. Polly dumped her parcels on the steps and went across to the car.

"Look at me! What do you think of this!" Miss Oxley shot at her with attempted lightness.

"What is it?"

"I said I'd go and now I'm in a pretty fix. Because I feel I just can't. It's no use, I can't go."

"Go where, Miss Oxley?"

"I'm sorry to promise something and then back out of it, but what can I do? I'm trembling like a leaf. I've always been a woman of my word, but this is just one of those occasions that's got me beat."

Polly stared at her in surprise. All that Robert, last night, and Violet and Natalie, this afternoon, had said about Miss Oxley's oddness was being proved more than true.

How to Cherish a Lovely Complexion



Margaret Merrill
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

A beautiful complexion retains its exquisite texture and youthful smoothness when it is cherished with basic beauty-care. Here is some advice to help you preserve a soft, dewy complexion and to gain greater loveliness than you ever thought possible.

A Beauty Facial

Probably the most popular of all inexpensive face-packs for a dry and delicate skin is the one made with an egg. All that is needed is to beat the egg well until it is fluffy and looks like lightly whipped cream. Then add a dessertspoon of tropical moist oil of Ulan. Spread this pack evenly over your face and neck, leave for fifteen minutes and rinse off with cold water. You will be amazed how your complexion will reflect a new, youthful loveliness.

Beauty Tonic

To keep your skin clear and fair and to tone and condition your complexion to a new clarity and fine grained texture, saturate a cotton wool pad in lemon Delph skin freshener and gently press to the face and neck. The beautifying properties of lemons in the Delph freshener help stimulate the surface cells, clear out stubborn blemish-inducing and pore-clogging particles, smoothing and refining the complexion to a new beauty. To protect and nourish the new milky loveliness, smooth on a film of moist Ulan oil.

Beauty for the Mature Years

Towards maturity, cherish your skin with special nourishment and moisture to smooth away wrinkle-dryness and keep facial lines at bay. Each evening work a layer of rich Ulan vitalizing night cream into the face and neck, massaging it with the fingertips in small, circular movements that spiral upwards and outwards. For daytime care give your skin the nourishing and beautifying benefits of isotonic oil of Ulan.

Smooth Elbows

Smooth and lovely elbows will enhance the beauty of your arms. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon Delph freshener and oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a rich film of oil of Ulan to nourish and promote a silky smooth surface.

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

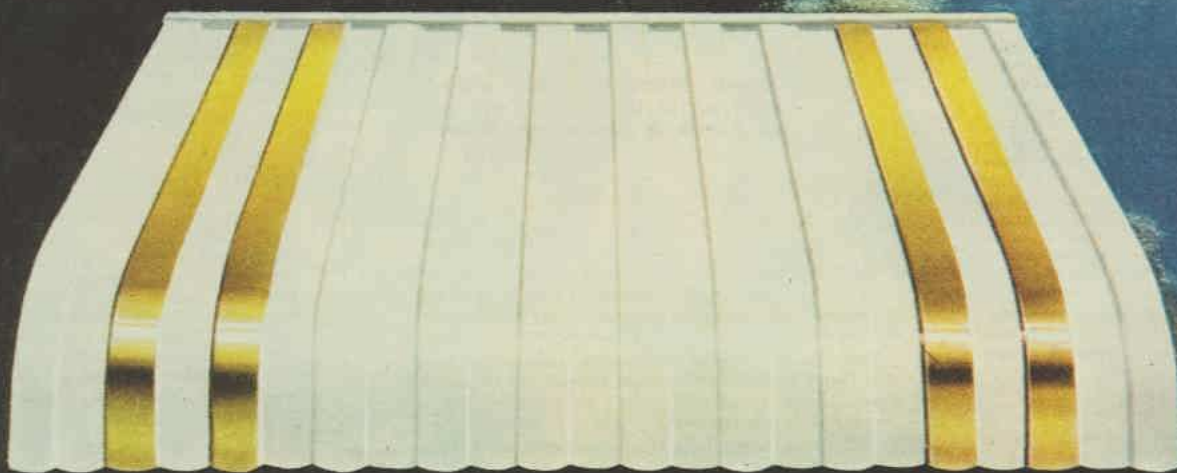
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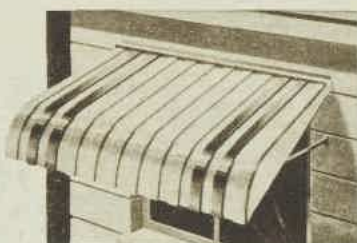


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FROM THE **Luxaflex** WORLD OF COLOUR

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● This one-piece jumpsuit with straight-cut legs and slashed neckline is my design choice for a young reader. The suit is to be made in checked Thai silk.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am looking for a paper pattern for sleeveless, one-piece pyjamas to be made in 2½ yards of 54in. checked Thai silk. I take a 31in. bust size."

The one-piece pyjamas you asked about (illustrated below) have straight-cut legs and a long dart from underarm to hipline for tailored shaping. The pattern also includes a front-buttoned blouse with three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves. Underneath the illustration are full details and how to order.

"What color accessories would you advise me to wear with a purple day frock?"

My choice would be a hat in the same purple as the dress and shoes; handbag and gloves in bone.

"Would it be correct to wear a pastel blue jacket and a hat to match with a sleeveless black linen frock? The outfit is for summer."

Quite correct, but I think a white pique jacket and white pillbox hat would be more summery.

"Please tell me the correct attire for a formal church wedding at 6.30 p.m. I don't want to go to more expense than necessary as I do not lead a social life. I know some of the guests will wear street-length ensembles."

A good choice would be a sleeveless dress and matching jacket made in a formal material, such as silk shantung, or any other formal fabric in this weight. The jacket means you don't need an evening coat. A flat bow in a shade to match the outfit can replace a hat. Wear pale beige shoes and gloves.

"What accessory color would be smart to team with a dark brown silk suit?"

My choice would be chalk white.

"Should a dress with a low waist be fitted or semi-fitted? I would also like to know a good length for the skirt."

A dress with a dropped waistline should have an easy fit and should just indicate the lines of your figure. The skirt should be short—just above or just touching the kneecap. The best way to get the correct length is to choose according to your own figure proportions and taste.

"Where can I get instructions to make a handbag? I want to make it in heavy linen to match a suit, and the type I want is an envelope shape about 16in. by 10in."

Our pattern department has a pattern with full making instructions for a handbag. There are six different designs in the one pattern, including an envelope shape in the size you require. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 3264. Price 50c includes postage. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Would you please advise me about a basic all-season wardrobe?"

To give you this information, I would need to know your occupation (this includes wife and mother), social activities, coloring, and figure proportions. I suggest you list your main activities and plan one appropriate outfit for each occasion.

"I have a pair of gold kid evening shoes I wore last season with a black velvet dress. What can I wear them with for summer?"

Gold shoes can be worn after dark with any appropriate long or short evening dress.

"My girdle seems to curl up at the waist and won't stay smooth. Do you think I am wearing the wrong type of girdle?"

I think you are wearing the wrong size. In most corset departments there is an experienced fitter—ask and take her advice.



6446.—Pyjamas in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6446. Price 65c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

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POTTER & MOORE PEOPLE KNOW VALUE WHEN THEY SEE IT!

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"Backing out? I couldn't do that. This person has—has got to be met."

"All right, all right, but why take the car if you're only going as far as the wharf? You can walk there easily enough."

"Oh—but this person doesn't know me, the car is a kind of identification. I said I'd be wearing black glasses, then I thought so many people wear them, and I was silly enough to tell them I'd be driving my car. If they look for that and don't see it they mightn't even come in. On the spur of the moment, I never realised how nervous I'd be. What a silly old fool I am!"

"Why didn't you suggest this person coming here, to your own house, to talk to you?"

"The whole talk took me by surprise. I was thrown off balance. I was to go to the kiosk, round about five o'clock, sit down at a table and wait. It was possible that this person might be delayed, be even half an hour late, though they'd do their best to be on time. What am I to do? I can't go, but I must! You can't have two people murdered in your house and shirk your duty if there's anything you can do to help solve it."

It flashed to Polly now that for all Miss Oxley's reticence she did know something, something but not quite enough to make her declare what it was; that Miss Oxley was hoping that the meeting with this unknown person would clear up some doubt, elucidate something in the darkness.

But Miss Oxley's next move took her by surprise.

With a hand on Polly's arm in a grip that was almost painful, she said: "Polly—would you go for me?"

"They asked you—how could I handle it?"

"Just go, dear, just go and see who it is. Whether it's the boy himself, or his mother, or—or someone else. Watch the people who come into the shop and look about them." She was speaking with persuasive urgency. "You will, won't you, Polly dear? I'm in such a state of nerves I hardly know what I'm doing."

Polly said slowly, resistance slipping from her like a garment: "Well . . . I suppose I can."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! It's early yet, you've got plenty of time." She snatched off the black glasses and clumsily pushed them on to Polly's face. "Take these! You won't need to do anything. Feel your way with whoever it is, lead them on to talk. If, of course, after an hour or so no one comes into the kiosk, there's no harm done."

"All right." Polly settled the glasses on her nose. "All right, Miss Oxley, I'll go down and wait and see what happens. A chance for another glass of milk, anyhow," she said wryly. "That'll please Francis! I'll just run upstairs and put my parcels away." She took the bags of fruit off the step and hurried upstairs.

There was more than fruit on her mind, though, because suddenly she remembered her promise to Francis! Hadn't she said to him only yesterday that never again would she stick her neck out and get mixed up in anyone's else's affairs?

As she let herself into the flat, she asked herself what possible risk she could be running by going to this place, a shop where she often

went, the owner a friendly Greek who knew her quite well. Whoever came up and spoke to her there in broad daylight could do her no harm.

She went through to the kitchen and dropped the things on the table and stood a moment, still undecided. Because, after all, something nagged at her, mightn't there be a risk? By deputising for Miss Oxley mightn't she be proclaiming to this unknown person that she was fully in Miss Oxley's confidence and therefore knew what was, perhaps, dangerous to know?

Yes, there was only one thing to do, ring Francis and tell him.

Polly went back into the hall and called Francis' office. His secretary answered.

"Delia, is my husband there?" Polly asked.

"Mrs. Nicolson, is it? Sorry, Mrs. Nicolson, he's in conference at the moment. I'll get him to ring you the moment he comes out. You're at home, are you?"

"Yes . . . yes, I'm at home, but—but I shan't be here for long."

"All right, then, I'll see that you get him."

"Thank you, Delia. Just tell

have a drink, and lie down."

The telephone thrilled again.

Again she darted across to it. "Yes?"

Francis' voice again: "Polly, what the hell are you up to? There's somebody there, is there?"

She said: "Oh, yes, I'll ring you back. I'm so sorry, I quite forgot that appointment with Henri. I'll ring you back," she repeated, speaking very distinctly.

Irritably, she snatched up her purse, and, shepherding Miss Oxley out of the flat and downstairs.

Miss Oxley stood at the front door a minute to wait for Polly to go across the grass, then she turned and went back inside.

Before Polly could get into the car, the front door opened and Robert Lerrid came out. His neat figure was dressed for town. In a dark suit and with a folder of drawings under his arm, he looked precise and purposeful.

Seeing the car on the drive, he came up to it and stared at her. "You, Polly? His glance took her in from head to foot. "Where are you off to?"

"I'm going to do a little shopping for Miss Oxley—she's got a headache this afternoon."

Mrs. H. WIFE



him, if you will that—"

There was a tapping on the front door and Miss Oxley's voice: "Polly? Are you there, dear?"

Polly murmured into the mouthpiece: "No, Delia, no message," and softly put back the receiver. "Yes, Miss Oxley," she called and went to the door and opened it.

"I don't want to hurry you," Miss Oxley said, stepping inside, "but I was afraid that time might get away from you. It's most important, I feel, to be there on time, or even before."

Polly glanced at her watch. "But it's only a quarter past four."

"Are you sure? My watch is fast, then." She shook her wrist and pressed it to her ear.

"Quite sure. That's all it is. You needn't worry, I'll be there." She tried to edge her visitor to the door, but Miss Oxley remained standing just inside, as though determined to take her with her.

The telephone shrilled out. Polly crossed the hall and quickly answered it. "Yes?"

Francis' voice: "Polly, what is it, darling? You rang me."

"Wrong number," she said. "Eh? Delia said you were in a bit of a stew."

"No, it's not No," she said: "You've got the wrong number." Dropping the receiver back, she turned to Miss Oxley again. "Listen, Miss Oxley, I promise you I won't be late. You mustn't stand there fussing and worrying. You've got yourself into an awful state—not that it's to be wondered at. But you really must go down.

He gave a little smile. "You are holding out on me, then? You reek of intrigue!"

"Oh, nonsense." "All right, I won't probe. Lifting a hand to her, he stepped back, smiled, and went off down the drive."

When he was out of sight, Polly started up the car and drove a hundred yards down the road to a public telephone box. She stopped the car and went in, and again got Francis' office.

Half an hour later when Francis drew up beside the call-box and got out of his car, Polly made the first accusation.

"You drove too fast," she said severely.

"I had to with you up to some fool caper," and then, peering in: "What the hell are you doing in those black glasses!"

"Oh—I'd forgotten I had them on."

"What's all this about? What are you up to?" he demanded, because on the telephone she had given him only the barest outlines of the story; only the barest outlines, because before she could tell him more, he was saying: "You're not to go. You're not to go anywhere. I don't care where it is. Stay right where you are. I'll be with you in no time at all."

Now, patient, but still worried, he listened to all the details of the affair, Polly salving her conscience for the betrayal of Miss Oxley's confidence by reminding herself of her and Francis' oneness.

A few minutes later the car

To page 46

Danny's thoughts
were far away as he
stopped working
in the unruly garden

SUMMER SCANDAL

By NELLE PARRISH



MADGE planted her hands on her hips and glared at her eldest son. "No. Absolutely, positively not. And that's final," she said.

"Aw, Mum, Captain Jack will pay me a dollar an hour."

Dan's passionate pleading took its toll, and his voice cracked humbly as he looked from one parent to the other. Everything about him was a little out of kilter. His arms were too long, his pants were too short, his voice broke in two when he got excited. He was at that hopeless early teen stage that seems to go on for ever.

Now Dan caught the swift, amused look that passed between Madge and Harold, and his voice trailed away as he blushed furiously. "Gee," he muttered. "I get the chance to work on a boat all summer long and you won't let me take it!"

Dan's thoughts flew to Captain Jack and his 33-footer. He could see himself standing on the deck of the spanking white party boat. In his mind's eye he was helping four charter customers on board, setting up their bait, acting as Captain Jack's right-hand man. It was a splendid vision, but he needed help badly to make it come true, and his father was his only hope.

But when Dan looked into Harold's regretfully sympathetic eyes, the summer sank before him straight to the bottom of Long Island Sound. Harold always looked like that just before he said no. Now he apostrophised. "Believe me, Danny, we're thinking of your own good. Your mother and I are glad you want to get a summer job. We just don't want you to tackle too much."

The false, grown-up words sounded pretty phony to Harold himself, and for a moment he had an impulse to slap Danny on the back and say: "Go to it!" But he was a smart father and a happy husband. He always backed his wife's decisions, and now he gave Madge his unqualified support.

"If you really want to make some money this summer," Harold said, "your mother and I will be delighted to have you take that job with the Hermanns."

"I know," Danny said disgustedly. "They're right next door and you can keep an eye on me."

"That's not the way to look at it," Harold said.

"You'll be glad of a good hot lunch," Madge added.

"And you don't have to work afternoons."

Dan's answer to all this was "hah!" but he knew when he was licked.

The Hermanns were pleased to get Dan. They were new neighbors fresh from the city and not at all used to suburban living. Mr. Hermann, who commuted five days a week, had discovered that half an acre is a lot of lawn to mow if you want to get in any golf. Mrs. Hermann had discovered that 50 square feet of garden can produce a lot of weeds in a very short time.

Dan was an intelligent boy. His family knew it, his teachers said so, and he brought a good report card home. Still, he was at that funny, gawky age and he could look quite stupid when he was unhappy. Now, as Mrs. Hermann led him through the young corn and the green beans and the tomato plants, Dan heard the tantalising echo of speedboats on the bay.

From the garden clearing he could see the little white sails of small pleasure craft, the sturdy work boats of the bay men, the sleek, efficient hulls of charter boats going about their business on the blue mirror of the Sound. And he was unhappy.

Mrs. Hermann, who had bent to pull a weed, looked up to find Dan making a face at the lettuce. He hadn't meant her to see—it was really just a childish impulse and he was immediately ashamed of himself—but the

act had a curious effect on Mrs. Hermann. Dan had seen it before on grown-ups. "She thinks I'm a dope," he told himself.

As they walked down from the garden, Mrs. Hermann said: "I'll show you where the lawnmower is."

The rotary mower had come with the house. Dan started it with difficulty and was pushing it along the bank when his mother and sister and little brother walked down the road. They were casual. They didn't stop or anything, just waved and walked along, but Dan got flustered. It was his first job, and even if he didn't like it, he meant to do it well. It was not his fault that a rock, concealed in the tall roadside grasses, chose that moment to spring up and bash a blade.

Another mower might have survived, but this particular antique had had it. Weakened by use, tormented by neglect, the blade broke and the motor conked out.

He was deeply embarrassed, and he looked dumber than ever. An experienced suburbanite like Dan's mother would have taken the accident in her stride, but Mrs. Hermann was inexperienced. "I know it wasn't your fault," she said doubtfully, "but oh, dear, I guess you'd better spend the rest of the morning weeding."

When Harold pulled into the drive that evening, no one greeted him. He tried to remember where you telephoned for an ambulance, because no-Madge-no-kids-no-dog meant trouble. But when he burst into the house, there they all were, solemnly seated in the living-room as Madge added a column of figures out loud. "Fifty tomato plants at ten cents a plant is easy," she said. "We'll just have to wait and see how much it costs the Hermanns to get their lawnmower fixed."

Dan was close to tears. The other kids were quiet, and even Muscles looked as guilty as though he'd just swiped a bone from the dining-room table.

"Danny lost his job," Raymond jumped up with the fierce energy of a six-year-old and ran to his father. "He busted up the lawnmower and he pulled up all the tomato plants, and Mrs. Hermann fired him!"

"Is this true?" Harold asked sternly.

"I didn't do it on purpose, Dad. She told me to pull up all the big weeds and that's what they looked like," Dan said apologetically.

"He couldn't see the rock, so that wasn't his fault," Madge added.

"Why don't you kids get ready for dinner and we'll talk about it later," Harold suggested. "I want to speak to your mother."

"Well!" he said, when they were alone together.

"Well," she answered helplessly. "I'm sure he didn't do any of it on purpose."

"Not even a convenient rock?" Harold smiled.

"I wouldn't know about that," Madge said, "but I'm beginning to think like father like son."

"I never pulled up any tomato plants," Harold said defensively.

"No," Madge smiled, "but you were in the Navy and you've always wanted a boat of your own."

"Does that mean you've changed your mind about letting Dan work for Captain Jack?"

Madge walked over to her tall husband and ruffled his hair. "I still don't like the idea," she said, "any more than I liked you going off to sea. But Dan's got to pay for the damages, and after today's scandal I'm sure nobody's going to want him mowing their lawn."

A muffled warhoop sounded from the hall, and Harold resigned himself to the next lecture on what happens to people who listen outside of doors.

"Most likely they run away to sea," he thought.

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BEAT 2 egg yolks in basin over boiling water till thick and lighter in colour. ADD 3 tablespoons powdered skim milk, ½ cup water, 2 dessertspoons Sucaryl Liquid and stir over hot water till thickened (about 10 mins). SOAK 2 dessertspoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water and add to egg custard, stirring till dissolved. COOL. PRESS 1 cup (8 ozs.) cottage cheese through coarse sieve and stir in ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla and pinch salt. BLEND with custard mixture. FOLD IN 2 egg whites beaten till stiff. POUR into prepared dish and chill for at least 4 hours. SPRINKLE with ground nutmeg. Serves 8. 85 calories per serve.



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drew up at the kiosk and Polly, wearing the black glasses again, got out and strolled in. She went up to the counter, bought a milkshake, took it over to a table, and sat down.

There were only five other people in the shop; a teenage girl and her boy, a truck-driver eating a man-sized banana split, a young mother with a baby in a stroller — and Francis. At a nearby table he was deep in an evening paper, with a cup of coffee in front of him.

The Greek, who had also been firm in his opinion of their oneness, cast uneasy glances at them; rearranged the objects on the counter and shook his head sadly. Not a word did they exchange, this devoted couple!

It was five minutes to five. Polly dipped the straw into the glass and bent her head to it, her eyes fastened on the doorway.

It remained empty until the young mother wheeled her baby through it and vanished.

Polly sipped. Francis turned a page of his paper. Five o'clock came, but no one with it, no known or unknown person to approach Polly and play the part promised.

Then he — or she — was going to be late, she thought, as they had said they might.

At five-ten a home-going husband hurried in, bought a block of ice-cream, and hurried out again.

At five-twenty the girl and

boy, holding hands, got up and drifted out.

At half-past five three schoolchildren came in, went up to the counter, and departed, licking cones.

Nobody glanced at Polly or seemed to care if the girl in the pale silk frock and impenetrable black glasses, her idle hand playing with the broken straw, sat on there for ever.

Six o'clock arrived. Francis folded his paper and dropped it on the table. He got up, went to the counter, and bought cigarettes, strolled out of the doorway.

Polly picked up her bag and followed him.

They got into Miss Oxley's car together and drove back to where Francis' car was parked. Sitting there before he got out to return to his office, Francis ticked the possibilities off on his fingers:

Was Miss Oxley known to this person by sight and had he or she taken a peek through the door, and seeing Polly sitting there, slipped away, not wishing, naturally, to do business with a stranger? Or had the person been detained from coming? It had been suggested, apparently, that there might be a

certain amount of difficulty about keeping the appointment, judging by the instruction that Miss Oxley was to "wait" if they were "delayed." Or had poor old Geraldine simply been the victim of a hoax?

There was one other possibility a good deal less pleasant to contemplate. If Geraldine had gone herself, would she ever have come back? Did the knowledge she seemed to have about these damnable murders make her dangerous to someone, and would she have been lured away and got rid of?

"For all your promises to her, my little pet," he ended, "I think I'll drop in at the CIB and see that inspector about this affair."

He leant over and stopped her protest with a kiss, got out of the car. "We'll see, we'll talk about it tonight. I must go back now, but I'll try and be home not later than ten. Be seeing you, darling. And remember — keep strictly to the good work you've started of not doing anything without telling me."

Miss Oxley received Polly's report with open dismay. She declared herself bitterly disappointed that nothing had been clarified, proclaiming that her nerves wouldn't stand another telephone call like that one, or even the waiting about expecting it, afraid to answer it, and yet afraid not to.

Polly consoled her, assuring her that the whole thing must have been a silly practical joke by someone who had read about the murders in the papers and got a kind of kick out of being in touch with the place or people connected with them.

Leaving Miss Oxley apparently comforted, wearily at last Polly climbed the stairs to her own flat and shut the door with a sense of relief.

She went into the kitchen, got herself a strong drink, and took it back to the sitting-room and, sitting down, picked up her book and started to read. It was half past eight before she roused herself and went out and got herself a sandwich and ate it standing at the bench in front of the hacked loaf and crumbs and cold joint, then went back to the sitting-room and took up her book again.

It was shortly before nine o'clock when Miss Oxley came up. She was in her dressing-gown and was carrying an overnight bag in one hand and, in the other, a book. Under her arm was tucked a pillow.

"Polly," she said, and blinked apologetically, "don't think I've come to take up residence with you, but I'm going to ask a favor — just for tonight."

Polly opened the door wider. "You want to sleep here? Of course, why not?"

"You little treasure! Who else would be so patient with a silly old nuisance like me!"

She followed Polly into the sitting-room. "I know there's nothing to be afraid of down there, it's just that tonight I want company, I don't want to be alone with my own thoughts." She plopped the pillow down on the sofa, the other oddments on the table beside it.

"Tomorrow, willy-nilly, I'll get hold of my niece Helen. She's due at Surfers Paradise tomorrow. I'll wire her, and she can cut short her holiday and come down and look after me."

"A very good idea. Shall we have a drink?"

"Well, a cup of tea, if it's not too much trouble."

But when the tea was brought, Miss Oxley seemed less interested in the cheering cup than she had declared she would be. She took it, drank half of it, put it down, appeared to forget all about it, and gazed at the pattern in the carpet, an absent frown on her face.

At last she finished the tea and murmured: "Lovely!" She patted her mouth, stifling a little yawn, stood up and started to weave about between sofa and table, like a dog preparing its bed. "Just a blanket, dear, and a glass of water and I'll be as right as rain. The only thing is," she deplored, "if I settle down now, I'm driving you off to bed at such an unearthly hour."

"Don't worry about me. I don't always wait up for Francis. I can go to bed and read, anyhow."

"What time do you expect him back?"

"Round about ten. He said he wouldn't be late tonight."

Miss Oxley glanced at her watch. It was nine o'clock.

Polly went out to the kitchen to get the glass of water. When she got back with it, Miss Oxley was stretched out between the sheets in a pale blue nightgown, her pale blue baby-curls confined in a sleeping net.

She said: "Thank you, dear, I'm as comfortable as can be. I must pay you rent this week! I'll read myself to sleep and that won't take me long." She reached out for her book, groped on the table, then sat up. "My reading glasses? Oh, how stupid of me, I didn't bring them up."

She put her feet to the floor. "I'll get them, stay put. Where are they?"

"I put them in the pocket of the frock I had on, meaning when I undressed to transfer them to my bag here, and then I forgot and hung the dress up in the cupboard in my bedroom."

"Right. I'll run down and get them."

"Here, dear, don't forget the latchkey." The bulging bag was groped in again, and Polly, with the key in hand, ran down the stairs.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 9, 1966

Opening the door of the flat, she switched on the light in the tiny hallway which Miss Oxley, in reconstructing the house, had had made. Both bedroom and sitting-room opened off this.

As she entered the bedroom, she switched on the light there, too. The big double bed was turned down for sleeping in until, as its owner said, a hankering for company had seized her. Curtains pulled across the windows, front and side. Dressing-table with its array of silver and ivory, now lacking brush and comb. Bedside table arranged for the night, lamp on it tilted just right for that last peaceful hour with a book.

The clothes closet that Miss Oxley had had built was almost as roomy as the one in the master-bedroom in the Nicolson's flat above. Polly crossed the room and opened the door of this cupboard. Inside it, a light globe hung from the ceiling. She switched it on.

Standing there with her hand on the door handle, she hesitated, staring in at the racks of dresses that were like limp effigies of a hanged Miss Oxley. A row of shoes stood against the wall, and hats in cellophane bags were ranged on a shelf.

Still Polly stood. Why she didn't enter at once she couldn't quite have said. Afterwards, she wondered if some smallest sound of movement in the room behind her had reached her ears without being registered by her conscious mind.

THEN, in a minute, brushing aside her reluctance to enter the cupboard, Polly took the step forward.

The first in the row of garments facing her was the brown and white spotted dress that Miss Oxley had had on under her coat this afternoon, and there in the pocket of it, Polly's hand found the spectacle case.

But before she could turn to leave, before she could even draw out the case, the door behind her was gently shut and the key turned in the lock.

For a split second, panic seized her, the impulse to scream so loudly that the whole house would ring with her cries for help. Though her heart was thudding and her mouth was full of the dry taste of fear, she fought with herself to remain silent.

Keep quiet, keep quiet, do nothing! she warned herself. Whoever had locked her in had done so for the purpose of keeping her prisoner while they went about some business of their own. If they had wanted to harm her they could easily have done so, could have struck her down as she stood with her back to the door, her hand groping in the pocket of the dress.

She was suddenly filled with an intense thankfulness that on entering she hadn't come face to face with this desperate intruder. She was "safe" in a locked cupboard—though the key was on the other side of the door!

No sound from the bedroom reached her. The flat was as quiet as it had been when she came into it.

But all at once a new fear flooded her, a fear this time for Miss Oxley; that she would come looking for her, that she might come face to face with the intruder! She could only hope and pray that before Miss Oxley could make up her mind to find out what was delaying her, the intruder, caution now aroused, would have slipped out and away.

Taking an old tweed coat from the rack, Polly folded it, put it on the floor, and sat down on it, remembering with relief that she had left

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

the flat door ajar and that Miss Oxley would have no difficulty in getting in.

Soon after ten o'clock, Francis came up to the house, took out his key and put it very quietly into the lock. He went in and shut the door behind him, also without a sound. It was second nature with him to make his nightly returns as noiselessly as possible, because he was often late and Miss Oxley was a light sleeper.

The lights in her bedroom were on tonight, but this, Francis hadn't registered, because as he came up the path

welcome. Where's Polly?"

Miss Oxley lifted a languid hand and peered at her watch. "Twenty past ten!" she exclaimed. "I must've been asleep for over an hour!"

"Look, do you mind telling me where she's gone?" His tone was sharp. "Did she tell you?"

"Oh, heavens, my head feels so heavy! I took a sleeping pill the minute she left, but I didn't expect it to put me off so quickly."

"The minute she left!" Sitting up now, Miss Oxley explained Polly's little errand for her, and her blinking eyes and startled expression sug-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



he was too busy looking upwards and seeing that there was a light in his own sitting-room above, which told him that Polly was still up waiting for him. He mounted stealthily, two steps at a time, the thickly carpeted stairs and opened the door, dropped bag and newspaper in the hall, and hurried into the sitting-room.

"Hullo, darling. Nice and early, eh?"

He froze in his tracks at the sight confronting him.

Miss Oxley, nettled and creamed for the night, stretched out on her back, hands folded across her waist, was lying on the sofa between a pair of Polly's pale pink sheets. The light was on, and his entrance here had been far from quiet, but Miss Oxley didn't stir. Her eyes stayed shut and her breathing was that of a sleeper.

Resignedly, Francis looked at her for a moment, then

gested that she was beginning to share Francis' concern at her non-return.

"Of course," she said, "she may have dropped in for a chat with Robert."

"With you waiting for your glasses?" He was half-way to the door. He was down the stairs, ringing at Lerrel's bell. He waited. No answer. He called: "Polly... Are you in there, Polly?" Still no answer, but standing in the hall in the silent house, suddenly he heard a faint but unmistakable knocking coming from Miss Oxley's flat.

Swinging round, he saw that her door was ajar, and ran in.

Led by the sound of this knocking, he shot into the bedroom and across to the big cupboard, flung it open, and released from her cell his unharmed but distracted, weary, and now tearful Polly.

On the following morning, with Polly's full agreement now, Francis went to Police Headquarters and asked to see Inspector Grogan. There, seated opposite that welcoming genial policeman, he recounted the whole story of Polly's involvement with Miss Oxley yesterday afternoon and last night, and was pat with the theory that he and his wife had worked out.

"Of course," he hastened to say when he had told all, "don't think for a moment that I'm accusing Miss Oxley of anything. I mean of any shadow of complicity in these two killings. It's my guess that she's just up to a bit of private detection off her own bat, all in the interests of justice. It seems to me that ever since she heard about this 'concrete evidence' it's been on her mind and her odd behaviour is the result."

"Has she been all that odd?" Grogan asked.

"Certainly, my wife thinks so, and she's not the only one. Mrs. Perryman spoke of it to her yesterday, and so did Mrs. Hopkins."

"In what respect?"

"Well... she seems to be avoiding people, melts away at sight of them, and won't leave the house. She thinks you haven't found this evidence, and determines, dammit! to beat you to it."

Grogan nodded. "Could be. Got any idea that she knows what she's looking for?"

"No, I haven't a clue. But it does seem to stick out, doesn't it, that she's using every and any means to get into our flats and search them?"

FROM THE BIBLE

● "O come, let us sing to the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!"

—Psalm 95: 1.
(New English Bible)

tiptoed out and into the bedroom. This room was dark, but going up to the bed he could see that it was empty.

In kitchen and bathroom, too, there was no sign of his wife, and disappointment turning to a feeling of injury, he stood in the hall trying to make a guess at her whereabouts. When Polly went out for the evening, she always either rang him at the office or left a note for him in the hall.

He went back to the sitting-room.

"Miss Oxley, where's Polly?" he asked, shaking her.

"Oh, I hope you don't mind—I do hope you don't mind my sleeping here?" she murmured sleepily.

"Of course not, not at all, sorry to wake you. But where's Polly?"

"I had a silly fit of nerves and—sweet and kind as usual—she made me a bed up here. It's too bad for me to invade you like this."

"Not a bit, you're most

"Doesn't she have any extra keys?" Manning asked.

"No, that we know for sure. A week or so ago, my wife went out one evening to see some friends and forgot her key. When she got home she went and asked Miss Oxley if she could let her in, and she looked quite shocked and said, 'My dear, I'm not a concierge! You'll just have to come in and wait with me till Francis gets home.' You see? And this is borne out, too, Inspector, by the apparent ruse she worked on Lerrel a couple of days ago."

"What was that, now?"

Francis told of how she had sent Lerrel down to the end of the garden on some play or other, and how he had caught her whisking out of his flat when he came

back sooner, apparently, than she had expected.

"And now take yesterday afternoon." Warming to his subject, Francis took out cigarettes, handed them round, and waited till all three were alight to say between puffs: "That was a complicated, well-said piece of strategy, if you like! She could have seen my wife leave the house earlier with Mrs. Hopkins' dress over her arm, but she wouldn't know how long she was going to be away, would she? And as it happened, she wasn't away long."

"But if the poor lady didn't have a key—" Grogan began.

"Ah! Wait! She'd thought that one out—if she had time enough. So to get plenty of time—if my theory is right, and I'm assuming that it is—she thinks up this elaborate piece of play-acting, and when my wife gets back from buying the fruit, there's the car on the drive and Miss Oxley getting into it, and she spins this story of a telephone call, a mysterious rendezvous which she herself is far, far too dithered to keep! Well, of course, it was peanuts to a pound that Polly would agree to go for her."

Manning looked him over critically. "A blind date, eh, with a stranger that might turn out to be a murderer? Why would she think your wife would be all that willing to go in place of her?"

"Still, how was she going to get in without she had a key?" Manning insisted.

"Very simply. I'll tell you—put a ladder up to our bathroom window and climb in. You know that window at the side that overlooks the drive? It's always left open. Or nearly always. Because as ill luck—for Miss Oxley—would have it, yesterday afternoon, just before my wife went out to buy the fruit, she shut that window, because it looked like rain, shut it and locked it."

"You'd think, wouldn't you," he said, "that after being stumped by the locked window in the afternoon, she might've been a bit gravelled for ideas. But up she comes at night with her bag and even her favorite pillow. But she's forgotten her reading spectacles and doesn't discover it till she's snugly tucked up for the night! So, of course, Polly volunteers to fetch them. And where are they? Blow me, if they aren't in the pocket of a dress hanging up

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in that great big roomy cupboard in the bedroom! Well, what could be easier than to steal down after Polly and turn the key on her, and up again and search our flat at her leisure? She'd asked, casually, what time I'd be home, so she knew Polly wouldn't be shut up for long. I'm sure she's fond of my wife, wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, and knew that no real harm could come to her in there, with plenty of air and light.

"She didn't miss out on anything. This business of apparently being fast asleep when I arrived home because she said she'd taken a sleeping pill that'd put her clean under, accounting for why she hadn't gone down to look for my wife when she didn't come back. I had to shake her to wake her up. Huh!"

"How did she take it when you and Mrs. Nicolson came back to your own flat?"

"Oh, no one could've been more convincingly staggered. She leapt up and fussed over Polly, moaning, and getting her hot milk. The only thing she didn't do was to ask me to go down with her and see if there was anything missing from her flat. Now wouldn't you say that'd be the first thing she'd've thought of if she was innocent of the job?"

"I certainly would."

"She threw off a few 'How did they get in?' and 'Did I leave a window open?' and 'Did they creep in after Polly?'"

"And this morning?"

"Of course in daylight courage comes back, but I went in with her. She took a very cursory look around and said, No, nothing seemed to be missing."

AFTER a minute, Manning said grudgingly: "Yeah. Point is, when all's said and done, this concrete evidence the murdered man wrote about in that note stuck under your door is only evidence of who it was that did him over on the road."

"Well, damn it all, motive!" Francis exclaimed. "Motive for the killing if Evans was going to expose someone for having taken part in the attack!"

"That's right," Grogan said soothingly. He leant back and looked at Francis thoughtfully. "I take it, Mr. Nicolson, that you never let on to Miss Oxley by word or look what you suspect her of?"

"Hell, no! But I was determined that I wasn't going to join the private-eye squad myself. That's why I came to you. And my wife won't be fooled by her again."

When Francis had gone, Manning said: "Well, looks like the ring wasn't the concrete evidence."

Grogan came back from a bit of a distance. "Eh?"

"Because the old girl had plenty of opportunity, and time, to look through Harriet's bits and pieces before we did."

Grogan nodded, went on nodding for a minute. Then he said: "Did you pick up anything else, Les, while he was talking?"

Manning knew it would come. He waited.

It came in the form of the doodling the inspector had been engaged on at one point of Francis' story.

And now, looking at it, Manning slowly nodded, too.

Natalie's telephone call to Grogan later that morning took him to her house within the hour. She had meant to greet him airily on his entrance with:

"Oh, Inspector, I'm afraid I wasn't entirely frank with you yesterday morning," to which he would reply something soothingly understanding.

Instead, she blurted out: "I know what you and that ser-

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

geant were thinking yesterday, and I can't have that going on. That's why I rang you. I rang you to tell you something quite different — the truth, I mean," she added hastily.

Grogan said blandly: "Well, it's always a nice change to hear a bit of truth. You mean your husband didn't know you'd met Evans at the motel that weekend?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried in alarm. "I don't mean anything of the sort. What I mean is, it wasn't chance my meeting Mr. Evans there. I went up with him, drove up in his car with my husband's consent, and with a very different object in mind from a rest cure!"

Hoping to get one or two quick items out of her before she recovered her balance and

arrived to get back on Leo, Ernest welcomed it with open arms. He came to her — her, the boy's mother! — and made him out to be a liar and a young cheat. He affirmed that a few weeks previously he was practically certain that Leo had spent the weekend at this motel with some girl when he was supposed to be staying up at Moss Vale with a school friend. She hadn't believed it, she had told Ernest so, and not wishing to question the boy, her husband had suggested her driving up there with Evans and finding out the truth and — so they hoped! — nailing the lie.

Grogan said: "Yes, very spiteful. But, now look, Mrs. Perryman, is it all that important if a boy of seventeen spends a night or so away

as it turned out, the man at the desk whom they needed to question was away ill on that Saturday and they had had to wait till the Sunday to see him.

"So you waited till the Sunday and you saw him, and what did he tell you?" Grogan asked.

"He — he confirmed what Ernest had thought. The man remembered the car, and Leo, and that the young couple had booked a double room and stayed there for two nights."

"And the girl? Did he remember her?"

"He hadn't seen her, he said. While Leo was at the desk booking the room and getting the key she had been in the car, and he hadn't noticed her at all as they went through the lounge. I didn't care who it was. Leo knows dozens of girls that I've never met." She brushed this aside impatiently. "It was his planned deception of me that grieved me. And the loathsome air of triumph about Ernest as we drove back to town!"

"And what was the outcome of all this, Mrs. Perryman?"

"Outcome? Oh, there was no outcome. He appeared to be quite satisfied to have opened our eyes to our little paragon! He seemed to be prepared to let it rest at that."

"Yes . . . But I suppose with a fellow like that you'd never feel comfortable if he had anything on you."

"Oh, that's carrying it too far, much too far," she declared quickly.

"Did you ask the lad about the motel affair?"

"No, no. Certainly not. I didn't want to bowl him out and make horrid trouble between us. As you say, it was his affair, the way things are today."

"But, anyhow, Evans' death must've set your minds at rest."

Natalie came back at him, right out into the open. "Quite true. Quite true, it did. But, Inspector, there were more than us who had their minds set at rest by his death."

"I don't doubt it, Mrs. Perryman," Grogan said tactfully, and thought, but not many of 'em had close on half a million dollars, maybe, hanging on it.

When a few minutes later he was leaving, he paused in the doorway to say: "Oh, by the way, we found that ring of yours."

"My ring? The —" The color rushed up into her face, her voice faltered and stopped. Shock held her

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motionless, staring at him. "Yes. I won't tell you where we found it. That's our little secret! But it's safe and sound. It's in my office right now."

He left her with that and went out and got into his car.

Later, mulling over Natalie's story with Manning, Grogan declared himself sceptical about one of her statements — that she didn't know who the girl in the case was and that she cared less. She seemed, he said, to get off that subject a shade too quickly, and he gave it as his opinion that the identity of the girl might be of more interest than would at first sight appear. It could've been, of course, just one of those dozens that she said he knew and she didn't. Anyhow, it was worth looking into.

How might it affect the case, he mused, if it turned out to be that little Spanish maid who had come out so rusty against them? In old Dixon's mind, seducing a servant would probably be just one degree worse than murder. Then, one of the old man's pet aversions was the little piece down the road, that kid Sabrina Hopkins. He'd given her some very dirty looks over the tea-table the other morning.

MANNING sighed resignedly, stood up and shook down his trouser legs. "OK, I'll have a bite of lunch and hop on the plane to Cowville."

Cowville, as Manning had slightly dubbed it, was a small township whose *raison d'être* was milk and butter and a cream and a dried-milk factory.

The motel at the entrance of the town boasted of being "contemporary," and Manning walked from the glare outside into a dim, low-ceilinged, air-conditioned cave with chairs so deep that, once in, they were hard to struggle out of, and muted music that filled the air like distant strains from another contemporary paradise.

The man at the desk repeated to Manning exactly what Natalie had told the inspector he had said to her; and he had nothing to add to that; he had seen the young man and remembered him and his car, a new red sports car. But as to the girl — no, he just couldn't recall anything about her.

Made to feel by Manning's bulging blue eyes and injured expression that his failure to remember more fell little short of obstructing the police in the execution of their duty, the young man at the desk suggested that the girl who carried the breakfast trays and did the bedrooms might be more helpful. She was in one of the rooms down the corridor right now with her vacuum.

Glad to be rid of his persistent visitor, he led the way and handed the sergeant over to Eva.

"Now can you cast your mind back," Manning said, and repeated the date, the day of the week, a description of the youth, everything that he could jog her memory with.

Prodded thus, Eva began to recall a pair — a young pair, yes, that'd had a double room farther down the corridor. The feller certainly fitted the description.

"Good looking? My word he was! Real handsome. He didn't look more than twenty. You wouldn't wonder at any girl."

"Seventeen," Manning corrected.

"Is that all he was? Well, he looked every day of twenty. His eyes were greyish like and he had lovely teeth."

"What was the girl like?" "I didn't notice. The boy, he had sort of dark gold hair and was well built."

"About how old would she be?"

"Couldn't say. He was out of bed in very nice silk pyjamas, getting something out of their suitcase, when I went in with the breakfast tray, and he stepped forward and took it from me with a lovely grin."

"And where was she?"

"Oh . . . she was in bed . . . I think."

Manning breathed heavily through his nose. "Now look, you must've noticed whether she was a blonde or a brunette?"

Eva looked vacantly at the empty bed. "A brunette," she decided at last. "I do seem

to remember a dark head laying there."

"Good lookin', too?"

"I couldn't say," she said impatiently. "She had her arm half-thrown over her face, the way some girls sleep in the morning when they don't want to wake up."

"Did she never ever get up?"

"She may've. Not while I was in the room, anyhow."

"And the second mornin'?"

"Same thing. Except I remember he was in bed that morning, too. But he sat up quick to clear the table for me to put the tray down. Just as nice as ever, he was, and—"

Resigning himself, Manning cut her short. "Well, did you happen to notice if she was wearin' on that hand thrown over her face a ring with a big turquoise in the middle, set around with pearls and diamonds?"

Eva shook her head. "Nothing like that. She just had on the one ring — a pretty little plain gold wedding ring."

Not many hours after this, back in town having a drink with Grogan at a pub near the CIB, Manning grumbled that anyone, whoever she was, could buy a wedding ring and stick it on her finger to look

respectable in a double bed.

Grogan agreed, but decided that in this case it might be as well to take the thing a bit further with the Registrar of Marriages.

The following midday, before the night that was to put paid to the brutal murders of Ernest Evans and Harriet, varied in only one small particular from all the other mid-days of the past three months. Instead of farewelling Francis in their own flat, Polly strolled down the stairs with him and opened the front door on to a day that lay warm and humid and rich with the fullness of summer's nearness over the garden.

As he turned to kiss her, Francis looked at her suspiciously. "Why this added attention?" he asked.

She opened wide her eyes and looked back at him with bogus innocence. "Just feeling energetic."

"Upstairs!" he said with a backward jerk of his head.

"Of course, I'm just going."

"Well, let me see you do it. I know you! Two minutes after my back's turned, you'll be in there up to your eyes, indistinguishable from the unfortunate Harriet."

"Nothing of the sort. Helen Whosit will be here tomorrow, and everything can wait till then."

"Good." He kissed her and went off down the path.

When he had gone, Polly allowed herself one small deviation from the truth.

Stepping along the veranda,

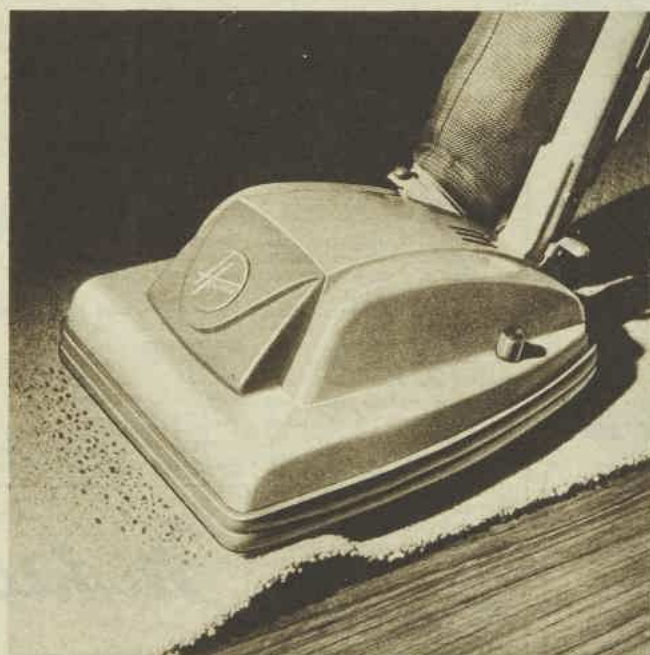
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HEAD ON THE SILL

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Hoover Lark

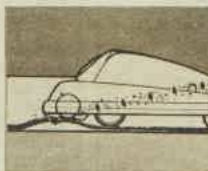
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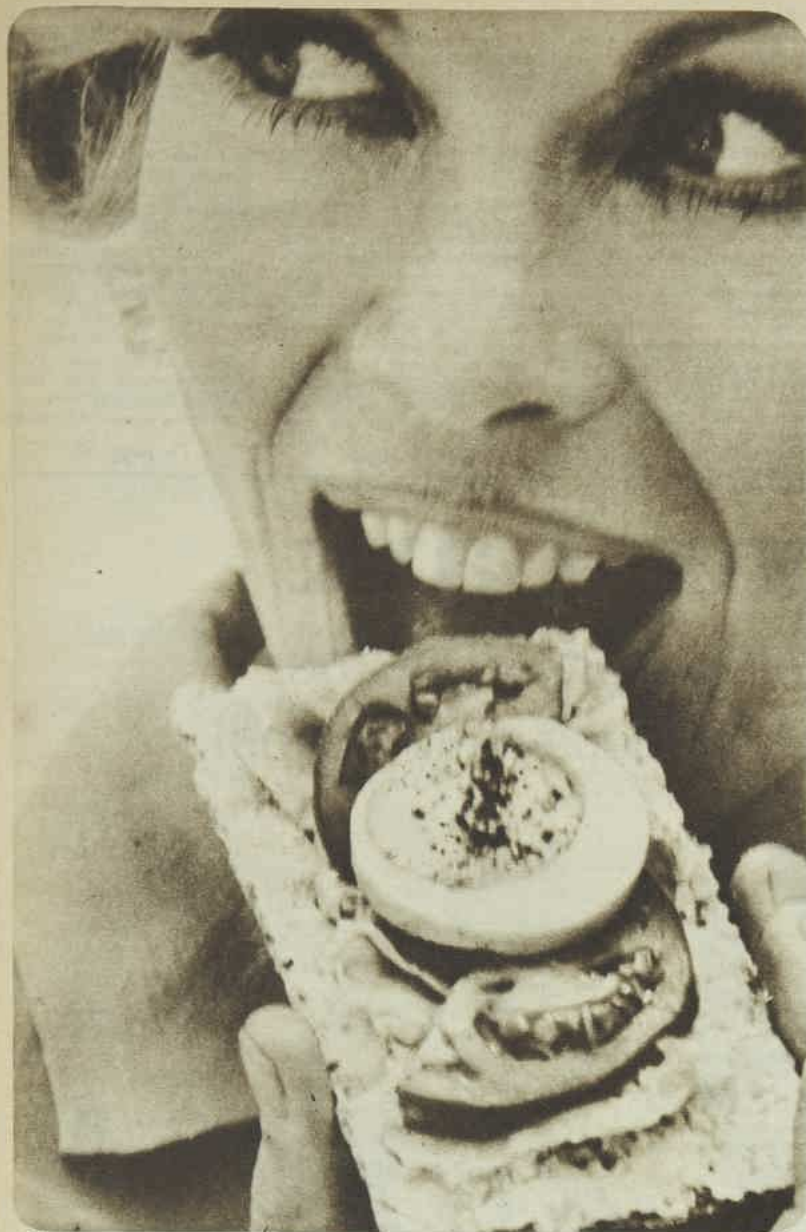
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HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

she paused at the open window of Miss Oxley's bedroom and called: "Good afternoon, Miss Oxley. How are you today?"

To her horror, a faint voice came from the floor: "Another damn thing! I've just this minute had a fall." "Oh, no!" Polly pulled back the curtains and saw Miss Oxley on the floor, propped against the side of the bed, one hand outstretched to the telephone on the bedside table.

"I was just going to ring you," she said. "Come in. The french window of the drawing-room is open."

Polly hurried round, through the drawing-room and into the bedroom.

Miss Oxley hadn't made any attempt to rise, though as she bent over her Polly saw no change in her color, nor did she seem to be particularly distressed.

She had had, she said, not exactly a fall, because she hadn't tripped over anything — so far as she could remember — it was more like a slight blackout. All of a sudden she had found herself lying here with a dizzy feeling in her head. She was sure it wasn't a heart attack. It was nothing but nervous upset from all that had happened: from the loss of her dear Harriet and everything. No, she wouldn't hear of a doctor being sent for. Yes, she had had her lunch. She was perfectly all right and would simply rest this afternoon.

WITH faint stirrings of suspicion, and yet unable to assign a possible cause for duplicity on Miss Oxley's part, Polly helped her up and into the drawing-room. There, she installed her on a sofa, being assured that there was nothing she wanted beyond—

Beyond reading matter and glasses, a small jug of orange juice, and perhaps a few dry biscuits, a bottle of aspirin, her cigarettes, her comb and lipstick, her sewing-basket, the telephone switched in on the table beside her, and the door into the garden opened a little wider.

So Polly left her, thus buttressed.

At just about this time, Inspector Grogan—buttressed, too, with chapter and verse for what he had come to say — was sitting with Violet Hopkins in her living-room.

Her daughter Sabrina had gone surfing with Leo, to Bondi or somewhere, she told Grogan when he came in asking for her. Now, opposite him, Violet lounged in a chair, apparently as easy in mind as in body, in spite of the fact which he had come to inquire about: that her daughter and Leo had got married just before that weekend at the motel.

"Yes," she said, "I was present at the marriage, the official tie-up. I gave my consent."

"And young Leo forged his mother's for himself, and monkeyed about with the date on his birth certificate," Grogan said drily.

"Well, you must know how often it's done, Inspector, and easier when the boy's only got one parent and looks so much older than his age. They put these marriages through at the Registrar's very perfunctorily."

Grogan said: "Not much of a match for your daughter if somebody — say Evans — had cared to relay the story of the marriage to old Mr. Dixon."

She gave a laugh, a shrug, and got up and hunted for cigarettes. "Oh, that would've been no skin off my nose. I

knew that when it was an accomplished fact, Natalie and Bruce would be reasonable in accepting it."

"Look," he said, "once Ernest Evans got spiteful about this fact of the marriage, he was dynamite to you and your daughter."

She laughed again, screwing up her eyes and crinkling her nose delightedly. "Not nearly as much so as to Natalie and Bruce! They love possessions, and all they stand for. The old boy's money left away from them — to the grandson in England — that'd just about kill them. But me? You see the way I live — I don't give a damn. I never look far ahead. Anyhow, I had another thought in mind in forwarding the marriage."

"Other than the boy's money prospects, you mean?"

"Naturally. With these two so crazily in love, how was I to know that Sabrina wouldn't get pregnant? Unmarried, I'd have had the whole burden of it on my hands—married, well, it'd be theirs, too, the Perryman clan, I mean."

Grogan said: "Crazily in love, eh?"

She looked up quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Yet he tries to get off with Mrs. Nicolson in her garden only a few nights ago."

"Did he? Well, boys are like that," she said, and added: "And pretty little wives left alone too much at night by their husbands can be quite provocative, can't they? A spring night and a good-looking boy like Leo. I'm not saying anything against Polly Nicolson. She's very attractive and probably very bored on most evenings."

He couldn't disconcert Violet. The facts of life and not judgments on them were her concern.

"Mrs. Perryman and her husband — do they know about the marriage?"

"They do."

"How did they learn of it?"

"That was my unpleasant duty," she said with a smile.

"Bruce came around one evening, all innocently, to suggest that they and I tried to keep the young people from seeing so much of each other, that they weren't doing each other any good. Which was dragging which down, he didn't specify, but I could guess! I said to him, 'Too late, Bruce, they're married.'"

"How did he take it?"

"He gave me one look and turned and walked out. Later she came around to see me and talked it over. She said all that mattered was not to let her father's last days be saddened by the knowledge. Sweet, wasn't it? And she was gracious enough to explain that she herself had nothing against my daughter, but that Sabrina was the prototype of all that he loathes in the modern young — anti-social, irreverent, overconfident, and underclad."

She got up suddenly, uncoiling like a small lithe snake. "Look, Inspector, do please take yourself off and follow another scent. You're wrong in running after mine. I couldn't care less about all this. When the old man dies and Leo gets his money, I'll see their dust, his and Sabrina's. They'll be off on a plane or a yacht to live it up somewhere and enjoy themselves, to be young and gay without a thought for me. And good luck to them!"

Back at his office, Grogan found a pretty trifle waiting for him on his desk, the glitter of diamonds, the milky-gleam of pearls, and the powdery blue-greenness of a fine turquoise — Natalie Perryman's ring.

But the charm of the old ornament was secondary to the report from the Scientific Branch which came with it. Brief it was, but Grogan sat over it for a long time, looking at it as though each word were in a difficult language that had to be slowly translated. He leant forward over the slip of paper; he picked it up and sat back with it in his hand, his feet up on the desk, while the events of the past week formed a clearer pattern in his mind and more irrelevancies dropped away.

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"I'm a
big
bubble."

That is definitely a Schweppes smile.



If they are old enough to pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

At four o'clock that afternoon, Polly had a telephone call from Miss Oxley.

When the bell rang, Polly dropped the book she was reading and went quickly through to the hall, hoping it might be Francis. She always hoped it might be Francis, and more often than not it was. However, not today. Instead, those fluty tones from below.

Miss Oxley said that she was feeling better. Such a restful afternoon she had had. A good deal better she was, she might say.

This didn't surprise Polly, because, since the trouble, Miss Oxley's ills and moods had fluctuated rapidly between nervous exhaustion and comparative calm. But the information that followed left Polly for a few minutes dumb with surprise.

It was that, feeling that she had been neglectful of her old friends lately — the Perrymans, Mr. Dixon, Violet, and Sabrina — she had telephoned them just now and asked if they would drop in and have a drink with her before dinner this evening. She said that, lying there, she had been reflecting that grief and trouble didn't give one the right, did they, to forget one's good manners? They had all held out a hand of kindness to her, and she had failed to respond. Well, now she was going to make amends.

For Miss Oxley to organise a festivity, even such a minor one as this, was unlikely enough. For her to do so in this house of death so soon after the two tragedies, and on the very day when she had had a "blackout" and been laid low on a sofa for the best part of it — well, in Polly's mind, it just carried something more than its face value.

SO busy Polly was, following these tortuous speculations, that she barely heard the rest of Miss Oxley's chatter: Enough gin and plenty of sherry . . . some olives and salted almonds, bits and pieces . . . nothing at all to prepare if Polly would come down and see to things for her a little earlier. Round about six, she had told the others.

So, some time before then, Polly went down and busied herself in kitchen and pantry, unaided by Miss Oxley, who called directions from the drawing-room where she lay still stretched out. As she had said, there were all sorts of bits and pieces, tasty snacks and cocktail trimmings, for like so many women who eat alone, Miss Oxley kept a good larder, explaining that it saved Harriet having to go shopping on hot days.

But Miss Oxley's old-fashioned notions of what was due from a hostess to her guests took a tumble that afternoon. Though greeting them warmly, almost effusively, when they arrived, she still retained her invalidish pose on the sofa and begged Polly to deputise for her.

Plenty of gin and scotch and good sherry, true, but the spirit in which to enjoy these things was quickly hit on the head by an absence in Miss Oxley's manner that killed togetherness. Like a badly functioning bathroom geyser, she would gush out a moment's warm interest as to how the Perrymans' new gardener was shaping, or the trade-in on Violet's old car, only to let that encouraging flow trickle away, leaving her guests stranded high and dry when they began to answer her inquiries.

Her old friend Mr. Dixon! How nice to see him and to

know that he felt well enough to come across!

Encouraged, Mr. Dixon drew his chair a little nearer her sofa and started to tell her about a new treatment he was having, but in a minute found himself addressing the top of her head as she bent over her piece of sewing, the mending of a torn apron of Harriet's.

When Robert Lerrel came in she was full of welcome, but rapidly switched her attention from him to the darning of a sock of his. This, to Polly, was the more surprising, because Miss Oxley had always shown a certain self-consciousness about her spinsterish mothering of her male tenants.

Doggedly, Natalie's chatter flowed on, addressing itself to anyone who would listen; doggedly, Bruce addressed himself to a bottle of scotch, and Violet to the gin; and the young pair, Leo and Sabrina — brought there under pressure by their parents — to the cocktail biscuits and olives.

Miss Oxley, busy with buttons for a shirt and a newly laundered vest of Ernest's, to be sent off to his brother, seemed unaware of the raised eyebrows and concerned glances being exchanged around her.

"Joining the Dorcas Society, dear?" Violet murmured to Natalie.

Painfully, Natalie raised a smile.

The Mad Hatter's Tea Party was nothing to this, Polly thought, and looking up at Bruce as he brought her a drink and then sat down beside her, she found herself again furiously wondering what in the world lay behind this do of Miss Oxley's. Was that loneliness of the other evening overtaking her and rather than call on Polly again did she have in mind to get one of these people to invite her to stay until her niece Helen arrived? Miss Oxley had said that would be tomorrow, but would it?

There was no answer to the puzzle, so she might as well give up thinking about it.

If Miss Oxley became in any way conscious of the lack in her behaviour, it was only at the very end of the hour or so that she showed it.

Bundling everything back into the big sewing-basket, she got up and plopped it down on a table and said — for Natalie had risen: "Oh, my dear, not going so soon, are you? Well, it mustn't be so long again." She bent forward and kissed her. "It's been lovely to see you all."

Natalie echoed: "Lovely!" and the word shaped itself soundlessly on Violet's lips.

When the guests had gone, there was no after-party session between the two left in the room. Polly tried to inaugurate one, but Miss Oxley appeared to be sunk in thought once more, so giving up the struggle, she collected things on to the tray and carried it out to the kitchen, tied an apron round her waist, and got to work.

Indistinguishable from the unfortunate Harriet, Francis had said. Well, there it was. Poor sweet, he couldn't get it into his head that she was completely restored to health and really as tough as goats' knees. After that sight of Ernest's head on the sill, nothing could make her a cot case again.

Polly took off the apron, dried her hands, and stood looking out of the open back door. It was dark now. Behind her, the clock on the bench ticked loudly. To her fancy, it seemed to be ticking feverishly, hurrying on to some painful change.

Turning back, Polly went

through to the drawing-room, but in the doorway stopped dead, unable to believe her eyes.

Gone was the invalid from the sofa.

That invalid was now up a stepladder in front of the open french window into the garden! In the short interval she must have gone to the boxroom and lugged back this sizeable ladder and set it up — quietly, too, because no sound had reached the kitchen.

"Miss Oxley," Polly exclaimed, going in, "this is just too mad!"

Miss Oxley looked down over her shoulder. "Good heavens! You gave me such a start. That was very stupid of you. I might've fallen off the ladder."

"Yes, you might, that's just what I say."

"I thought you'd left. I thought I heard you leave the kitchen and go upstairs."

"What are you doing? You shouldn't be doing it, whatever it is."

Miss Oxley said sharply: "I'm all right. I'm feeling much better."

"Maybe, but a giddy attack this morning and now perched up there! What is it you're doing?" she asked again, for Miss Oxley's figure, standing one step from the top of the ladder, obscured her activities.

"Fixing these curtains. Can't you see? Two of the rings got caught together. Lying there this afternoon it got on my nerves."

"Well, please come down and let me do it for you."

"No, no, I can manage. Don't fuss, Polly. You'd really think I was some kind of an imbecile the way you fuss! Do leave me alone."

"Oh, very well," Polly said. "I've washed up, I'll go home now."

"Thank you, dear, thank you very much." She didn't look round.

"Good-night, Miss Oxley." Polly left the flat and went up to her own.

Just at that time Grogan, having returned from a spell with the superintendent, went back to his own room and took up the discussion with Manning.

Manning was nodding. "Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . ." and at last: "I couldn't agree with you more," in itself a momentous admission coming from the sergeant.

"Good," Grogan said, leaning forward and reaching for his telephone.

"On'y," Manning amended, "you'll never make it stick."

Grogan wasn't damped. "Who ever said I would? But it's wonderful what a little quiet talk up here will do sometimes."

Polly's sense of injury against Miss Oxley didn't last long, no longer than ten minutes, to be exact. The very sharpness of Geraldine's dismissal of her made her think that the poor old dear was perhaps still in one of her states and needing aid and comfort — though not to be openly offered, of course.

She picked up her key, shut her door and ran down the stairs. Remembering that she had left Miss Oxley's back door open, she went quietly round by the garden and into the kitchen.

There was no sound inside, nothing but the loudly ticking clock still at it, and the drip of a tap that she hadn't turned off tightly. She did so now, and as she did it the refrigerator clicked on and started its reassuring hum.

On tiptoe, she went silently through to the dining-room. Folding doors separated it from the drawing-room. She didn't dare turn on the lights, but felt her way round the dining-table and crept up to

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1966



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Everybody's

the doors. Fortunately, one of them was open an inch or two.

Polly went closer and put her eye to the crack, just to satisfy herself that Geraldine had finished the job, whatever it was, and was restored to herself and her sofa. Or maybe she had even gone to bed, leaving a light on here and there for "company."

Polly's first angle of vision didn't show her the ladder; at least, not standing where it had been in front of the french window. It was lying on the floor, and fearful that she would see Miss Oxley on the floor, too, she pushed the door wider and looked in.

She needn't have been so stealthy. Miss Oxley wouldn't hear anything any more.

She was hanging in front of the window, her feet three feet from the floor. The velvet rope of the curtains had been flung over the stout curtain pole and knotted round her neck.

POLLY was inside the room now; she was staring at the sight — fixedly staring — hypnotised, fascinated, unable to take this monstrous sight into herself and believe it.

Then — screams. The sound of screams. Who was screaming like that? It was herself, it was her own voice! She couldn't stop or quench this hysteria.

Then — a pounding on the front door. Robert had heard her.

He was shouting: "What is it? For heaven's sake, what is it? Open the door."

She stumbled into the hall and opened the door.

"Polly — what's happening?"

"She's hanging — she's hanged herself!"

He ran ahead of her, following her wildly pointing finger. He ran forward, snatched up the scissors from the sewing basket and hacked at the taut cord, caught the body, as released it fell forward, and lowered it to the floor. There was wet white stuff splashed around on the carpet and on Miss Oxley's dress, and on the things in her sewing basket.

Robert flicked it off his fingers. "Paint!" he muttered. "What on earth—"

"Oh, Robert, she can't be dead! Is there nothing to be done?"

"No, she's dead." But he was kneeling down beside her, making a clumsy, unskilled attempt at resuscitation.

Hovering, trembling, Polly watched, waiting for the response, for some sign, for a breath to be drawn, for life to come back. It must, it must!

But it didn't. No movement, no color, no smallest lifting of the neatly fitting black bodice.

She ran out to the kitchen and opened a cupboard, fumbled among the bottles there, found the brandy at last, a full bottle, pulled it down, got the corkscrew and opened it, poured some into a glass, spilling as much as she poured.

Robert's voice came to her, calling down to the kitchen: "It's no use, Polly, she's dead. Nothing can bring her round. I've rung the police."

She sank on to a chair by the table and drank some of the neat spirit — a mouthful — another.

Polly wanted Francis, wanted to tell him, wanted to get him home — quickly, quickly.

She went through to the drawing-room again. Only Miss Oxley's body was there now, lying still in the circle of light.

Polly crept across the room. But she couldn't telephone here, so switching it through to the bedroom, she went in there.

In the small shower-room

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

off the bedroom, water was running. Robert washing the white paint off his hands . . . that mysterious white paint.

She lifted the receiver and got Francis' office.

His line was engaged, though. "I'll put you through as soon as I can. Will you wait?"

"Yes, I'll wait."

Oh, yes, I'll wait, but not too long! Francis, you must come home. I can't bear all this a minute longer without you!

Perched on the edge of the bed, she drummed impatiently on the table top. Why hadn't she brought the rest of that brandy in the glass? Why

didn't she go upstairs and telephone there? Or walk out of the house and hang about on the road till the police came?

As she sat, the receiver to her ear, waiting, her eyes roved about the room, lighting on Miss Oxley's possessions—her white-furred slippers, her silver powder box, some white beads, her comb, her handkerchief — each trivial object seeming to stab at her with a thrust of pain.

She turned her head and called: "Robert, how long will the police be? You'll stay till they come, won't you? I'm ringing Francis."

No answer from Robert. Francis' voice at last: "Hullo?"

She told him, pouring it out breathlessly, incoherently.

His first exclamations were drowned in the torrent of her words. At last he cut her short to demand: "Who's there? Who's there with you?"

"No one, I'm here alone, I mean."

"Alone!" His indignation came ringing over the wire. "You're alone? Alone in that place with—with—"

"No, no, I don't mean quite alone. I mean, Robert's here, but he's in the shower-room washing off the paint. It was all over everything."

"Tell him to come out."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Hoover Keymatic washes everything in Madam's wardrobe except her Sunday bonnet...



Its eight wash programmes wash every fabric perfectly. Hoover Keymatic automatically washes, rinses, and spin-dries every fabric, from the sturdiest to the most delicate, with the particular care, for the exact time, it needs.



The easiest automatic to use. You can't make a mistake with Keymatic's one simple control. Pick your wash programme — click in the Keyplate — washday's over. No dials, no doubts. And whatever you put in comes out perfectly washed — every time.



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Two washing actions in one washer. Only Keymatic has two entirely different washing actions — gentle tumble, and sturdy pulsator. Keymatic's tilted tub holds a full 10 lb. washload, yet uses less hot and cold water! All with famous Hoover dependability.

Hoover Keymatic

FULLY AUTOMATIC WASHER



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Page 53



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why a good baby food should gently develop a baby's sense of taste.
2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Right from the start, baby can distinguish the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salty, spicy—but because his taste buds are so tender and underdeveloped, flavours you like will be much too strange and strong for him. To protect his palate and to keep him happy, he needs foods he can accept and appreciate. Very gently and without fuss, you can help your baby to learn to like a growing range of flavours and foods—especially those you know are good for him.

A good baby food can help enormously and that's why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the flavour levels of Nestlé's baby foods have been scientifically graded to suit his developing palate.

With Nestlé's, you can safely train baby's sense of taste in just two easy steps.

First step is at eight to twelve weeks when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some your-

self it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

Second step is at about six months, when baby is ready for Nestlé's "Junior" foods. It's terribly important to stay with Nestlé's, because each Junior "flavour" matches exactly the Strained flavour your baby already knows and likes. Junior foods have almost the same flavour levels as normal adult food.

This careful build-up to adult taste makes Nestlé's baby foods right for baby. *They do more than just feed.*

Last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a small serving of good adult food. Then you can be confident that Nestlé's specially designed foods have built up good eating patterns which will help him right through his life.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and

solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding—month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested programme 8-9 months

NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.

On Waking: Breast or Lactogen feed.*

Breakfast: Nestlé's Junior Food may be gradually introduced, e.g., Junior "Egg and Bacon Breakfast." A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Follow with breast feed or drink of Lactogen.* (Encourage Baby to start drinking from a cup if weaning.)

Dinner: Nestlé's Junior Food, e.g., "Chicken Dinner" or "Liver, Bacon and Vegetable Dinner" followed by a dessert. Breast or Lactogen feed.*

4 p.m.: Drink of orange juice and rusk

Tea: Junior "Egg Custard with Rice" or "Chocolate Custard," "Mixed Fruit Dessert," or a fruit variety mixed with cereal and milk. Drink of fruit juice. Breast or Lactogen feed.*

Before Bed: Breast or Lactogen feed.

N.B.: At least 1 pint of Lactogen or milk should be given daily.

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

Nestlé's

BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

Tell him to take you into his flat and look after you."

"He can't hear me, Francis, the water's running."

"Damn him, make him hear. Has he got a doctor? Has he rung the police?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Well, don't stay there alone, Polly. Run over to the Perrymans' — No, no, don't do that! His voice rose. Don't go out of the house alone. Ring Bruce, tell him to come over instantly. What room are you in? Lock the door and wait for him. Hang up and ring him."

"I shall, I shall."

"I'll come instantly."

She put down the receiver and called once again: "Francis is coming, Robert, and he says I'm to ring Bruce."

The water had stopped running, but still there was no response from the shower-room.

The Perrymans' number — what was it? She pulled forward the telephone book, hunted and found the name and the number.

But the Perrymans' telephone wasn't answered. The bell went on ringing, ringing. She rang the Hopkins' number. Again she was disappointed. They, too, were out.

Replacing the receiver, she went back to the shower-room door and stood there a moment listening, then called forlornly: "Robert, Bruce is out. And so are the Hopkins. Nobody answers."

That obstinate non-answering came back from the shower-room, too. Only a dead silence now. Nothing.

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Hesitating but a moment longer, Polly's hand dropped to the handle and turned it.

The door was locked.

"Robert . . . Robert! Are you all right? Why don't you answer?"

A fresh fear took her. He had collapsed, died suddenly from shock! Such things did happen — such things must happen. It seemed as though death and disaster were to be expected at every turn. Her own heart was beating so wildly that she felt it must choke her.

Then Robert's voice came to her.

But not from the shower-room.

It came faintly, from the front hall outside his own flat. He was calling on a note of relief: "The police, Polly. Here they come." And at the same moment she heard the wailing of the police sirens.

And at the same moment, the shower-room door handle turned.

Springing away from the door, Polly teetered between flight and the compulsion to stay, to see . . .

The door was flung open.

It was Sabrina. Sabrina standing there in the doorway, dripping wet, and with her face drained of color, and round her head like a turban a red and blue shirt. The shirt that Miss Oxley had been sewing buttons on this afternoon; Streaks of white paint still smeared her neck

and arms. Her eyes were blazing.

"What did you have to come back for!" she screamed: "What did you have to come back for!" She rushed forward, flung Polly aside. "Get out of the way."

The police cars were grinding to a stop on the gravel. Sprinting down the hall, Sabrina fled from the flat and up the stairs, Polly after her.

On the landing, Sabrina turned and faced her in a horrible hysteria. She was laughing, shouting. "Call them up! Let them come!" Flung up the window she scrambled on to the sill.

"No, no! No, no!" Polly ran forward and fought with her, clung to her frantically, held her back, wrung with grief and pity for this mad, murderous child. She must hold her, not let her go.

Yet what was she holding her back for, after this? After all this!

And anyhow, she was no match for the strength of Sabrina's insane fury. Doubled up by one kick of the other's foot, Polly staggered against the wall and didn't see the falling twisting figure as it went down.

With Polly lulled to sleep by one of those pretty little blue capsules, Francis and Grogan were topping off the night with a whisky in the next room.

Francis said: "I don't suppose, Inspector, that it pleases you too much that Sabrina Hopkins wrote the last word herself?"

"Well, it wouldn't be in the nature of a policeman, would it, to be pleased at that?"

"No," Francis solemnly stared into his glass. "Seventeen years of age, three homicides and a suicide! Quite a record, eh?"

"I wouldn't say so, not for sure. You could say her youth makes it the less surprising. When a delinquent teenager goes berserk, there's less restraint, less realisation of the enormity of their actions than there might be in an older criminal. The young can be madder, wilder, more reckless, more ruthless when they're cornered."

"You knew it was the girl, didn't you?"

"I did, indeed, the way things were adding up. But it's one thing to be convinced of it in your own mind and quite something else again to convince a judge and jury."

"That gaudy sports shirt was the concrete evidence, was it?"

"It was — the evidence against her of having been in the gang that attacked Evans. She wanted to get it back, and hell and high water wasn't going to stop her getting it."

"How did Evans come to have it?"

"Well, young Leo's come clean about that. He's shocked clean out of his brashness. He's a very chastened youth now. It seems that she appropriated that shirt of his one day, that she came to his room on the veranda after her sortie with the gang, and that they had a fine blue over what she'd been up to — and, moreover, wearing his shirt at the time. He snatched it off her and, while resisting, she gave him that long scratch on his neck."

"Now we know — and this is hardly conjecture — that when Evans stamped out of the Perrymans' house after accusing Leo, he stole round the back into the boy's room, and there was the shirt lying over a chair — minus the three buttons he'd ripped off it himself when he caught one of the gang by the neck. Leo

discovered the loss of it and nipped out and told the girl."

"Dynamite, eh?"

"My word. She must've been desperate, knowing that when Evans produced it in the morning when he brought a charge, half those young thugs — and maybe the Greek at the kiosk — had seen her in it. So she acted pronto. While Evans and Miss Oxley were arguing the toss at the gate over the milkman, she must've pushed up that side window and crawled in and crept upstairs and into his flat to look for the shirt. But Evans, when he bounced up again to write another note, must've caught her at it."

"She takes to her heels, and being afraid to leave by the front door for fear Miss Oxley sees her, she clammers out the side window, with Evans in hot pursuit. He starts to get out after her, and she turns and bangs the window down on him. Accidental? Well, you might call it so — that first killing — just a desperate determination to keep him from following."

Francis, remembering the sight, grimaced and reached for the whisky bottle. "Call it what we like, it was horrid . . . Very, very horrid!"

Grogan nodded. "Harriet? Now that's something else again. It was more deliberate. The girl was up to her neck now. Her second visit here that night was still in search of the shirt, and she was ignorant enough to think that we might've left the murdered man's flat unlocked. She comes snooping and finds the back door open and slips upstairs, her poodle following."

"Crazy! Why didn't she leave Poppet at home?"

"Maybe she did, securely, she thought. But a dog'll tear a place down to follow his master. You know what dogs are."

"True enough."

GROGAN nodded. "And Poppet was specially remarkable that night, wearing a valuable diamond and turquoise ring on her topknot."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. As soon as we made inquiries and found that she and the boy were married, I guessed that the 'Perryman' at the wharf who had 'wanted a malt' was her, getting a kick out of using her married name. I guessed, too — not a very difficult guess — that Leo had lifted the ring from his mother's box and given it to his young wife. Well, she can't wear it, for obvious reasons, but my! how pretty it'd look sometimes on that pretty little dog of hers! So that night Poppet has it tied on her topknot. That's how Harriet came to get it."

"How?"

"Well, the second time the girl came here, no doubt she shooped the dog away from the back door when she found it had followed her, but Poppet runs around and jumps in the open window where Evans had been killed. Our men had left it propped open when they removed the body."

"So Poppet leaps in, shedding that loose diamond on the path, but as she runs around inside, following her mistress' scent, she's spotted by Harriet, who must've recognised the ring and snatched it off her and dropped it into her own trinket box before she follows the dog and the girl upstairs — to her death. I put all this together when I got the scientific boys on to the ring and they found a fraction of a white poodle's hair caught in one of the diamond's claws."

Francis said: "Two killings now, and still no shirt."

"Yes, the dead man's flat was locked up, and stayed so till we gave the key back to Miss Oxley. That's where her danger began. She found it in his soiled linen basket."

"Swooned away at sight of

it, so my wife says, recognising, I suppose, that Ernest never wore that type of garment."

"That'd be it. And also seeing the violence suggested by those three buttons ripped off. So she sets about trying to find who the shirt belongs to — nicking into Lerrel's flat to measure it against one of his shirts before she resorts to the device of this afternoon to let everyone see it with their own eyes."

"Poor old Geraldine. She made a valiant effort, didn't she?"

"She did. And you did some fine reasoning, Mr. Nicolson, when you came to us and suggested she was searching the flats. But you overlooked one thing."

"Blow it! What?"

"Well, while you were talking I was sketching the side elevation of the house. That included your bathroom window. Now I saw that from where Miss Oxley was standing on the drive talking to your wife she must've seen that that window was shut, as your wife told you it was. So the poor lady must've known — if it'd been her hunting for the concrete evidence, as you thought — that she couldn't gain entrance to your flat that way, and there'd have been no point in sending your wife off on a fake rendezvous."

"No, Sabrina Hopkins made that phone call to Miss Oxley to get her out of the place so she could make a start on searching the whole house. But when Miss Oxley frustrated her by staying in, she comes back at night, and has a bit of luck to find Miss Oxley's gone up to sleep at your place. She doesn't know that the old lady must've been carrying that shirt around in her bulging bag. So in she goes with leisure and to spare — so she thinks — when in pops your wife. She's easily disposed of, however, by locking the cupboard on her and —"

"Wait. How did Sabrina get into the flat?"

"Oh, you know Miss Oxley was used to roaming around the garden. I reckon the girl must've waited till she saw her right down at the end of it and nipped up and snatched that french-window key."

"Yes, that would've been dead easy."

"Came tonight. Too clever again, Miss Oxley climbed a ladder to set a booby trap with a pot of paint for the one that she knew would come back to rifle that sewing-basket. But she's still up the ladder when Sabrina creeps to the french window. She doesn't see the ladder for the heavy curtains. Miss Oxley must've looked down and seen her and said, 'You!' and like a young tiger, she springs in and up the ladder behind her, strings her up and kicks the ladder away."

"It's then that the paint falls on her. Now she thinks she's safe. She's got the shirt and the whole night ahead of her to rid herself of all traces of the paint. And what safer place to do it in than her victim's bathroom?"

Francis asked: "Why the hell didn't she get out the bathroom window when Polly went into the bedroom?"

"Ah, you haven't been in there, have you? It's just a slip of a shower-room Miss Oxley had built on, with no window but a row of louvres high up on the wall."

The inspector swallowed the last of his scotch and got to his feet. He said: "Yes, she'd come to the end of the road — no way out — no way ahead. She was trapped good and proper."

Copyright — Margot Neville

The novel "Head on the Sill" is published by William Collins Ltd., and will be on sale soon in Australia.

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BRIGHT, BUT PRACTICAL, WARDROBE

AS one of Sydney's busiest teenagers, tiny singer-actress Jacki Weaver, 19, needs a bright but practical wardrobe.

Take trouser suits, for instance. Jacki adores them. But she has to choose a trouser style she can wear to compere the ABC's new young variety show, "Be Our Guest," open a school fete, or travel to the Sydney theatre-restaurant where she guest stars in a comedy revue five nights a week.

"There's very rarely time to go home and change between jobs," Jacki said. "I'm really frantic these days—but I love it."

Jacki, who started her stage career in Christmas pantomimes, has appeared in several television plays (including the ABC's "Wanjina"), had a small part in "They're a Weird Mob," and sings.

"I've had to give the singing away for a while," she said. "But I don't mind—I've always wanted to be an actress."

Judging from the reviews of her appearance in the theatre-restaurant's show, "Ten Bob in the Kitty," Jacki is well on the way in that direction.

One of the things Jacki likes about the revue is the mod clothes she wears.

"At last I'm not cast as a ten-year-old," she said with a laugh. "I play a mod teenager."

Off-stage, Jacki votes mad hats as her favorite "weakness." She buys a new one almost every week but very rarely wears them—because, she said, her pop star boyfriend, Bryan Davies, is usually embarrassed when she does.

"In fact, there's one really kinky cap that he hates so much he's got a special name for it," Jacki said. "He calls it 'Jacki's going-to-town hat'—when Bryan's not going!"

Story by KERRY YATES

Pictures KEITH BARLOW



• Ping-pong earrings and ring set off a casual "poor-boy" shirt and mini. Jacki is a fan of kinky casual clothes — but for her varied work they have to be versatile.



• Tiny buttons match the ribbon-binding on Jacki's favorite dress. Liking mini-skirts, Jacki often has to chop five or six inches off the dresses she buys—she is only 4ft. 11in.



• "Actually, this formal dolly dress is the frilly baby look I'm trying to lose," Jacki said. "But I guess it's 'me.'"



• Summer suit of light linen is cute—but conservative, too. Contrast stitching and buttons trim scoop-necked outfit.

HAIR DAMAGED by sun and surf?

Salt water and burning sun strip your hair of its natural oil. It becomes dry, straggly, lifeless.

After your outdoors week-end, beach-ravaged hair can be a distinct embarrassment. Women find it hard to set, lacking in softness and lustre.

Both women and men find beach-dried hair leads to sculp-scale, that unsightly condition.

But there's a positive and instant way to restore natural oil to beach-damaged hair.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO
At home, carry out this simple treatment with Napro Hair Vitalizer. Takes only minutes — gives hair new life, clears away sculp scale.

Shampoo your hair, rinse

thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water.

Instantly, hair is supple again. Sculp is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, re-nourishes hair with life-giving oil.

Don't compromise. Ordinary hair dressings cannot restore beach-ravaged hair. It needs special attention.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

Don't compromise. Vitalize!

NV5

MOTHER SAYS 'NO!'

"RECENTLY my boyfriend lost his job, and when my mother found out she forbade me to see him. I am 16 and have been going out with this boy, who is 18, for nearly a year. The trouble is, he seems to find it hard to stay in one job for long, but given time and understanding I am sure he will settle down. Mother says that she doesn't know how I can put up with a boy who can't keep a job. All I can say is that I think much more of my boyfriend now than I ever will of my mother because of her refusal to let me see him. I have even thought of leaving home, and school, and getting a job. Please help me."

"Desperate," N.S.W.

● Leaving home won't solve anything—only cause more trouble. I can understand your mother's attitude, although I can also sympathise with this boy. The teens are often restless years when a boy—or girl—has difficulty in settling in one job; it takes time for him to find his feet—but he will, as you seem to realise. Making your mother—who wants only to protect you from what she believes to be this boy's irresponsibility—understand is a problem that will

HERE'S

YOUR

ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

have to be handled with care and great patience. I'm sure that it won't be too long before this boy finds himself—and a job that will sweep aside your mother's hostility.

A matter of culture

"I AM engaged to a boy from a very-well-to-do family, but I now have doubts about our marriage being a success. His parents are from England and the whole family is forever talking about the importance of culture. They say that Australian girls are too brazen and are sadly lacking in culture. My fiancé's parents planned for him to marry an Asian girl from Fiji, and somehow I feel he is still in love with her, as he keeps telling me how it hurt him when she broke their engagement. What should I do?"

"Goldilocks," Qld.

● It looks as though you have backed a loser, I'm afraid, but as you seem to be fully aware of the outlook, the break—which is inevitable—won't be the end of the world. Someone with your understanding and perception deserves only the best—and a boy who keeps mentioning his ex-fiancee is far from the "best." Re culture: Too many people from the old world mistake tradition for culture, and scoff at the tastes of a young country without realising they are the culture of tomorrow.

Bound by a promise

"I AM 18 and in love with a boy of 19. I live in Victoria, but at the moment I am holidaying in Canberra. While I have been here I've met another boy. He likes me very much and keeps asking me out. I want to go, but I have told my other boyfriend that I wouldn't go out with anyone else, and he would be very upset if he ever found out. What can I tell this Canberra boy?"

"Troubled," Vic.

● A promise is a promise, and you cannot break it however much you want to go out with the boy from Canberra. Not being engaged to your Victorian boyfriend, you haven't any real ties, of course, except that you have given him your word—and your love. What I want to know is, would you want to go out with someone else if you REALLY were in love?

From Holland with love?

"I AM 16½ and have been troubled over a Dutch boy who left with his family last April to live in Holland. He has written me only one letter and a postcard. In this letter he told me about life in Holland, and nothing about us! He has written to his friends that he is returning in two years, and that he still likes me very much. He was always shy, and would never tell me how he felt about me. 'I am not the proposing type,' he used to say. Do you think I should wait until he comes back, and in the meantime play the field, or simply forget him?"

"Penelope," S.A.

● Not once do you mention YOUR feelings for this boy—and something tells me that, as you can calmly contemplate forgetting him, what feelings you do have touch only the surface of your heart. Imagine how dimly the flame of love will burn in two years!

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Alive again!

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crack a bottle and go!



Education v. fashion

● At 14 I find myself slightly behind the latest fashions and make-up trends. My friends have some of the most modern dresses and hairstyles, yet they often tend to dismiss the importance of school progress in favor of the latest fashions. Since I have cared less for boys and for being in the swing of fashion, my school-work has improved, and I feel much brighter and 100 percent happier. This simply proves that one does not have to be up to date to enjoy oneself.

—VICKY THEEL, Somerton Park, S.A.

Simmer down!

MY parents are as square as they come, but I know I can't change them—just as they know they can't change me. So, frustrating as it is, I let them grumble and give lectures, and try my hardest to bear it without starting an argument. I can't understand teenagers who write letters of protest, always trying to reform their parents' ideas. This only makes parents more stubborn and set in their ways. Instead of complaining, just simmer down! Better still, try to understand your parents instead of building a barrier. Down the generations there have been differences of opinion between

parent and child; it is no different today. I advise teenagers to "count your blessings." — "Fed Up," Upper Beaconsfield, Vic.

IF ONLY...

● Looking through a magazine that my brother had taken out of the library, I came upon something that made me think. What I had found was this: A schoolboy, on being asked whether his schoolfriend was white or black, replied, "Next time I see him I'll have a look." If everyone were like this boy, what a wonderful world it would be. —Judy Lawrie, Sandgate, Qld.



LETTERS

Demonstrations...

I AM ashamed that Australian teenagers were among the demonstrators in Canberra who burned Australian flags as a protest against our troops fighting in Vietnam. Thousands of Australians, some of them our fathers, died in two World Wars so that our generation could fly this flag and live in freedom. It makes me sick to think that anyone could be so ungrateful. No matter what the reason, people shouldn't be allowed to commit such an act. —Wendy Fisher, Vineyard, N.S.W.

...and their effects

MORE notice should be taken of student demonstrations. Indonesian students have shown us what demonstrations can accomplish. Over the past year they played a major role in the reduction of power of President Sukarno. Although the situation in Australia is not so drastic, students should realise that the action of today's Government determines Australia's position in the world. —Karen Hurrell, Mininera, Vic.

A SURVEY I made among some teenage friends between the ages of 14 and 17 on "What are the main characteristics of popular boys and girls?" produced this advice:

For teens in general: Admit your mistakes cheerfully; don't be a snob; be a good loser and a good winner; don't be afraid to start new fashions.

For girls: Learn about cars and sports; but be feminine by showing that you expect good manners.

For boys: Avoid loud, boisterous language, swearing, or calling other people fools; get the best possible marks at school. (Girls are impressed by brains.)

For popularity with parents: Improve your manners; if you have done something wrong, admit it, and be prepared to take your punishment. —"Helper," Lindisfarne, Tas.

Mind over matter

BEFORE studying a new subject, try lying on the floor, flat on your back, and, as you inhale, think of yourself rising in the air and coming gently down as you exhale. At school the day after doing this, I found that I remembered all my study from the night before. Those few minutes give your mind time to relax and to get ready for the next subject. —Mary Herdman, Koongal, Qld.

ROUND ROBIN



BEWARE, CURVES AHEAD!

I SEE that Japanese male motorists are receiving love letters during a road-safety campaign. The letters, from young girl motorists, endearingly beg the blokes to be careful while driving.

They are printed on pink paper and start, "My dear love..."

I think the idea could well be adopted here — and not only involve similar letters.

How much more effective it would be if a traffic patrol car or motor-bike really had a siren.

It would be a pleasure to hear a voice whisper in your ear: "Pull over, driver-baby."

Licence-testers could be good sorts, too. One couldn't take too much licence, of course.

Even if a guy copped a "bluey" and had to front in court, my system could put romance into the business.

The summons could say, "Darling, I must see you. Meet me at 10 a.m. in the court-house."

Of course, the Japanese love-letter idea could be pursued. A fellow would have to be careful if he made advances to a writer, however.

He might get his face slapped. This could be known as a safety belt.

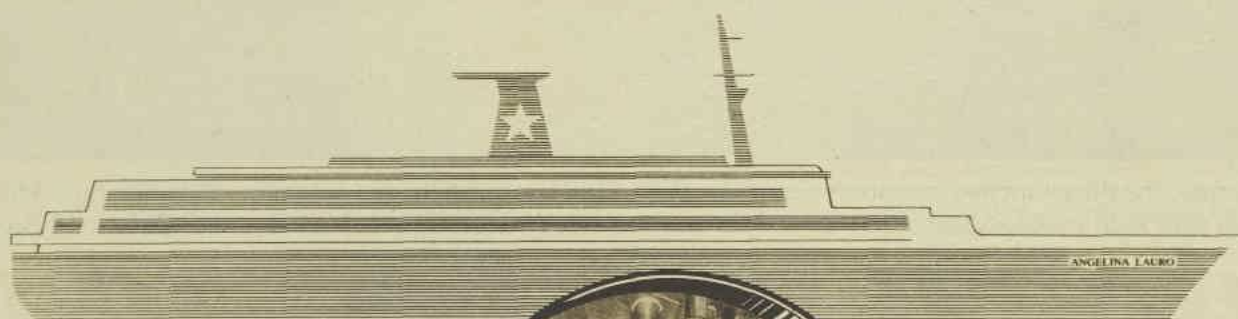
Actually, I've tried the idea of improving personal relationships in road safety.

I used to yarn with a policewoman controlling a school crossing.

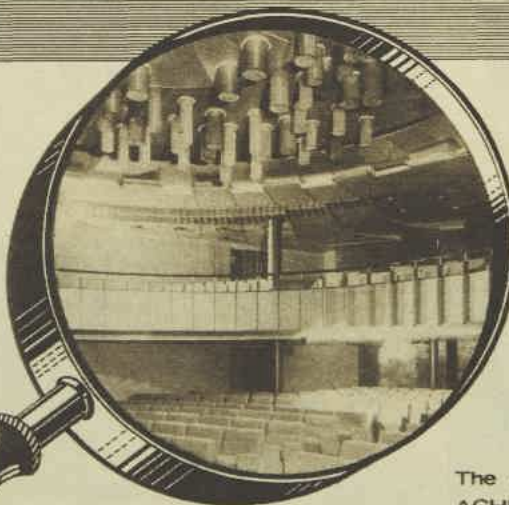
We had a tiff one day, when she said I was interrupting her work.

I told her she had to choose between me and the kids. I went back a week later to make up.

Ah, cruel fate. They'd put in traffic lights! To most people those lights show red and green. But to me, they're Forever Amber.



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FLOTTA LAURO

Peg-bag apron from teatowel



PEG-BAG apron (above) is made from a teatowel and would make an inexpensive gift for friends or relatives at Christmas. The diagram at left shows the measurements of the apron, which is really one large pocket for carrying pegs. Simple directions are given below.

HANDY apron for washing days is made from a brightly patterned teatowel.

Materials: One gaily pat-

terned teatowel; 1½ yds. 1-in.-wide white tape; 24 in. bias binding.

Fold towel in half lengthwise. Mark off 8 in. along top and side edges. Join marks (see diagram), and cut along these lines through double

material. Cut 1 in. strip off peak.

Lay triangular pieces on uncut corners of towel, wrong sides facing, turn in ½ in. on long side of triangle, and stitch to towel, leaving outer edges unsewn.

Bind slanted, cut edges of

top with bias binding. Fold towel in half crosswise, wrong sides facing, and machine sides, including facing edges. Make a ½ in. pleat in top centre of each facing piece. Bind apron top with tape, leaving ends free for ties.

Knitting bag and apron in one

TAPE threaded through the top of the bag makes it roomier for balls of wool, and attached tape measure is at your finger-tips for checking measurements.

Materials: Piece of fabric 16 in. wide by 32 in. long, printed on both sides; tape measure; 50 in. length 1 in.-wide tape; 1 yd. ½ in.-wide tape; bias binding.

Bind long sides of fabric piece with bias binding. Stitch 1½ in. hem on one raw edge. Fold other raw edge to inside and tack in position. Make 1½ in. tuck 10 in. from same edge on outside of bag. Lay fabric out flat and sew 15 in. tape measure across fabric 9 in. from 1st hem. Fold fabric between 1st hem and tuck and machine sides to lower edge of hem and tuck.

Pleat apron top 2½ in. either side of centre. Centre 1 in. tape over top of apron; bind top, leaving ends free for ties. Fold apron top down into



bag and thread ½ in. tape through hem and tuck. This will give top of bag flexibility and prevent pulling at bag corners.

KNITTING can be kept tidy and close at hand if you wear this knitting-bag apron (above). Directions for making are at left.

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"One mean-minded, middle-aged morning, after screaming the children off to school, I caught my reflection in the mirror. Drab hair streaked with grey, scraggy eyebrows, frown-marks etched between dull eyes, and a thin-drawn, sullen mouth. That's what I saw." A reader's story.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall—

Tell me that's not me at all

● Of course, the mirror said nothing. I was in no mood for silent insolence. "I'll show you," I fumed.

SOMEWHERE in a handbag I had a scrap of paper with an address on it. Scattering old docket, bobby-pins and loose matches, I found it: "Madame Paula, beautician." Diana had given it to me ages ago at one of those ladies' luncheons I never get to these days.

"Yes," Madame Paula assured me, when I dialled her number, "I can fit you in this morning. Mondays are usually a bit slack, you know. There's a hairdresser nearby. I'll book an appointment for you."

The mirror gave me an approving look as I slapped powder on my nose and raked a comb through my hair. "I'll show you!" I flung over my shoulder as my reflection retreated.

A glossy, lacquered lady greeted me at the beauty parlor, and assured me she would have me looking like new in no time. What I needed, she opined after a closer look, was a complete renovation job. I wouldn't know myself when she had finished with me.

The way she slapped on cream and scrubbed it off again made me agree with her. I wouldn't even have a face when she had finished. Steaming and more creaming, and exclamations of horror over what some women did to their poor skin—shameful neglect, she called it. I cringed.

Did I never use a nourishing cream? No astringent? No toning lotion? No need to answer. It was all there written in my dried-up, open-pored, flaky face.

Madame Paula prattled on, and I couldn't even turn away. What I needed was a wax treatment that would peel off the outer layer and give me a fresh start. The way my face tingled and smarted, I felt that this was as much of a start as I could take.

By ELEANORA WYN

"There," said Madame Paula, with a final pat under the chin that jarred my teeth, "wasn't that relaxing? Now we can move over to the mirror."

The mirror reflected a glowing complexion, and eyes that sparkled after their cool rest under witch-hazel-soaked pads.

Swiftly, under Madame Paula's hands, the reflection changed. Eyebrows arched and dyed, eyeliner that seemed a shade too emphatic, rouge, powder, lipstick, and Madame stood back to admire the well-painted mask that stared stiffly from the mirror. A masterpiece had been produced—well, within the scope of the material available.

I paid, collected a parcel of cosmetics, and headed for the hairdresser. The receptionist greeted me cordially, parked me in front of the mirror, and in no time Mr. Claude was tut-tutting over my brittle, out-of-condition hair.

"I'm in your hands," I said with a smile that looked strangely like a grimace.

"We'll cut off the broken ends for a start," he decided. That took in most of my hair, or took it off, rather. Looking like a furry caterpillar, I trotted obediently over to the basin and Miss Whatsit inquired what tint I required.

"I'll leave it to you," I answered foolishly. I had forgotten my new face, which called for something more dramatic than a light blue rinse.

When I was again presented to the mirror, ready for setting, there stared back at me a dismayed mask with glossy black tufts of hair on top.

"Doesn't it make you look younger?" inquired the youthful Miss Whatsit, beaming into the mirror, her face as nature, with a crowning glory of light silvery hair.

"Mmm," was the only reply I could muster.

"Of course, it will look different when it's set," she added, apparently noting some lack of enthusiasm in my reply.

It did. Sleek and mostly head-hugging, it looked like a shiny black bathing cap, worn slightly bouffant.

I paid, collected my large-size hair-conditioning cream, added it to the parcel of beauty aids, and walked stiffly

out of the building, thankful that I didn't have to board a bus, and could drive home in the anonymity of streaming traffic.

Safely inside my own front door, I sought the truth from my own mirror, and for the first time that day, in fact for weeks, I laughed.

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest fool of all?" I chuckled.

The painted, middle-aged clown in the mirror laughed back!

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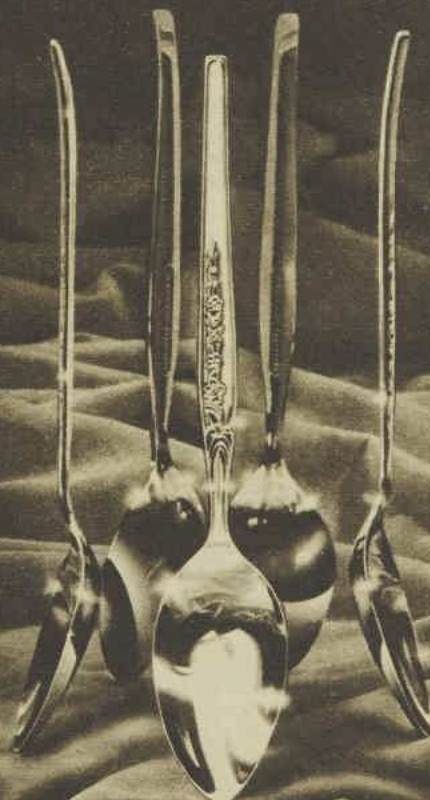
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House creates its own vistas

Pictures: Don Cameron

• The design of the duplex home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hawkins and their son, John, at Woollahra, N.S.W., illustrates the belief of their architect, James A. Cosh, that the site of a house should be approached as an artist approaches a canvas. Although the site is in an enclosed area, the house is designed in a well-related series of shapes, with points of interest at every turn,

Story and plan overleaf.



PALE YELLOWY-GREEN light is reflected from walls and furnishings in dining area and hallway of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hawkins' home at Woollahra, N.S.W. Sheltered lanai provides pleasant aspect for this area as well as adjoining living area and kitchen.



STUDY and music-room is at the far end of the hallway leading from living-dining room. Large windows on adjacent walls overlook gardens at side and rear of house. Sliding doors open into hallway where sliding glass doors open on to sun terrace. Corner cabinet holds china pieces.

CLINKER-BRICK wall in son John's living-room is an extension of the wall in the Hawkins' living-room below. Pelmet conceals lighting. Cane blinds shield this room from the afternoon sun.



KITCHEN, adjacent to the living area, has striking black-and-white floor tiles, compact built-ins. Copper canopy over the snack bar encases two spotlights. Entrance lobby is at right; connecting hallway on left.



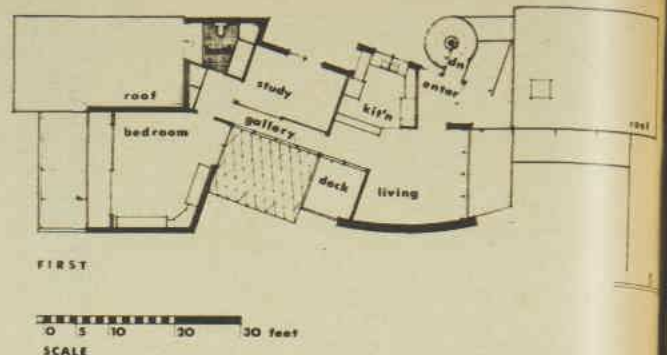
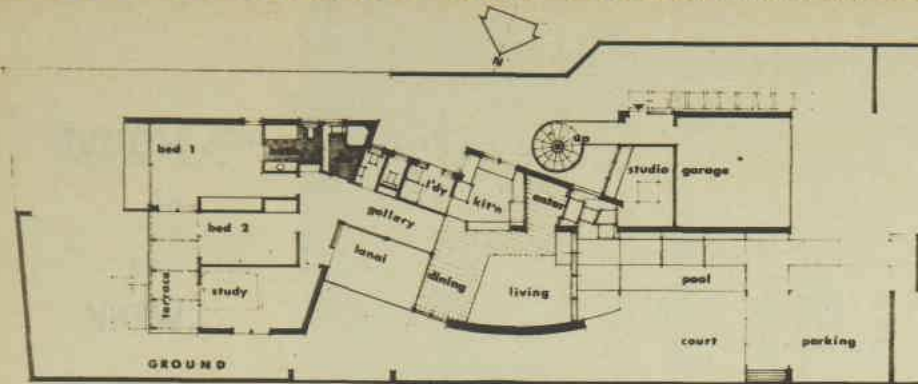
**HOUSE
of
the
WEEK**



SPIRAL STAIRCASE (above) leading to their son's first-floor flat in Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hawkins' home at Woolahra, N.S.W., is a unique feature of the design.

CONCRETE-BLOCK path passes over a tiled pool containing fish and water plants in the entrance courtyard. Glass panels in the living-dining room allow views of this area.





MEET •
FAIRY WEBB

WOOLWORTHS
WONDERGIRL &
the week-end whirl



• The plans above show the separate residences for Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hawkins and their son John, at Woollahra, N.S.W. See pictures on the two previous pages.

MR. AND MRS. HAWKINS occupy the ground floor (plan above left), while the first floor (plan above right) is a self-contained apartment for the Hawkins' son, John, 25.

As well, there is a double garage and a separate studio for Mrs. Hawkins, who is an artist.

The house is built of grey cement blocks, with all external timber-work mill-sawn, finished and stained. The curved, outer wall of the living-room is of clinker bricks.

The approach to the main entrance is a series of large slabs of concrete over a shaped, turquoise-tiled pool which runs beside the garage and Mrs. Hawkins' studio up to the front door.

"I wanted a pool to accommodate my collection of rare tropical fish, which I breed," said Mrs. Hawkins, "so we decided to make the pool a feature of the house."

The pool and the enclosed entrance courtyard are partly roofed with segmented vaulted roofing, formed in thin-thick curved waterproof plywood.

The main feature of the design of the house is the unique spiral staircase to John's apartment.

The staircase—a series of steps cantilevered from a central core—is enclosed in glass and aluminium.

The glass itself is not curved, but a simple aluminium circular capping at the top makes it appear that the whole glass casing is also circular.

The staircase is ventilated by outlets at the top and bottom in the glass panels and is illuminated by aluminium tubular lights in the centre pole.

Each room of the Hawkins house looks out on to lovely gardens and rockeries surrounding and, in some cases, intruding into the house.

A small rockery in the living-room, together with the front wall of glass, gives the impression that the living-room is part of the gardens outside.

Mrs. Hawkins, with an artist's flair for color and design, has directed the work of interior decorating and has, in many instances, made pieces of furniture herself—coffee tables, lampshades, and free-form sculptures.

Some of her abstract paintings are displayed on the walls, and she has painted the wall of clinker bricks in the living-room using sand and dry color.

The flat above, which John, a final-year Law student, has decorated himself, reflects his love of warm colors—bright yellow, burnt-orange, and red.

—Sandra Funnell

POW! Miles caught me coming out!

WOOLWORTH'S

Clever girl! Shopping at Woolies is just like getting expensive things wholesale.

FLIP!!

Thank heavens I had time to whip into town before Woolies shut. My 'Italian Jersey' was just right . . . but I wanted a pair of **MAGIC FIT** non-run nylons to feel really glam! Honestly, there's nothing like 2-way stretch for pure leg witchery. No wrinkles! No shine . . . just mad glam like make-up!

Midnight: Marvellous party! Ended up in the den listening to records. Miles' collection of Tchaikovsky is breath-taking. My favourite composer.

BLAST OFF!

Up in the air but no ladders! No wrinkles! Marvellous Magic Fit! Miles took me to watch the Polo match on Sunday.

ZZZZZZZZING!

He says I'm the first 'city girl' he's met who wasn't always fussing about her precious nylons. Bless his heart! What's an old cannon when you're wearing **MAGIC FIT NON-RUNS!** They just laugh at snags . . . positively never ladder! Just like the most expensive \$1.49 nylons . . . yet I get them for only 99 c. at Woolworths. Just like getting them wholesale! Whip into Woolies yourself this week darling . . . their nylons are fantastic!

Fairy Webb

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READER'S STORY

Life in a four-bed ward

By EILEEN MAYES

● A Western Australian reader found that humor and humanity lightened the more sober side of two weeks' stay she made in hospital.

I'VE just been adding up my hospital bill. No, not the one presented by the hospital where I recently spent 15 days, but a very personal bill of debits and credits of an experience which, unless we're extremely lucky, comes to us all.

I went into a four-bed ward. Apart from the cost, the splendid isolation of a private room is not for me, being of a gregarious disposition, and there's undoubtedly a debit item here right away.

What can be done in comfort in a private room now must be done with the comfort of three other people in mind. You can't have your transistor turned to Tops of the Pops all the time, for instance, when your wardmate only appreciates Bartok. You may be engrossed in that best-seller when someone in another bed wants to talk.

And, of course, when you're really at your lowest and most infantile, you have an interested audience behind those inadequate screens comparing progress.

But here's a credit. Comparing of progress is done in a kindly way, for you're all in this together. If the middle-aged woman in the opposite bed takes a few hesitating steps three days after her op, you feel proud of her, as if you'd known her for years. You vow you're going to do the same. A little competition is a good thing even in a hospital ward!

Of course, you don't have much privacy when visitors arrive. You have to speak in a whisper if you're telling your husband he'd better hurry up and pay the instalment on the TV because last month's is still owing.

You cast a surreptitious eye over your mates' visitors. They're doing the same with yours, so what does it matter? And after the bell has rung and the last visitor has gone, it's very satisfying, comparing notes.

Cosy gossip

"He spent 15/- on steak for the two of them!"

"Merv is redecorating the kitchen while I'm in here."

Or, "Men! He can't find his brown sweater and I know it's in the bottom drawer!"

And in your little out-of-the-world world you embark on a favorite topic.

But on the debit side—oh, the long hours after lights out when you lie awake listening to the gentle snoring of one or other of your mates until it takes on a horrid, derisive "I-can-sleep-and-you-can't!" sound.

Nurse has left you a sleeping pill, but it lasts for only three or four hours, so you've tried to get off without it to take it later if you wake. When the lights from the ward outside, seen through the ward window, finally go out, you know it is after 1 a.m. So you take your pill.

And what happens? You drift thankfully into unconsciousness, and what seems only moments later there's the shaded flash

of a torch and a voice whispering, "Where's your tale? I'll rub your back."

Conscientious night-nurse! All patients have their backs rubbed, and a welcome and soothing ministrations it is, except when you're dragged back from hard-won sleep at 4.30 a.m.!

But then, if I'd taken the pill when it was given me at nine I'd have been awake, so that was my fault.

The biggest debit of all: bedpans! Once again my conscientious one came at the prescribed hour, once again I'd taken the sleeping pill late and was dreaming I was back home.

I was so cross at having that shining symbol of infirmity thrust at me that I decided to be a walking patient. An hour or so later, slightly ahead of schedule and without asking, I staggered down to the bathroom.

Third-degree light

And here was a big credit. The little girl in the next bed, only with us for a couple of days, had watched my tottering progress from the ward. Now, as I sat before the washbasin, wobbling but triumphant, an anxious little face peered round the door: "Are you all right? I've come to help you." What a pet!

A debit for the sister who switches on the bright fluorescent centre light at 10 to 6. I'm one of those people who would crumble under the harsh lights of a third degree in two minutes flat, so perhaps I'm being too severe on someone only carrying out her duties.

Another debit for the six o'clock breakfast that follows, when to my jaundiced eye the porridge looks grey and the toast anaemic.

But at ten o'clock, bathed and tidied, dressings finished, the bed geometrically correct, how delicious is that bowl of hot soup!

There was a comradeship I found in my four-bed ward. In the long hours, lying relaxed, it was easy to give and receive confidences. You've never set eyes on any of these people before, it's unlikely you'll ever see them again. So, in this out-of-the-world world, the talk flows easily and freely. When we're ill, I found, we're all sisters under the skin.

On the credit side, too, are all the nice people I met. There was the busy nurse who, when I refused the sleeping pill, yet found time to bring comforting hot milk at 3 a.m.; the lady from Dalmatia who told such interesting tales of her early life near Split before she came, with her husband, to Australia 35 years ago; the nine-year-old, flown down from a Northern cattle station; my amusing cockney friend, cheeky as a London sparrow; and the anxious mother with a boy in Vietnam.

I've a picture of a small girl just out of the anaesthetic, wild and very cross, kicking the cradle protecting her injured foot and determinedly undoing the bandage; and Sister who coped, so calm and kindly, that within a very short time the little tigress had become a little rabbit. She'd turned the offending cradle into a hutch, crept inside, and peeped happily out at us, the bandaged foot quite forgotten.

There's definitely a credit balance on my hospital bill.



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2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE



1 All you need is: ½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ cup vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Then let it stand for a few moments (See? No lumps, no beating, no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little more mustard if you wish.) Isn't it just delicious? So quick, too.

THEN TRY

a heavenly HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

made with tangy fruit, crunchy almonds and Nestlé's creamy 2-minute mayonnaise.



HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

2 large chicken breasts, cooked and cooled; 1 cup celery, sliced; 1 tbsp. shallots, finely chopped; 1 lev. tbsp. capers; ½ tsp. salt; 1 tbsp. lemon juice; 11 oz. can mandarin oranges, drained; 15 oz. can pineapple pieces, drained; 2 oz. almonds, toasted and slivered; ½ cup 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE; ½ tsp. grated lemon rind; salad greens.

Combine diced chicken, celery, shallots, capers, salt and lemon juice. Cover and chill for 1 hour. Just before serving add the oranges (save a few for garnish), pineapple and almonds. Combine mayonnaise and lemon rind, mix in carefully so as not to break fruit. Spoon into a bowl with greens. Garnish with reserved oranges. Serves 8.



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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

• When I was a small child it was popularly believed, in the kindergarten circles in which I then moved, that to be caught talking to yourself was the first sign of madness.

If this is true, it's got to be faced that I've been way round the bend for quite a time now. The young never talk to themselves, at least not after the two- to three-year-old stage, when they tend to talk continually, whether they're alone or not.

But have you ever heard a mature man mending his car all alone without saying: "Now, where's the spanner?" or "That ought to do it," to say nothing of less repeatable things said to the car if things are not going well? And have you ever known a cook who doesn't mutter oven temperatures aloud and remind herself of the less familiar ingredients in a recipe?

What made me think of all this is a report of a British psychologist's views that housewives carry on "conversations" with things in their homes because they get tragically lonely.

I wonder. Conversations? To mutter and matter a bit seems a pretty universal habit, but surely anyone so lonely that she needed conversation would do better to switch on the radio and talk back to the announcers.

Of course, those of us who keep animals have a wonderful alibi. We don't talk to ourselves, we talk to the animals. Dogs love to be talked to, and many cats actually join in, making strident comments on what's said and what's going on. I admit you can fall in this way, when you address some comment to the animals only to find that all quadrupeds have deserted the kitchen and you're undeniably talking to yourself.

This psychologist claims that some women develop imaginary friendships with things in their homes—the doorsteps they wash, the spin-dryers they converse with, calling them "Jim," or some other cosy little name.

Now what would he make of the relationship the three females in this household have with the sewing machine? The trouble is that it wasn't a pup when we got it, and it didn't adjust well to moving to a new home.

It had a good home before, a much better one than it has now. It had an honored place, almost daily attention, and nobody ever spoke harshly to it.

In fact, let's face it, it was thoroughly spoiled. It simply can't get used to being neglected for months on end, and then suddenly being logged out into the light and expected to do six hours' work in two when one of the girls simply hasn't a thing to wear. It reacts with wild hysterical tantrums, chewing the edges of material and wildly looping the thread into great festoons.

Any psychologist passing the door of an otherwise empty room where Di is sewing might well be surprised to hear her say, "Oh, why don't you drop dead, you utterly beastly swine," but he'd be wrong to assume that she was lonely.

He would, however, be right in assuming that whoever called for Di that night would have quite a wait while I finished the hem and Kay stood by with the iron, ready to press the finished product.

The first cake-mix; and "the fine art of household drudgery"

WHEN do you think cake-mixes first appeared? Ten or 12 years ago, would you say? Soon after World War II? You'd be wrong.

I've recently found an advertisement for a cake-mix with "all the dry ingredients mixed ready for use"—and it dates from the first decade of this century!

"A bought cake is too expensive a method when there is a family to consider," the ad says. "And since one packet makes a two-pound cake, economy is another point in favor, to say nothing of the time saved, since there is no collecting together of half a dozen different things, and consequently no clearing up the debris afterward."

Cakeoma was its name, and the manufacturers claimed you could make any sort of cake or pudding with it simply by adding fruit or flavoring. It was yours for 3½d a packet in the early years of the century.

There were some other fascinating household gadgets for

women to develop personal relationships with in those days, if they were so inclined.

I've been particularly fascinated by the Boreas Patent Pneumatic Sweeper, announcement of the availability of which was prefaced with the words "We, who live in this century, are very lucky people, for everything that the brain of man can suggest to make things easy for us is done. Household drudgery is reduced to a minimum, and raised to a fine art."

The ad goes on to describe the Boreas, a gadget so

simple that even a child could use it. It's described as a handy, compact little instrument in three parts (pump, filter, and dust-chamber). The pump is held motionless in one hand while the sweeper is moved backward and forward with the other.

"No undue exertion or pressure is required, for as the nozzle glides over the surface the current of air sucks in the dust from the carpet, chair, or cushion you are operating on and deposits it in the dust-chamber, instead of on some other article of furniture, as in the old method."

"Remember, it does not pretend to pick up surface litter but only (a big only!) extracts dust." These were expensive gadgets—39/6.

The same shop could supply you with a sewing machine—15/6 for the Daisy and £2/17/6 for the Family. I'll bet THESE didn't have outbursts of temperament. I wonder how many of them are still going strong.

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!

Tek
Johnson & Johnson

BRISTLES ANTI-GERM TREATED



● Carlsbad vases

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

WOULD you please tell me something about my vases (pictured at left). There are four pieces — one boat shape, one straight vase, and two jug-shaped ones. The base coloring is very delicate pink into mauve. The daisies are white and appear to be done with thick white paint by hand. There is a marking on the base of each one on which are the words "Carlsbad," "Austria," and "Victoria," and grooved numerals which appear to be 768. — Mrs. D. J. Courthope, City Beach, W.A.

Your pieces were made at the Carlsbad pottery in Austria about 1910. They are typical examples of the early 20th century.



● Pottery jug

ENCLOSED is a picture (above) of a jug given to my parents as a wedding gift in 1892. I understand it had been in the family many years. It has a pewter lid with the number 57 on the inside. It is seven inches tall and the figures around the sides are monkeys. Could you tell me the year it was made? — Mrs. J. Bayfield, Banora Point, N.S.W.

It is a Staffordshire salt-glaze pottery jug, made about 1870.

I HAVE a teaset made to commemorate the birth of Princess Margaret. I wrote to Princess Margaret to ask if she had this set, as I had not seen it referred to in an article on china owned by royalty. She replied that she had never heard of it and was most interested, so I sent her a tea-plate and received a second letter to say how thrilled she was. Each piece has the inscription "Made by Paragon to commemorate the birth of Princess Margaret Rose Aug. 21 1930 by permission HRH Duchess of York." I was wondering if this teaset, less the one plate, but with the two letters from Princess Margaret, would be of any value now or in, say, ten years' time. — Mrs. G. Condon, New Plymouth, N.Z.

Your Paragon teaset, which was made by the Atlas works of Longton, Staffordshire, is of value to a collector of commemorative china, but specific values cannot be given without inspection. The two letters from Princess Margaret must add to its commercial value, and its value would increase in ten years.

COULD you identify the tumbler (pictured) which is one of a pair I obtained recently? The glass is four inches high and weighs 14 ounces. The bowl of the glass has a shallow stem in the centre of a solid base. I was wondering if it would be a "toastmaster" glass? — Miss R. Shaw, Newcastle, N.S.W.



● Victorian glass

Your tumblers are Victorian, with a deceptive bowl and the body embellished with vertical flutes. It is an example of moulded or pressed glass. This type dates from about 1845. The style captured public favor and was reproduced throughout the second half of the 19th century. It is not a toastmaster's glass.



Gown designed by LEO PAUL MULTOOR FRANCAISE

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for the woman who seeks extra protection . . .

This special napkin is larger, wider, deeper and more absorbent than any other napkin. You will find all the famous Modess features including the exclusive full-length "safety shield."

Johnson & Johnson

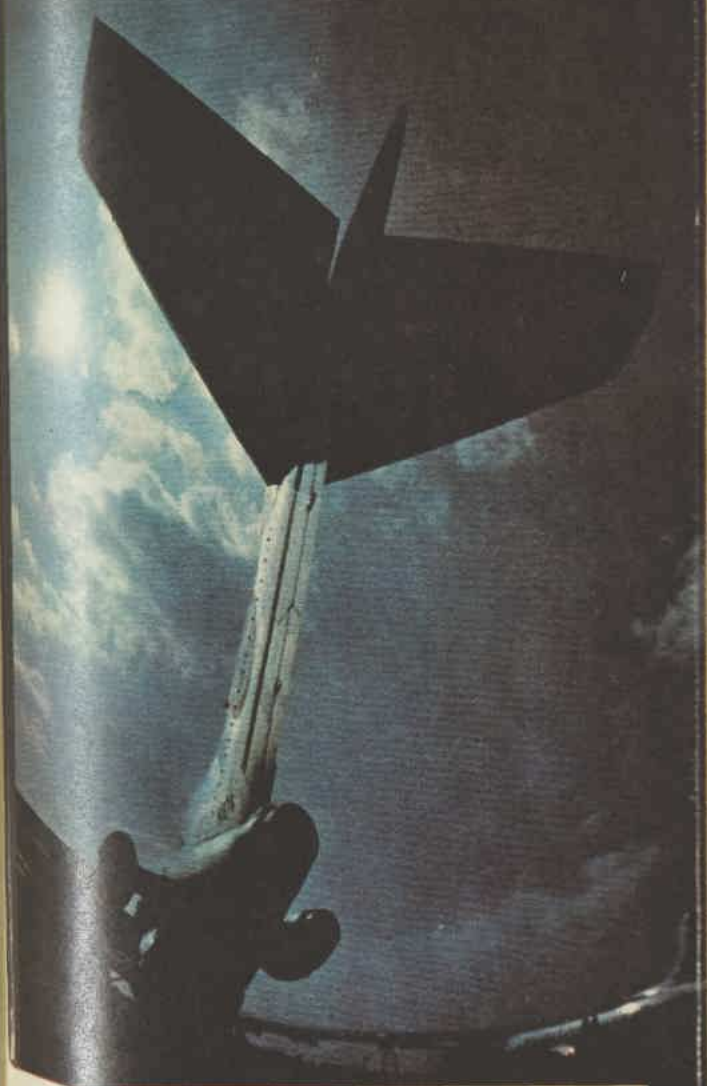


Regd. Trade Mark

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, November 9, 1966

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FLIGHT



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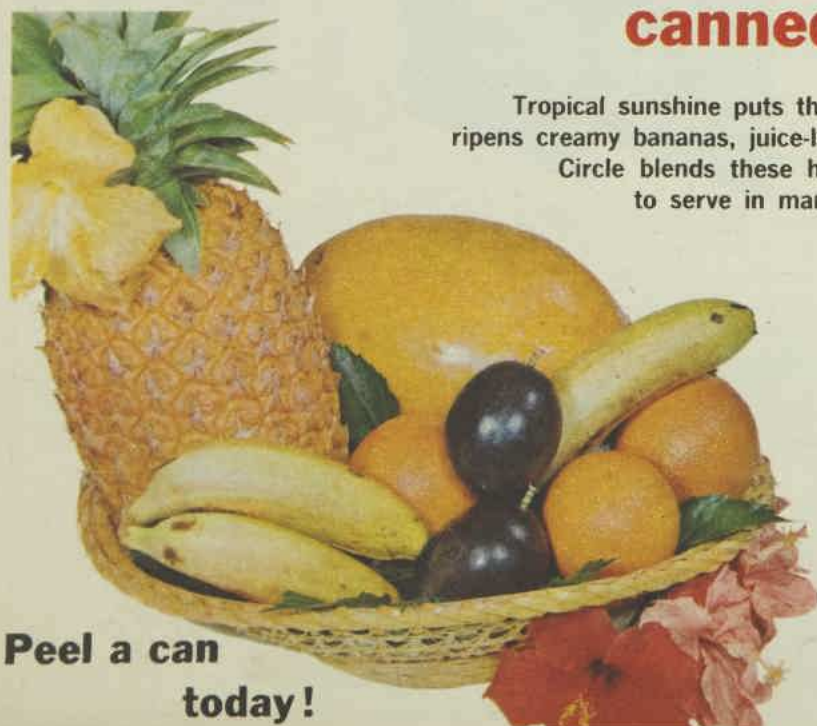
Bay of Rainbows, Cook Highway, North Queensland



brimful of sunny tropical fruits

canned for your convenience

Tropical sunshine puts the exciting flavour in golden pineapples and papaws . . . ripens creamy bananas, juice-laden oranges and sweet purple passionfruit. But Golden Circle blends these health-giving fruits in a delicious salad dessert that's ready to serve in many quick and inviting ways. Your family will be glad to know that stores now have plenty of this ideal summer dessert.



**Peel a can
today!**

Golden Circle
TROPICAL
FRUIT SALAD

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 2, 1964

★ FLAVOR in a NUTSHELL

● PINE NUTS

● HAZELNUTS

● PISTACHIO

● WALNUTS

● Nuts, from the familiar peanut to the lesser known pecans and pistachios, will add interest — and wonderful flavor — to your cookery. In this three-page feature are a selection of recipes for savory and sweet dishes featuring nuts, and some information on the types available in Australia.

● BRAZIL NUTS

● MACADAMIA

● PEANUTS

● PECANS

● ALMONDS

● CASHEWS

FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

ALMONDS

Fruit of the almond tree, known to man since biblical times. The almond kernels are contained in a brittle, pale brown shell, they are small and oval-shaped, with wrinkled brown skin, which can be removed by immersing nuts a few seconds in boiling water.

Most of the almonds consumed in this country are produced in South Australia; they are also grown in Spain, North Africa, California, and Italy. Almonds are available in several forms—blanched, toasted, smoked, and ground; are widely used in all forms of cooking—in Chinese dishes, desserts, sauces, and cakes. Ground almonds are principal ingredient in macaroons and marzipan.

BRAZIL NUTS

Fruit of the *Bertholletia* tree, native of Brazil. Nuts have a hard brown shell; kernels are oval-shaped, pale yellow in color with thin brown skin.

Brazil nuts are grown in South America (particularly in Brazil and Paraguay), also in Malaya, Ceylon, West Africa. Have a pleasant flavor, are used mainly for snacks, in cakes, pies, and biscuits.

CASHEW NUTS

Fruit of the *Bertholletia* tree, native of Brazil. Nuts have kidney-shaped, contains the small, straw-colored cashew nut. Fleshy part of the fruit is eaten throughout South America and in some European countries, has a pleasant flavor and is usually sweetened and eaten as sweetmeat or dessert or made into a beverage. The fermented fruit is sometimes used to make wine (very popular in Brazil) or cashew nut vinegar.

Cashew nuts are grown throughout the tropics, but particularly in South America, India, and the West Indies. Are available in salted and roasted form, are popular as accompaniment to drinks and cocktails; sometimes used in savory dishes and biscuits.

CHESTNUTS

Fruit of the chestnut tree, available in eastern States from March to early June. Nuts are encased in round, spiny case (the burr), have hard brown outer shell. Most of the world's supply is produced in France, Italy, and Spain, although chestnuts sold in Australia are locally grown.

Chestnuts can be used in sweet and savory recipes. They can be cooked, shelled, and served pureed with white sauce to make an unusual vegetable dish, or incorporated

into stuffing for poultry, particularly turkey. Can also be used in pies, ice-creams, and other desserts.

To boil: Make small slit in skin of each chestnut with point of knife. Place in pan, cover with cold salted water; bring to boil, then simmer covered until just tender (45 minutes to 1 hour). Peel off shells and inner skins (this is made easier if nuts are removed from water one at a time and shelled while still hot). Mash or sieve, season with salt and pepper, stir in a little butter. Serve with a medium white sauce. Cooked this way, chestnuts can also be used as basis for stuffing for turkey.

To roast: Make crosswise slash on flat side of each chestnut with sharp knife. Heat some oil in saucepan (about 1 teaspoon for each cup of nuts). Drop in nuts, shake over fairly high heat until all nuts are coated with oil. Bake in moderate oven until shells and inner skins can be removed easily (about 30 minutes).

HAZELNUTS

Very popular nut. Has light brown, almost round shell which contains small brown kernel. Kernels have thin outer skin which can be removed by toasting nuts in oven, then rubbing off skin with the hands.

Hazelnuts are rich in oil, have a pleasant flavor. Grown mainly in Turkey and the Mediterranean areas; are widely used in cookery—in desserts, pies, cakes, and biscuits, and are available shelled, blanched, toasted, and ground.

MACADAMIA NUTS

Native to Australia, are now grown mainly in Queensland and northern New South Wales—also in Hawaii. The nuts are contained in brown shell resembling large hazelnut. Each shell contains two round, straw-colored kernels.

Shelled macadamia nuts are available plain, or roasted or salted. Have pleasant "chewy" flavor, are extremely good with cocktail and pre-dinner drinks; are also used in cookery, particularly in pies and desserts.

PEANUTS

The peanut bush originated in America, but today peanuts are grown in most sub-tropical areas throughout the world, including Queensland. The nut kernels are contained in pods attached to roots of the bushes.

Peanuts, possibly the most popular of all nuts, are available in many different forms — unshelled, shelled, blanched, salted, roasted, and sugared. Have considerable

nutritional value, are used extensively in manufacture of peanut oil and peanut butter.

PECAN NUTS

Native to the United States and are now grown mainly in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Alabama. The oval, brown kernels resemble those of walnut, are contained in light brown, olive-shaped shell.

Used extensively in American cookery, particularly in cakes, pies, and desserts. They are not widely available in Australia but can be bought at specialty nut shops.

PINE NUTS

Small, slightly flattened nuts (about 1/2 in. long and 1/4 in. wide), actually the kernels of pine cones. Best-known and most-popular varieties are grown in U.S. and Mexico.

Used extensively in Chinese and Italian cookery; are delicious if fried in butter until golden, then sprinkled with salt, cayenne, and paprika.

PISTACHIO NUTS

Seeds of the *Pistacia Vera*, a deciduous tree, native to the Near East. Have pale, straw-colored shell, which can easily be separated into two halves. Kernels are small and oval with reddish-brown skin.

Pistachio nuts have been known since Roman times, are now grown mainly round Mediterranean and in the U.S. Have a rather sweet taste, are used in desserts (especially ice-cream), pies, and confectionery making. Are usually sold shelled, but can also be bought unshelled.

When blanched in warm water, these nuts acquire a distinctive pale green color.

WALNUTS

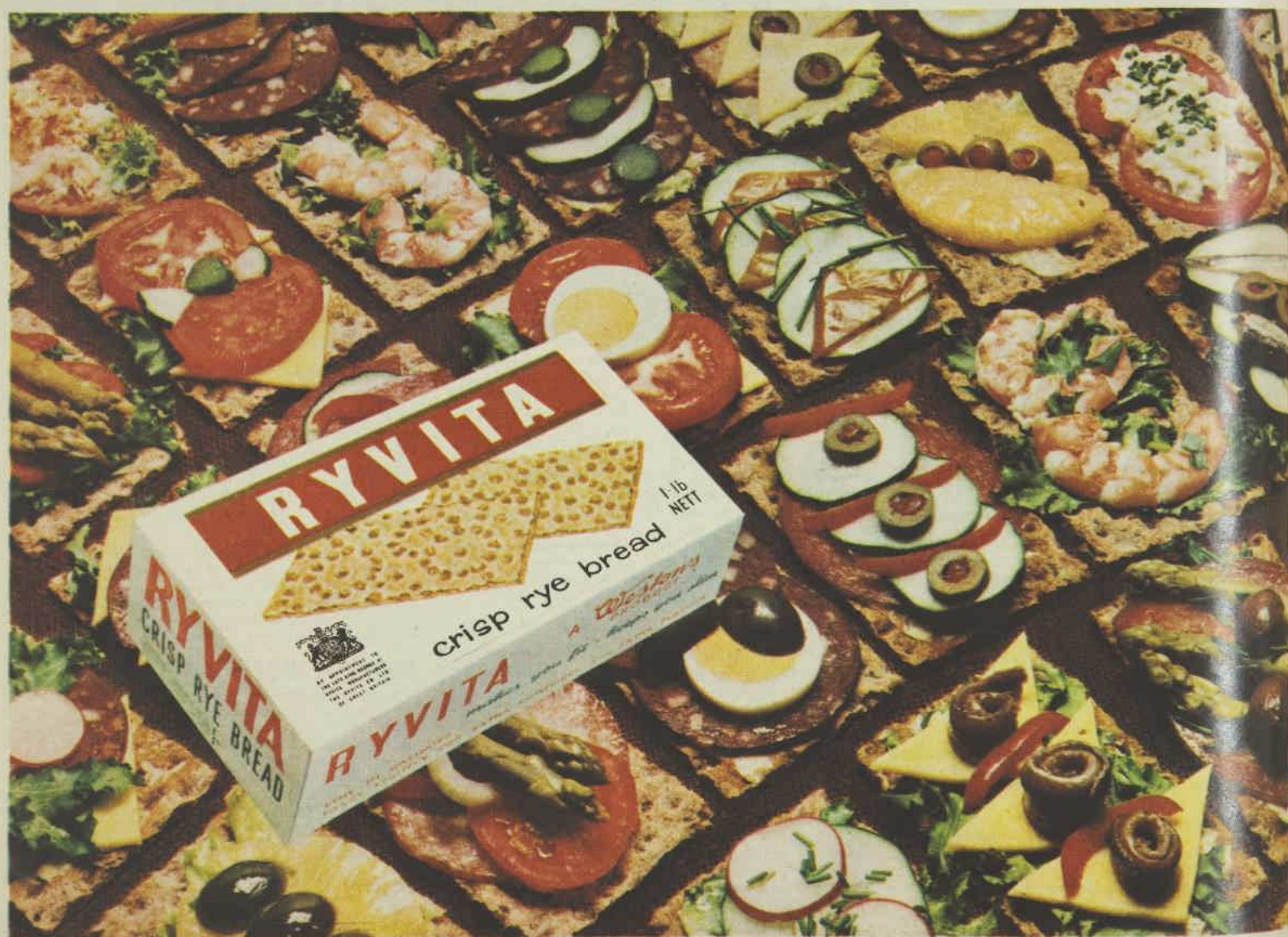
Fruit of walnut tree, which originated in Persia. Nuts are contained in yellowish-brown casing; have hard, almost round shell, the kernels of which are divided into 4 parts. In France, walnut shucks are used to make an excellent liqueur (Brou); green walnuts are often pickled to make a delicious relish.

Walnuts were known to both the Greeks and the Romans, who extended their cultivation all over Europe. Now are grown locally, in Victoria, also throughout Europe and in India, China, and California.

Walnuts can be used in conjunction with almost any kind of food. Whole, chopped, and ground walnuts are available.

● Recipes begin on page 77

Crunch & crunch

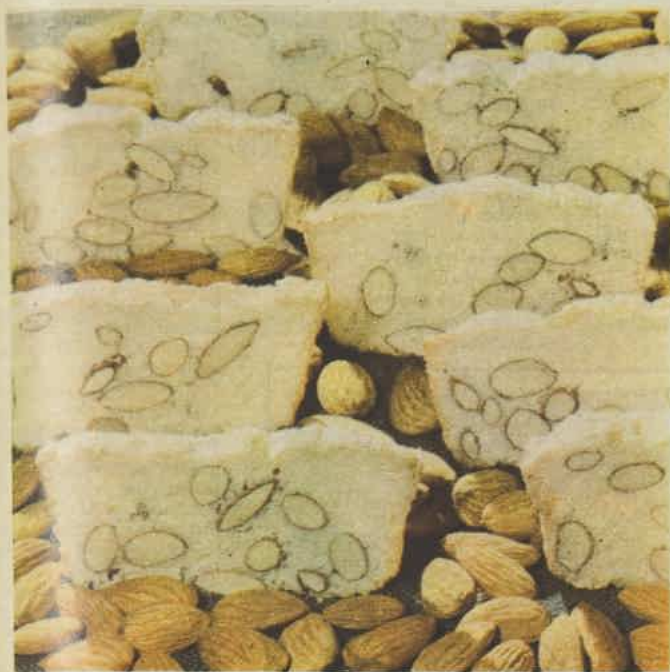


What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**





ALMOND BREAD is a crisp Continental slice to serve with ice-cream or a cup of after-dinner coffee. The recipe is on this page.

ALMOND BREAD

3 egg-whites 4oz. whole un-blanch almonds
4oz. castor sugar
4oz. plain flour

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in castor sugar until mixture is of good meringue consistency. Fold in, sifted flour and whole almonds. Fill into very lightly greased 8in. x 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Leave in tin until completely cool. Wrap in foil, put aside for one or two days.

Using very sharp knife, cut into wafer-thin slices. Place slices on oven tray, put into slow oven 45 minutes to dry out completely. Serve just one slice with after-dinner coffee. Or serve as a deliciously crisp biscuit with ice-cream.

PISTACHIO BAKED FISH

2lb. thick fish fillets
4 tablespoons oil
salt and pepper
pinch of saffron
4oz. blanch pistachio nuts
2oz. raisins
chopped parsley

Use thick fish fillet such as snapper. Place in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and saffron; pour over 3 tablespoons oil. Bake in moderately slow oven 20 minutes, basting occasionally.

Prepare sauce: Place all ingredients in saucepan, cook over gentle heat until onion is tender. Push mixture through sieve, adjust seasoning, if necessary.

Pour sauce over fish, cook a further 15 minutes. Mix together raisins and chopped pistachio nuts in remaining oil, sprinkle over fish, cook further 5 minutes. Serve, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

BUTTERED BRAZIL NUTS

1/4 cups sugar
1/2 cup water
11 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon glucose
1lb. shelled brazil nuts

Place sugar, glucose, and water in saucepan, bring to the boil, stirring until sugar dissolves. Do not stir after mixture reaches boiling point. Boil steadily to 238 degrees when a little, dropped into cold water, forms a soft ball between fingers. Add the butter. Boil again until mixture is light honey in color or when a little dropped into cold water craps and crackles. Remove from heat, drop in nuts. Lift them out, one at a time, place on buttered paper to set.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

RICE PILAF

2 cups long-grain rice 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
4 cups chicken stock 1/2 cup chopped carrots
3oz. butter or substitute 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
1 cup pine nuts

Melt butter in pan, add rice; cook, stirring, until rice is well coated with butter (about 5 minutes). Spoon rice into heated casserole, add boiling stock. Cover, place in moderately hot oven, cook 30 minutes. Meanwhile, saute chopped vegetables in a little butter. Remove rice from oven, stir in sauteed vegetables, parsley, and nuts; use fork to stir so rice will keep light and fluffy; season, if necessary.

This is an excellent accompaniment to meat, fish, and chicken dishes. Chopped chicken, ham, etc., can be added to make a light luncheon or supper dish.

MACADAMIA COOKIES

2 cups sugar 3 cups desiccated coconut
4oz. butter or substitute 1/2 cup chopped macadamia nuts
1/2 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup cocoa

Combine in saucepan sugar, butter, milk, and cocoa; bring to boil and boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in coconut, blend well; stir in vanilla and nuts. Drop by tablespoonfuls on to baking trays; refrigerate overnight.

CHESTNUT RUM-CREAM

16oz. can unsweetened chestnut puree 1 cup castor sugar
1 cup vanilla 1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg-whites 4 egg-whites
1oz. rum 2oz. melted butter

Mix together sieved chestnut puree, rum, sugar, and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in; add melted butter. Refrigerate until well chilled. Spoon into serving dishes or glasses, top with whipped cream and chocolate shavings or finely chopped nuts.

HAZELNUT TRUFFLES

1 cup ground hazelnuts 12oz. dark chocolate
1 cup icing sugar 1/2 cup cream
1 egg-white chocolate sprinkles

Mix together hazelnuts and sifted icing sugar; stir in just enough egg-white to mix to firm paste; add cream. Melt chopped chocolate in top of double saucepan, stirring. Blend into hazelnut mixture, stirring with wooden spoon. Turn mixture into shallow tin lined with lightly greased waxed paper, put aside in cool place to set. When mixture is firm, cut into squares, then roll into small balls between hands. Roll in chocolate sprinkles.

Continued overleaf



Add health to your desserts with HANSEN'S Junket (so easy to prepare)

There's never been a healthier, tastier dessert than pure, wholesome junket.

Serve junket with fresh or tinned fruits . . . make trifles . . . junket ice-cream . . . and cold milk drinks.

Next time you make a dessert add a little health, too. Add made-in-a-minute junket — the nearest to perfect health food.



JUNKET SUNDAE

Prepare JUNKET according to basic directions. Set aside until firm and cool. Just before serving, whip 1/2 cup thick cream until stiff and place on top of each dish. Decorate with chopped nuts, and top with a glace cherry.



SWISS DELIGHT

Press thin slices of Swiss roll firmly into dessert glasses. Moisten with orange juice. Make JUNKET as basic directions. While still liquid pour over roll. Let set. Chill. Before serving top with cream and fruit.

4 DELICIOUS FLAVORS AND PLAIN IN BRIGHT NEW PACKS



12 Plain Tablets



6 Pineapple 6 Raspberry



6 Strawberry 6 Fruit Salad



SEALED FOR YOUR PROTECTION. JUST TEAR OFF OR SNIP.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A HEALTHIER DESSERT



FLAVOR IN A NUTSHELL . . . concluded

PEANUT BISCUITS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup raw peanuts
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour
pinch salt
1 teaspoon cocoa
4oz. melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat egg and sugar well. Sift dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture with nuts, then blend

CHICKEN with WALNUTS
is served with parsley-flecked rice.

in melted butter and vanilla. Drop mixture by teaspoonfuls on to greased baking sheets. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes. Makes 3 dozen.

CHICKEN WITH WALNUTS

4 chicken breasts (or 3lb. chicken)
3oz. walnut halves
4 sticks celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch shallots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small mushrooms
3 medium onions
oil for frying

boiled rice
chopped parsley

MARINADE

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup soy sauce
 $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup sherry
1 dessertspoon sugar
1 crushed clove garlic
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground ginger
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
freshly ground black pepper
Wash celery and shallots, cut into diagonal pieces. Cut onion into rings. Wipe and slice mushrooms. Cut chicken meat into bite-sized pieces. Blend together in large bowl all marinade ingredients. Add chicken pieces, mix well. Cover, marinate at least 1 hour. Stir occasionally.

Heat approximately 2 tablespoons oil, add walnuts, and cook 2 to 3 minutes; remove from pan. Sauté onions until transparent, add celery, cook for 5 minutes. Add mushrooms and shallots, cook until vegetables are tender but still crisp; remove from pan.

Drain chicken, reserve marinade. Add more oil to pan if necessary, add chicken, and cook until tender. Drain off excess oil, return vegetables and walnuts to pan with reserved marinade. Reheat, adjust seasoning. Top with hot boiled rice with chopped parsley; top with chicken and walnut mixture.

PECAN PIE

1 cup sugar
1 cup golden syrup
pinch salt
3 eggs
4oz. butter or substitute
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped pecan nuts
1 unbaked 9in. pie shell

Combine in saucepan sugar, salt, and golden syrup, simmer until sugar dissolves. Stir in butter, vanilla, and nuts into syrup, mix in beaten eggs; spoon into pie shell. Bake in moderate oven approximately 60 minutes until filling is firm. Cool, then refrigerate.

AUSTRIAN TEA CAKE

2oz. butter or substitute
2 cups self-raising flour
pinch salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

FILLING

2oz. melted butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 tablespoons plain flour
Mix all filling ingredients together thoroughly. Sift flour and salt together, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs, add sugar. Beat egg, add milk to into flour mixture. Spread mixture into well-greased and floured 8in. cake tin, sprinkle with half filling, add remainder of filling on top. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

MACADAMIA ICE-CREAM

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
3 egg-yolks
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rum
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped macadamia nuts
Beat egg-yolks and sugar in very light. Transfer to top of double boiler, gradually stir in hot milk. Cook over hot water, stirring, until mixture thickens and coats spoon; remove from heat. Strain, stir in vanilla; fold in the whipped cream. Transfer to freezer trays, freeze until mixture is partly frozen. Spoon into basin, beat in rum; fold in nuts. Return to freezer tray, freeze until firm.

ZERO COLD

BY

Eon WARE

DESIGNED FOR LOW TEMPERATURE FOOD STORAGE

produced from the quality raw material for plastic ware



Economical meat dish wins \$10 prize

A SUBSTANTIAL family dish made from minced steak wins first prize in our weekly recipe contest. Consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for an unusual ice-cream made from Chinese gooseberries; when these are out of season, avocados can be substituted.

MEXICAN BEEF AND NOODLES

One pound minced beef
2 tablespoons butter or oil
1 small can tomato soup
1 cup milk
1 large can whole kernel corn
1 cup chopped green pepper
1 cup grated cheese
2 cups cooked noodles
Extra grated cheese

Heat oil or butter in large saucepan. Add meat and brown well. Add chopped pepper and cook further 5 minutes. Add tomato soup, milk, cooked noodles, corn. Stir well. Add grated cheese, season well.

Turn into large ovenproof casserole, top with extra grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Serve hot.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. A. Gostin, 270 Bambra Rd., Caulfield S.E.8, Vic.

CHINESE GOOSEBERRY ICE-CREAM

6oz. castor sugar
6½oz. boiling water
2 egg-yolks
½ pint cream

½ pint Chinese Gooseberry puree (made by sieving about 6 peeled fruit)

About 3 teaspoons lemon juice

Place sugar and water in a thick saucepan; stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved. Bring to boil and boil gently 7 to 10 minutes, and allow syrup to cool slightly. Beat in egg-yolks and puree. Stir constantly over gentle heat about 5 minutes or until mixture thickens slightly; do not boil. Pour into freezer trays and cool before freezing. When partially set, stir in whipped cream and lemon juice. Freeze until solid.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Strugnell, Currock-billy, Wombeyan Caves Rd., Mittagong, N.S.W.

HOME HINTS

Readers win \$2 prize for each of these hints.

WHEN making sausage rolls, fill the sausage meat into an icing syringe or bag but do not attach the nozzle, and pipe the meat into the pastry. This method is much quicker, less messy, and gives a more even filling. Miss Judy A. Ellis, 14 Turnbull Rd., Enfield, S.A.

A little salt in the washing water will prevent white underwear from yellowing.—Mrs. A. Pearce, 1 Glover St., Newcomb, Geelong, Vic.

A hope-chest tip: Buy two matching face-washers for each towel. The washers usually wear out first and are often impossible to match a few years later.—Mrs. L. Paterson, 13 Ben-Eden Ave., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

When grapes begin to ripen, slip an old nylon stocking over each bunch to deter birds and other insects which do so much damage.—Mrs. J. Seymour, Flat 245 Wellington Rd., Kangaroo Point, Qld.

To prevent teatowels, nappies, and similar articles twisting round the clothesline on a windy day, hang the bottom corner of each article to the one next to it.—Mrs. M. Cain, 14 Little Park St., South Para, Vic.

If your sewing machine is an old model with no light attachment, a magnetic torch clamped to the steel plate above the needle will be very handy when you sew dark material at night.—Mrs. C. McDonoghue, 115 Belvidere St., Belmont, W.A.

To make a tasty and nourishing evening meal for an older lady or young child, stir into a sauce of blancmange or custard (all slightly warm) 1 small grated apple, ½ mashed banana, and the juice of ½ an orange. It is delicious and is very popular with the youngsters.—Mrs. Ian Murch, "Allawah," Wundulla, S.A.

To cream hard butter or margarine with sugar put the sugar in the oven until hot. Sprinkle slowly on the shortening and it will cream easily.—E. Jensen, Warragoola, via Calliope, Qld.

If you are cooking apple or pear slices in a slab tin, invert the slightly larger tin over the top after the first ten minutes' cooking. This prevents the filling from cooking up and over the sides.—Mrs. A. W. Bourne, 107 Mann St., Armadale, N.S.W.



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Page 79

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK



● *Munster* (above), a low grower, is a good one for pots.

● *Caroline* (right) begins life as a lilac-pink hydrangea, later turns to blue. This picture and the one above were taken at Poplar Nursery, Fivedock, N.S.W.



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HYDRANGEAS— for summer-in-the-shade

By ALLAN SEALE

● Shaded garden areas, with their limited plantings, can be a problem. Azaleas, camellias bloom there in winter-spring, but in summer color is left to the hardy hydrangea.

HYDRANGEAS flower from late November until Christmas, and will grow and provide flowers under most conditions, but with better results when given some attention.

Feeding now will improve size and quality of the blooms, although it is too late to actually change the color of the flowers. Feeding will help intensify color and lustre.

BLUE HYDRANGEAS

These occur only where the soil is naturally acid or where it has been chemically treated. The procedure is to apply aluminium sulphate, using about a tablespoon to each sq. yd. of root area. The first application should be made in May, then continued at monthly intervals until flowering time.

Special hydrangea "bluing" mixtures are also available. These contain nitrogen and potash, plus aluminium sulphate, so they improve size as well as color.

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Where colors are inclined to be weak, an application of one of these preparations would be of some benefit even at this late stage.

If colors are normally strong, the one of the packeted liquid manures at fortnightly intervals. These help size and texture of the blooms and make foliage a deeper, more attractive green.

PINK HYDRANGEAS

These occur naturally in slightly alkaline soil or where lime has been added to induce this condition. If you want to "pink" your hydrangeas, treatment should commence about May to induce a complete change. Relatively large quantities of lime need to be mixed well through the soil. This can have other side effects, as such large quantities of lime may prevent the plant from absorbing iron and result in yellowing of the foliage. This yellowing can be counteracted by the use of iron chelate.

Improve the size and lustre of pink blooms by using one of the liquid plant foods suggested for the blues.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Pests: Watch for cottony cushion scale, which is rather like a downy white aphid. More obvious are the cottony white sacks it produces. These are found in colonies under the foliage and along the stems. Fortunately, the pest is not common, but it does occasionally make a sudden attack in some districts.

Should it occur, spray with white oil, using two tablespoons to a gallon of water with a teaspoon of Malathion or complete pesticide added. First, evenly mix the white oil with its own volume of water, then add the remainder.

Powdery mildew sometimes occurs in autumn. Foliage of infected plants appears to be powdered with an ash-grey substance. Spray with Bordeaux, copper oxychloride, rose spray, or a complete fungicidal dust or spray.

If the infection is bad, it is a good idea to prune the plants early.

Pruning: Pruning may be carried out from March to August. The later pruning is sometimes preferred in cold districts.

Old canes are removed as close to the base as possible. Younger wood, easily distinguished by the smooth bark and plump texture, is cut back to a pair of sturdy double buds.

If these can only be found high up on the bush it is usually an indication that pruning has been forgotten for several seasons.

This can be corrected by cutting well down into the plant. The heavy growth which follows may produce some flowers, usually later in the season, or perhaps not until the following year.

When pruning, leave where practical stems which terminate in a bud. This will develop into a flower head later.

Some dwarf types produce buds only at the end of their short canes. Here, pruning only involves cutting out old canes which have flowered. Remove these at ground level.

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BLOOMS FOR THE HOUSE

Hydrangeas are very useful as house flowers, as they are available at a time of the year when flowers are relatively scarce.

To prevent them from wilting, pick them early in the morning, choosing heads which are fully out. Those still carrying unopened florets are inclined to collapse more rapidly.

Scrape the bark for about 2in. from the cut end and plunge them to almost their full length in a bucket of water, standing in a cool place for at least an hour before arranging them in the vase. Sprinkle each head liberally with water.

Speed is the essence of success, and all this should be done in the shortest possible time after cutting. Should heads wilt, immerse them entirely in cold water until they recover.

HYDRANGEAS IN POTS

Hydrangeas make attractive potplants which can be carried indoors when required. Grown this way, it is easy to control the color of the flowers. Use pots at least 10in. in diameter, otherwise they are inclined to dry out too quickly. The soil should hold plenty of moisture, but at the same time allow water to move through freely.

For pinks, use sandy soil mixed at the rate of four parts to one of well-rotted horse manure or garden compost. If the sand is very fine, a few handfuls of vermiculite will help to keep it open and increase its water-carrying properties.

To each bucket (2 gallons) of mixture add a tablespoon of garden lime and half this amount of complete fertiliser. Should this amount of lime result in pale, yellowish foliage, this can be corrected by watering with one teaspoon of iron chelate to the gallon of water, or using



● This bank of hydrangeas, set effectively around a tree, is in the garden of Mrs. S. A. Jackson, of Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

one of the complete liquid manures containing this ingredient.

For blue hydrangeas in pots, a good soil mixture would be about five parts good loam with at least some clay content, two parts sand, and one of peat-moss. If the loam is of a type which is inclined to cake solidly, double the amount of peat-moss and sand.

Use the same amount of complete

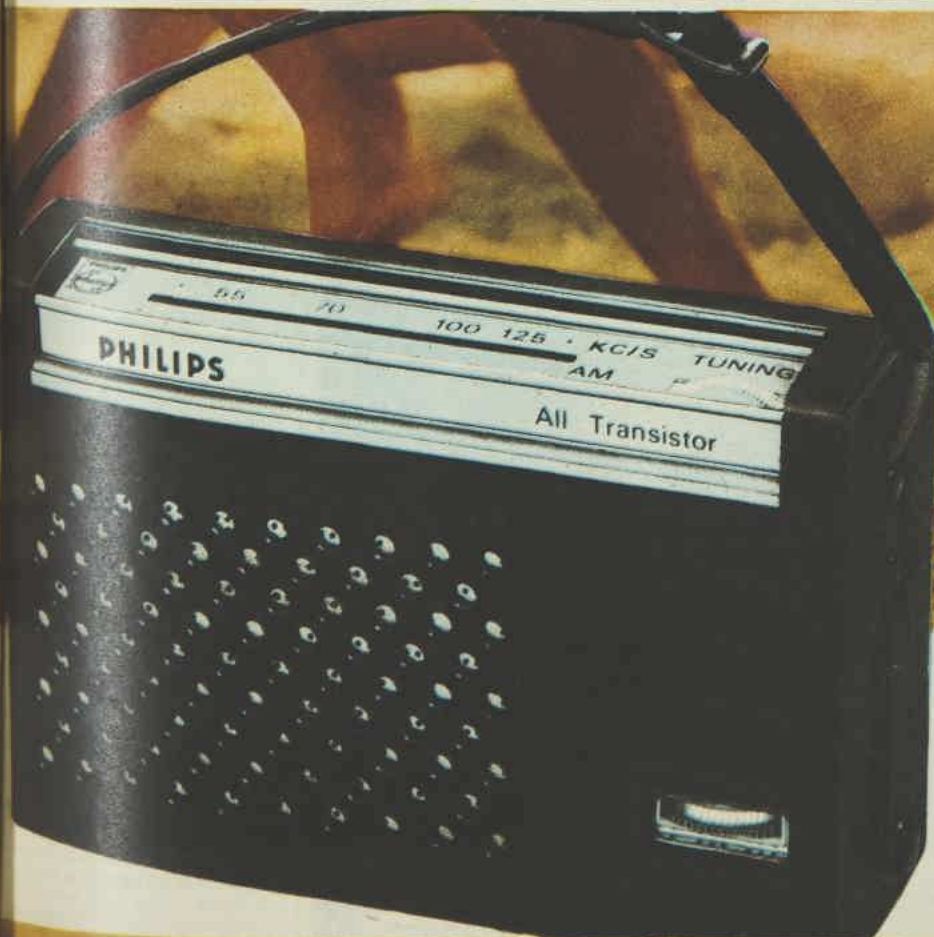
fertiliser recommended for the pinks, but omit lime.

After potting, water with one teaspoonful of aluminium sulphate (alum) dissolved in one gallon of water.

Potted hydrangeas should be kept moist, particularly in the spring-summer growing season, and the containers should be protected from the heat of direct sunlight.

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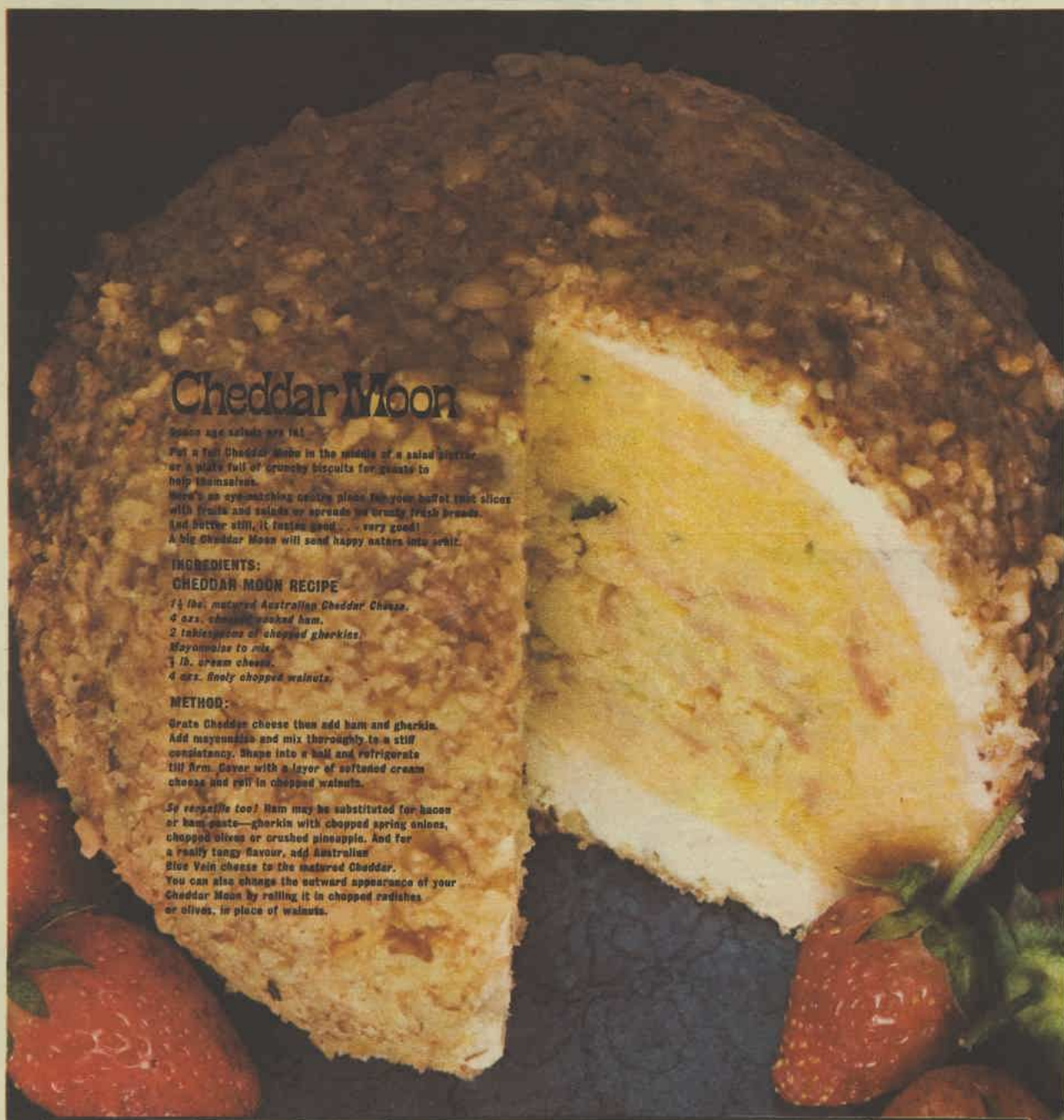
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THE LUNCHEON BILL

By ISABEL JOHNSTON

Antiques and auction sales fascinated Marge but her budget could run only to an occasional bargain



Cheddar Moon

Spoon size salads are fun. Put a full Cheddar Moon in the middle of a salad platter or a plate full of crunchy biscuits for guests to help themselves. Here's an eye-catching centre piece for your buffet table sliced with fruits and salads or spread on crunchy fresh breads. And better still, it tastes good... very good! A big Cheddar Moon will send happy natters into orbit.

INGREDIENTS:

CHEDDAR MOON RECIPE

- 1 1/2 lbs. matured Australian Cheddar Cheese.
- 4 ozs. chunky smoked ham.
- 2 tablespoons of chopped gherkins.
- Mayonnaise to mix.
- 1 lb. cream cheese.
- 4 ozs. finely chopped walnuts.

METHOD:

Grate Cheddar cheese then add ham and gherkins. Add mayonnaise and mix thoroughly to a stiff consistency. Shape into a ball and refrigerate till firm. Cover with a layer of softened cream cheese and roll in chopped walnuts.

So versatile too! Ham may be substituted for bacon or ham paste—gherkin with chopped spring onions, chopped olives or crushed pineapple. And for a really tangy flavour, add Australian Blue Vein cheese to the matured Cheddar. You can also change the outward appearance of your Cheddar Moon by rolling it in chopped radishes or olives, in place of walnuts.

It wasn't always easy to cope with doctors' bills for three children, a temperamental furnace, and the price of a sorry needed winter coat for Tom—on a schoolteacher's salary! But to Marge, budget crises were just a part of living for a young couple. At coffee gatherings with the other young wives in the development, Marge made rueful humorous stories of them. The other girls groaned over their own money troubles and then ended up laughing.

Marge never really felt poor—until that luncheon with Miss Alma and Mrs. Drewson at the White Spinning Wheel. Not until that luncheon did Marge even dream of asking Tom to give up teaching for a better paying job.

Miss Alma and Mrs. Drewson were older than Marge by 20 or 30 years. Most of the young wives in the development didn't bother with older people. They ran with the young married crowd, coupled with more or less the same financial status.

But Marge chose her friends on the basis of the interests and hobbies she shared with them. It never occurred to her to distinguish between young and old—or to pick her friends by her money.

Marge loved tradition. She fondly cherished the Christmas tree ornaments her mother had owned and the child's rocking chair her grandmother had sat in as a little girl.

Antiques and auctions fascinated her. Of course, she could never afford to bid on anything more than an ancient footstool or a quaint spoon.

It was at an auction that she made friends with Miss Alma. After that, whenever Miss Alma heard of an auction, she'd call Marge up. With the children lurching at the school cafeteria, Marge would drop housework and go.

When a beautiful old rosewood sofa was knocked down to Miss Alma, Marge was as happy as she'd acquired it herself.

It was Miss Alma who took her to Mrs. Drewson's for tea. Mrs. Drewson lived in a mansion, filled with Early American furniture and thrilling collections of silver, china, and pewter—and even an old rope bed. The tea tasted superb served in rare, exquisite china cups, and it was fascinating listening to Mrs. Drewson talk about antiques she'd acquired on her travels.

The next auction that came up all three of them went together. Marge drove the other two women in her car. Marge could only afford an old pewter candleabra, but her friends acquired some marvellous antiques—a gorgeous maple chest, a shoemaker's bench to make into a coffee table, a pair of hurricane lamps, an old ladder-back chair. It was exhilarating to Marge to have her friends bid on so much

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AUSTRALIAN FETA

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exciting loot. They were thrilled over their finds, too.

"Let's celebrate at lunch," Miss Alma gloated over her purchases, and asked Marge, "Your children don't come home at noon, do they?"

"No, they're eating at the school cafeteria," Marge said, and Tom's picking them up after school."

"How about The Cabin?" Miss Alma named an inexpensive tea-room where she and Marge often had a sandwich after an antique hunt.

"A celebration like this rates The White Spinning Wheel," Mrs. Drewson decreed. "It has an Early American atmosphere and they serve delicious food."

When Marge looked at the White Spinning Wheel menu, she was glad she'd restricted her purchases to the candelabra. The prices certainly were high! But the glow of their success at the auction was still with her. When Mrs. Drewson recommended the Lobster a la Newburg, Marge recklessly ordered it.

Marge really enjoyed herself. That is, she enjoyed herself until the waitress gave them the lunch bill and Miss Alma and Mrs. Drewson started arguing about who should pay.

"Lunch was my idea," Miss Alma insisted. "It's only right you should be my guests."

"The White Spinning Wheel was my selection!" Mrs. Drewson said with the authority of the rich. "You're my guests."

Both Miss Alma and Mrs. Drewson had entertained her. Marge wished she could entertain them in return. But she would have to ask them to her house some time. She really couldn't afford to foot the bill for all three at this expensive place.

"Please, let's make it a Dutch treat," Marge urged.

"No, I'm paying!" Miss Alma reached for the bill.

"No, I am!" Mrs. Drewson snatched it.

A spirited argument ensued. It was Miss Alma who finally weakened. She agreed each of them should pay for her own lunch.

"All right, Alma, you can pay for yours," Mrs. Drewson conceded, "but I'm paying for little Mrs. Margery."

"Please, I'd rather pay for my own, I'd much rather," Marge pleaded. To no avail.

Mrs. Drewson accepted Miss Alma's money, plunged into her purse and paid the waitress. Short of scrambling for the check or creating a scene, there was nothing Marge could do. Mrs. Drewson called the term, Miss Alma was allowed to pay for herself, but not Marge.

Suddenly Marge felt painfully, mortifyingly poor, humiliated, discriminated against, inferior. Mrs. Drewson had plenty of money, Marge knew. If Mrs. Drewson had paid for all three, Marge would not have minded. But to be singled out—as an object of charity—was horrible! Not even the lovely old pewter candelabra cheered her up. With unhappy politeness, Marge forced herself to thank Mrs. Drewson and lapsed into resentful silence.

She dropped off the two ladies and brooded over her poverty all the way home. Her budget problems seemed insurmountable. The repairs on the broken-down furnace never would last. And where would they get the money for a new furnace? And the traces little Charlotte needed on her teeth? On what Tom made little Tommy never would get to college—or the girls either. A smart man like Tom could make double, triple his present salary in industry.

She'd put up with Tom's absurd dedication to his job long enough! It was just self-indulgence for Tom to be a schoolteacher! She'd tell him so! The very minute she got home! And then she was home and the children were running to greet her with big hugs. A moment later Tom was welcoming her warmly with a kiss.

Inside the house the children excitedly watched Marge open the newspaper wrapping and show them the pewter candelabra.

"Handsome," Tom said, his smile tender and tolerant at her weakness for antiques.

"A party!" little Tommy shouted.

"A party?" Marge asked, puzzled.

"That's why you brought it home, isn't it?" Tommy asked. "So we can have a party with candles?"

"Of course," Marge smiled.

As she rushed around, turning a spaghetti dinner into a party—merely by placing candles in an old candelabra—Marge suddenly remembered that Miss Alma and Mrs. Drewson had gone home to empty houses—without a single person waiting to rejoice with them over their loot. She laughed, touched with compassion. After all, she was the one who was really rich!

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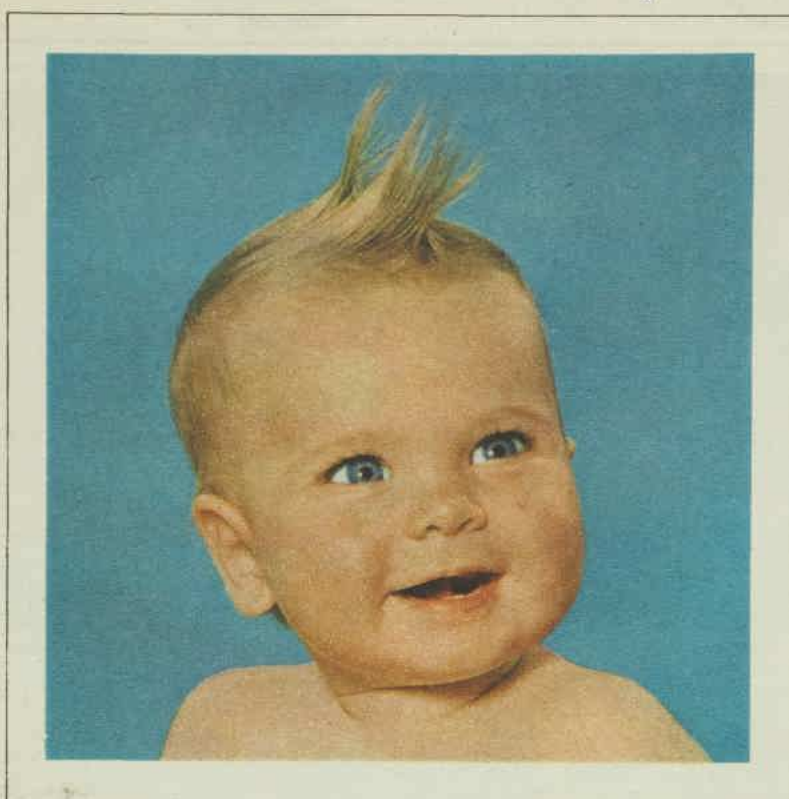
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By ELIZABETH TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN the dark, raftered dining-room, Silcox counted the coned napkins and, walking among the tables, lifted the lids of the mustard pots and shook salt level in the cellars.

At the beginning of their partnership as waiter and waitress, Edith had liked to make mitres or fleur-de-lis or waterlilies of the napkins, and Silcox, who thought this great vulgarity, waited until after he had made his proposal and been accepted before he put a stop to it. She had listened meekly. "Edwardian vulgarity," he had told her. Taking a roll of bread from the centre of the petalled linen, he whipped the napkin straight, then turned it deftly into a dunce's cap.

Edith always came down a little after Silcox. He left the bedroom in plenty of time for her to change into her black dress and white apron. His proposal had not included marriage or any other intimacy and, although they lay every night side by side in twin beds, they were always decorous in their behaviour, fanatically prim, and he had never so much as seen her take a brush to her hair, as he himself might have said.

However, there was no one to say it to, and to the world they were Mr. and Mrs. Silcox, a plain, respectable couple. Both were ambitious, both had been bent on leaving the hotel where they first met—a glorified boarding-house, Silcox called it. Both, being snobbish, were galled at having to wait on noisy, sunburnt people who wore freakish and indecent holiday clothes and could not pronounce *crepes de volaille*, let alone understand what it meant.

By the time Silcox heard of the vacancy at the Royal George, he had become desperate beyond measure, irritated at every turn by the vulgarities of seaside life. The Royal George was mercifully as inland as anywhere in England can be. The thought of the Home Counties soothed him. He visualised the landscape embowered in flowering trees.

In his interview with the manageress he had been favorably impressed by the tone of the hotel. The Thames flowed by beyond the geranium-bordered lawns; there would be star occasions all summer—the Fourth of June, Henley, Ascot. The dining-room, though it was small, had velvet-cushioned

To page 86

banquettes and wine-lists in padded leather covers. The ash-trays advertised nothing and the flowers had not come out of the garden.

"My wife," he said repeatedly during the interview. He had been unable to bring her, from consideration to their employer. The manageress respected him for this and for very much else. She could imagine him in tails, and he seemed to wear the grey suit as if it were a regrettable informality he had been unable to escape. He was stately, eyes like a statue's, mouth like a carp's. His deference would have that touch of condescension which would make customers angle for his goodwill.

Those to whom he unbent, with a remark about the weather or the compliments of the season, would return, bringing friends to whom

A DEDICATED MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

they could display their status. "Maurice always looks after me," they would say.

Returning to the pandemonium — the tripperish hotel, the glaring sky—he made his proposal to Edith. "Married couple," the advertisement had stipulated and was a necessary condition, he now understood, for only one bedroom was available. "It has twin bedsteads, I ascertained," he said.

Marriage, he explained, could not be considered, as he was married already. Where his wife was at present, he said he did not know. She had been put behind him.

Until that day, he had never spoken to Edith of his personal

affairs, although they had worked together for a year. She was reserved herself and embarrassed by this unexpected lapse, though by the proposal itself she felt deeply honored.

The manageress of the Royal George, when Edith went for her separate interview, wondered if she were not too grim. At forty-five, her hair was a streaked grey and clipped short like a man's at the back. She had no make-up and there were deep lines about her mouth. On the other hand, she was obviously dependable and efficient, would never slop soup or wear dirty cuffs or take crafty nips of gin in the stillroom. Her predecessor

had done these things and been flighty, too.

So Edith and Silcox were engaged. Sternly and without embarrassment they planned arrangements for bedroom privacy. These were simply a matter of one staying in the bathroom while the other dressed or undressed in the bedroom. Edith was first to get into bed and would then turn out the light. He would get into bed in the dark. He never wished her goodnight and hardly admitted to himself that she was there.

Now a week had gone by and the arrangements had worked so smoothly that he was a little surprised this evening that on the stroke of seven o'clock she did not appear.

Upstairs, Edith was having to hurry, something she rarely deigned to do. She was even a

little excited as she darted about the room, looking for clean collar and apron, and she kept pausing to glance at a photograph on the chest of drawers. It was in a worn leather frame and was of an adolescent boy wearing a school blazer.

When she had gone back to the bedroom that morning she saw the photograph for the first time. Silcox had placed it there without a word. She ignored it for a while and then became nervous that one of the maids might question her about it, and it was this reason she gave Silcox for having asked him who

was.

"Our son," he said. He deemed it expedient, added, that he should be a family man. The fact would increase the air of dependability and give the background and solid worth. The boy was at a public school, went on, and did not divulge his friends the nature of his parents' profession. Silcox, Edith realised with respect, was so much bish that he looked down upon himself.

"How old is he?" she asked in an abrupt tone.

"He is seventeen and working for the Advanced Level."

EDITH did not know what this was and wondered how she could manage to support the fantasy.

"We shall say nothing of ourselves," said Silcox, "as we are not in the habit of discussing private affairs."

"What shall we . . . what is his name?"

"Julian," Silcox said.

Edith looked with some wonder at the face in the photograph. It was a very ordinary face and she could imagine the maids conjecturing at length to whom he took after.

"Who is he really?" she asked.

"A young relative," said Silcox.

In Edith's new life there were difficulties — one was trying to remember not to fidget with the wedding ring as if she were not used to wearing it, and another was being obliged to call Silcox "Maurice." This she thought was seemingly, and to be constant in the required continual vigilance. He being her superior, had called her Edith from the start.

Sleeping beside him at night worried her less. The routine of privacy was established and sleep itself was negative and came immediately to both of them after long hours of being on their feet.

Edith was one of those women who seem to know from childhood that the attraction of men is a part of their equipment, and from then on to have supported nature in what it had done for them, by exaggerating the gruffness and gracelessness and becoming almost a time sexless. She strode heavily in shoes a size too large, her duty coat and skirt were as sensible as some old pannie's walking-out attire. She was not much interested in people, although she did her duty toward them and wrote each week to her married sister in Australia and was generous to her at Christmas.

Edith had no relations other than her sister; her world was peopled with hotel staff and customers. With the staff she was distant and sometimes grim, but they were careless in their work and with her customers she was distant and respectful.

The other person in her life—Silcox—was simply to her the Establishment. She had never worked with anyone she respected more—in her mind, he was always a waiter and she always thought of him dressed as a waiter. On his day off, he seemed, lowered by wearing the clothes of an ordinary man. Having to turn his eyes away from him when she glimpsed him in a dressing-gown was really no worse. They were not man and woman in one another's eyes.

No difficulties they were beset with in their early days at the Royal George could spoil the pleasures of their work. The serenity of the dining-room and the elaborate food which made



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A DEDICATED MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"He is thought to take more after his father's side," Edith said. "I expect it's his father's side that says it," Carrie replied. "Oh, I can see you. The way his hair grows on his forehead."

"As a matter of fact, he is a little like my sister's eldest boy."

"Well, you must be proud of him. Such an open face," Carrie said, replacing the photograph in its right position.

"Yes," said Edith. "He's a good boy."

She left Carrie and went downstairs and walked in the garden until it was time to go on duty. She went up and down the gravel paths and along by the river, but she could not overcome the excitement which lately disturbed her so, the sensation of shameful pleasure.

By the river's edge she came upon Silcox, who had taken up fishing in his spare time.

"Where does he—where does Julian go in the holidays?" she asked.

"He goes to relatives," Silcox answered.

As she moved away he heard her murmuring anxiously, "I do so hope they're kind."

He turned his head quickly and looked after her, but she had gone mooning back across the lawn.

"Don't we ever go to see him?" she asked a few days later. "Won't

they think us strange not going?"

"What we do in our free time is no concern of theirs," he said.

"I only thought they'd think it strange."

He isn't real, none of it's true, she now constantly reminded herself, for sometimes her feelings of guilt about that abandoned boy grew too acute.

Sometimes, on Sunday outings from school, boys were brought by their parents to have lunch at the hotel, and Edith found herself fussing over them, giving them huge helpings, discussing their appetites with their parents.

"They're all the same at that age," she would say. "I know."

It was so unlike her to chat with the customers and quite against Silcox's code. When he commented disdainfully upon her unusual behaviour, she seemed scarcely to listen to his words. The next Sun-

day, serving a double portion of ice-cream to a boy, she looked across at his mother and smiled. "I've got a son myself, madam," she said. "I know."

Silcox, having overheard this, was too enraged to settle down to his fishing that afternoon. He looked for Edith and found her in the bedroom writing a letter to her sister.

"It was a mistake—this about the boy," he said, taking up the photograph and glaring at it. "You have not the right touch in such matters. You carry the deception to excess. You go too far."

"Too far?" she said brightly.

"Our position is established. I think the little flourishes I thought up had their result."

"But they were all your little

To page 88

demands upon them (to turn something over in flaming brandy in a chafing-dish crowned Silcox's evening), the superiority of the glazette and the glacial table linen. They had suffered horrors from common people and this escape to elegance was precious to them both.

It was agonising to Edith to realise that now they were expected to spend their free time together. On the first day off they took a bus to another hotel along the river and there had luncheon. Silcox modelled his behaviour on that of his own most difficult customers. He was very hardy and full of knowledge and opinion.

She was dreading their next day and was relieved when Silcox suggested that they should make a habit of taking the train to London together and there separating. If they came back on the same train in the evening, no suspicions would be aroused.

One morning, when she had returned to their bedroom after breakfast, he surprised her by following her there. This was the time of day when he took a turn about the garden or strolled along by the river. When he had shut the door, he said quietly, "I'm afraid I must ask you something. I think it struck me this morning it would be better if you were less tidy in here. That by putting everything away out of sight you will give rise to suspicion."

ONCE, he had been a floor waiter in a hotel and knew, from taking breakfast in to so many married people, what their bedrooms usually looked like. His experience with his own wife he did not refer to.

"I overheard Carrie saying what a tidy pair we were and she had never met anyone like it, not a pin in sight when she came into this room," she said.

"I respect your intentions," he said grandly, "but the last thing to serve our purpose is to appear in any way out of the ordinary. If you could have one or two things lying about—your hairbrush, just a jar of something or other on the dressing-table. A wife would never hide everything away in the drawers. Carrie's right; as it is there isn't even a pin to be seen. Nothing to show it's anyone's room at all, except for the photograph."

Edith blushed and pressed her lips tightly together. She turned away and made no reply. Although she knew that it had been difficult for him to make the suggestion, and sensible and necessary as the law it to be, she was angry with him. She wondered why his words had so humiliated her, and could find no reason. He had reproved her before about her work—but he had never angered her.

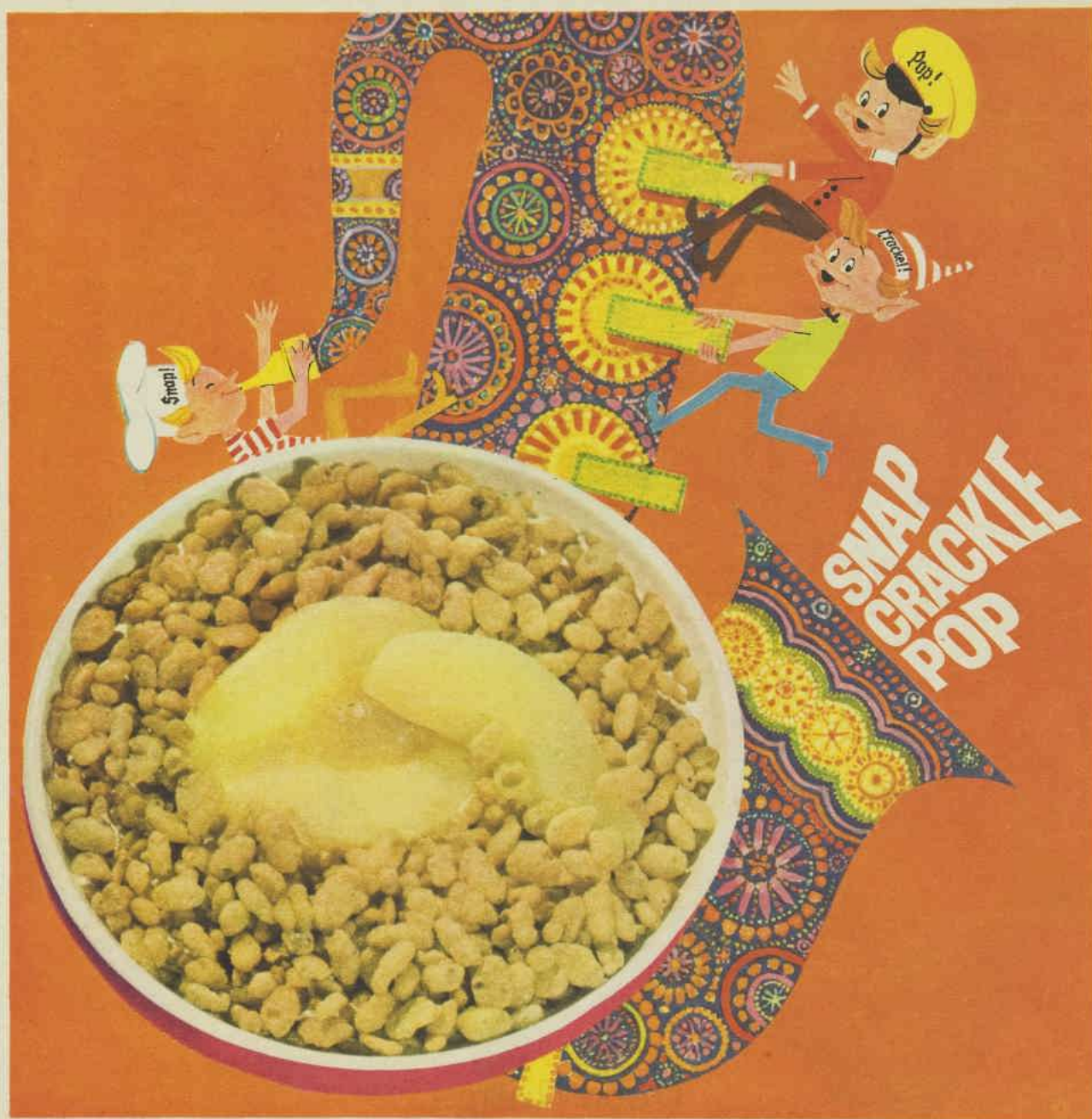
She waited for him to leave her and then she removed from the drawer a large, bristled brush, a boxful of studs, and safety-pins. In the early evening, when she came up to change, she found Silcox's brushes beside hers, a shoe-horn dangled from the side of the mirror, and his dressing-gown had been taken from his clothes cupboard and was hanging at the back of the door.

She felt very strange about it all and when she went downstairs she tried to direct all her thoughts toward her work.

"He couldn't be anyone else's," said Carrie Hurt, the maid, looking at the photograph. She had the impudence to take it up and go over to the window with it to see it better.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 1000 words; short short stories, 1000 to 1000 words; articles up to 1000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4081WV, G.P.O., Sydney.



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flourishes," she said, looking up at him. "You didn't let me think of any, did you?"

He stared back at her and soon her eyes flickered, and she returned to her writing.

"There won't be any more," he said. "From me, or from you. Or any more discussion of our affairs, do you understand? Carrie in here every morning gossiping, you chatting to customers, telling them such a pack of lies — as if it were all true, and as if they could possibly be interested. You know as well as I do how unprofessional it is. I should never have credited it of you. Even when we were at that dreadful place at Paignton you conducted yourself with more dignity."

"I don't see the harm," she said mildly.

"And I don't see the necessity. It's courting danger for one thing

A DEDICATED MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

—to get so involved. We'll keep our affairs to ourselves."

"What time does the post go?" Without reading her letter through, she pushed it into an envelope. Goodness knows what she has written, he thought. A mercy her sister was far away in Australia.

The photograph — the subject of their contention — he pushed aside as if he would have liked to be rid of it.

"You don't seem to be paying much attention," he said. "I only warn you that you'd better. Unless you hope to make laughing-stocks of both of us."

Before she addressed the envelope she looked gravely at him

for a moment, thinking that perhaps the worst thing that could happen to him, the thing he had always dreaded most, was to be laughed at, to lose his dignity. I used to be the same, she thought, taking up her pen.

"Yes, I made a mistake," he said. "I admit it freely. But we shall stand by it, since it's made. We can hardly kill the boy off, now we've got him."

She jerked round and looked at him, her face even paler than usual, then seemed to gather her wits again. Writing rather slowly and unsteadily, she finished addressing the envelope.

"I hope I shan't have further cause of complaint," he said —

rather as if he were her employer, as, in fact, he always felt himself to be. The last word duly spoken, he left her, but was frowning as he went downstairs. She was behaving oddly, something was not quite right about her, and he was apprehensive.

Edith was smiling while she tidied herself before slipping out to the pillar-box. "That's the first tiff we've ever had," she thought. "In all our married life."

"I find her all right," Carrie Hurt said to the stillroom maid. "Not stand-offish, really, when you get to know her."

"It's him I can't abide."

"I'm sorry for her. The way he treats her."

"And can't you tell he's got a temper? You get that feeling, don't you, that for two pins he'd

"Yes, I'm sorry for her. He's not there she likes to tell. And dotes on that boy of hers."

"Funny life it must be, hardly ever seeing him."

"She's going to soon, so she's telling me, when it's his birthday. She was showing me a sweater she was knitting for him. She's a lovely knitter."

Silcox found Edith sitting in a secluded place at the back of the hotel where the staff were always to take the air. It was a courtyard, full of empty crates and strings of tea-balls hung to dry. Pigeons walked and down the outhouse roof, the kitchen cat sat at Edith's watching them. Edith was knitting a white, cable-stitch sweater and she had a towel across her lap to keep the wool clean.

"I have just overheard Carrie Hurt and the stillroom maid discussing you," Silcox said when he had looked round to make sure that there was no one to overhear him. "What's this nonsense about going to the boy or did my ears deceive me?"

"They think we're unfaithful. I felt so ashamed about it. I said I'd be going on his birthday."

"And when is that, pray?" "Next month, the eighth. I'll have the sweater done then."

SHE picked up a knitting pattern, studied it, and then she said:

"Oh, it is, is it? You've never all cut and dried. But his birthday happens to be in March."

"You can't choose everything," she said. She was going on with her knitting and smiling.

"I forbid you to say any more about the boy."

"You can't, you see. People are talking how he's getting on."

"I wish I hadn't started this darn fool business."

"I don't. I'm so glad you do it. You'll land us in jail, do you realise that? And what is it about you're knitting?" He knew from the conversation he had overheard.

"A sweater for him, for Julian."

"Do you know what?" he said. "I think you're going out of your mind. You'll have to go away from here. Maybe we'd both better go, and it will be the parting of the ways."

"I don't see any cause for this," said Edith. "I've never been unhappy."

But her happiness was nearly at an end: even before she finished knitting the sweater the spell had been broken.

A letter came from her sister Hilda, in Melbourne. She wrote much less frequently than Edith, and usually only when she had something to boast about — a time it was one of the boys who had won a tennis tournament.

To page 89

OUR TRANSFER



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1960

She has always patronised Edith thought. "I have never harped on in that way about Julian. I don't see why I should have hidden his light under a bushel all these years."

She sat down at once and wrote a long letter about his different successes. Whatever Hilda's son may have done, Julian seemed to find it easy to do better. "We are sending him for a holiday on the Continent as a reward for passing his exams," she finished up. She was tired of silence and modesty. These qualities had never brought her any joy, none of the wonder, exhilaration and sense of richness she had now. Her attitude toward life had been too drab and undemanding; she could hardly see this.

She took her letter to the village and posted it. She imagined her sister looking piqued — not surprised — when she read it.

Silcox was in the bedroom when she returned. A drawer slid quickly shut and he was suddenly unwinding his watch. "Well, I suppose it's time to put my hand to the wheel," he said in a voice no colder than it had been of late.

EDITH was suspicious of this voice, which was too genial, she thought, and she looked around to see if anything of hers had been tampered with. She was especially anxious about her knitting, which was so precious to her; it was still neatly rolled up and hanging in a clean laundry bag in her cupboard.

She opened the drawer which Silcox had so smartly closed and found a letter lying on top of a pair of black woollen socks. A photograph was half out of the envelope. Though he had thrust it out of sight when she came into the room, she realised that he must have been perfectly easy in his mind about leaving it where it was, for it would be contrary to his opinion of her that she would pry or probe. "He knows nothing about me," she thought, taking the photograph to the window so that she could see it better.

She was alarmed at the way her heart began to leap and hammer, and she pressed her hand to her forehead and whispered, "Hush!" to her own loud beating. "Hush, hush," she implored it, and sat down on the bed to wait for the giddiness to pass.

When she was steadier she looked again at the two faces in the photograph. There was no doubt that one of them was Julian's, though older than she had imagined and more defined in the other photograph — the one that stood always on the top of drawers.

It was so much like the face of the middle-aged woman whom her arm encircled affectionately, wore the smug, pleased smile of a mother whose son has been doing her. She glowed with delight, her lips ready to shape fond remembrances. She looked a pretty, silly woman, and wore a faded, full-skirted dress, too tight for her, too tight across the chest.

They were standing by the garden fence of a little garden. Behind them hollyhocks grew untended and a line of washing, having flapped in the wind as the camera clicked, hung there, faded, above their heads. Julian stared at the photographer, blinking foolishly, almost pulling at his coat. "It's all put on," thought Edith. "All for effect."

When her legs stopped trembling she went again to the drawer and fetched the letter. She could only read a little of it at a time, because the feeling of faintness and nausea came upon her in waves, and she would wait, with closed eyes, till each receded. After seeing "Dear Father," she sat as still as a stone, until she could brace herself for more, for the rest of the immaturely written, facetious letter. It contained contempt and ungracious thanks for what she had received for what she referred to as his twenty-first.

LL characters in serials and short stories which appear in Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

A DEDICATED MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

He seemed, Edith thought, to have expected more. A good time had been had by all, with Mum pushing the boat out to the best of her ability.

They were still living in Streatham, and he was working in a car showroom, where, he implied, he spent his time envying his customers. Things weren't too easy, although Mum was wonderful, of course. When he could afford to take her out, she enjoyed herself as if she were a young girl. It was nice of his father to have thought of him, he ended reproachfully.

Carrie Hurt pushed the bedroom door open at the same time

as she rapped on it with her knuckles. "I was to say would you come down at once, Edith. There's some people in the dining-room."

"I shan't be coming down," Edith said.

"Don't you feel well?"

"Tell him I shan't be coming down."

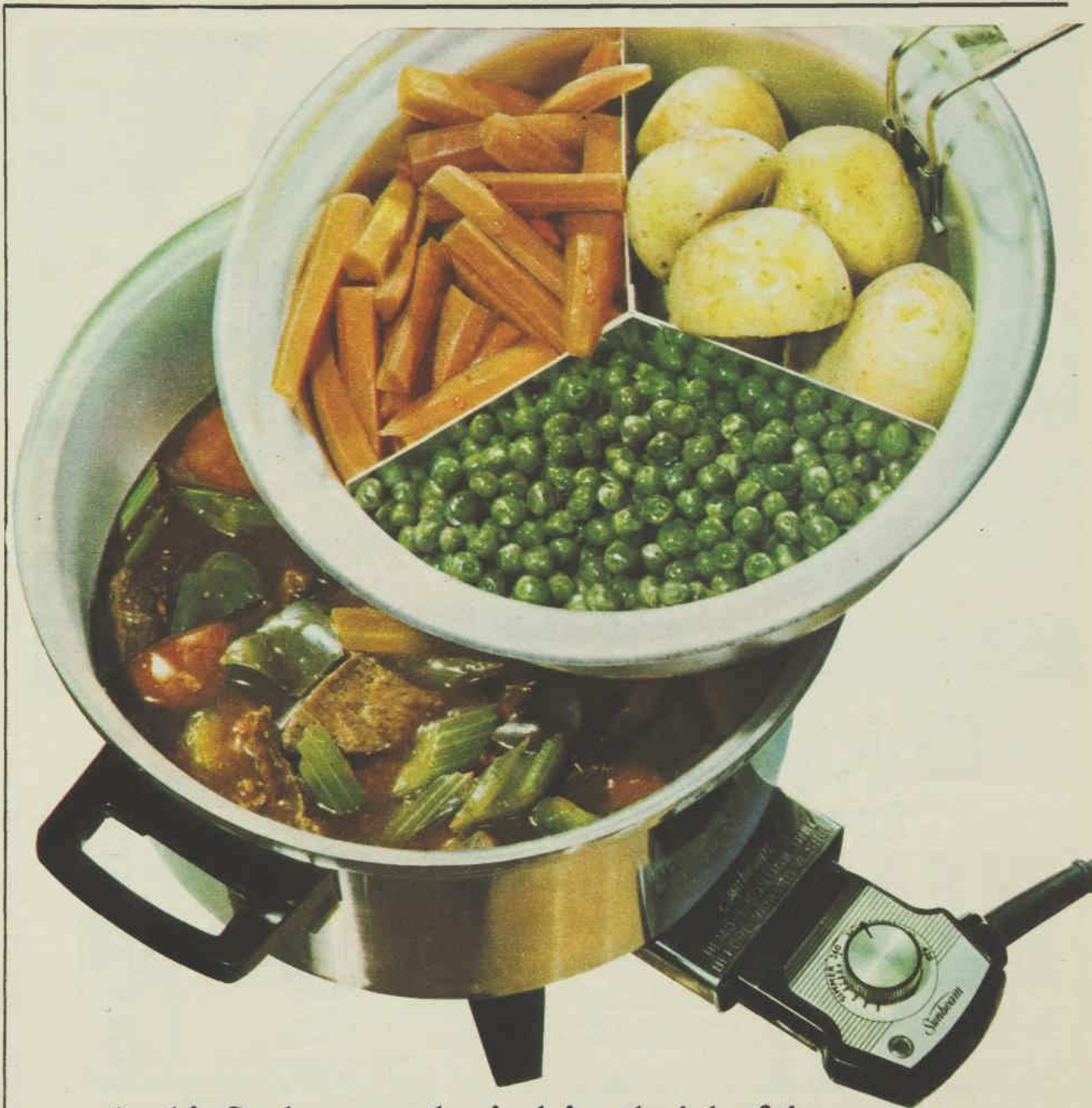
Edith turned her head away and remained like that until Carrie had gone. Quietly she sat and waited for Silcox to arrive. He would do so, she knew, as soon as he could find the manageress or a maid to take his place for a moment. It would

To page 90

THE BOYFRIEND



"I see you fixed Mum's vacuum cleaner again!"



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DEEP-FRY COOKER

offend his pride to allow such a crisis, but he would be too seriously alarmed to prevent it.

Her hatred was now so heavy that it numbed her, and she was able to sit, quite calm and patient, waiting for him, rehearsing no speeches, made quite incapable by the suddenness of the calamity and the impossibility of accepting the truth of it.

It was not so very long before she heard his hurrying footsteps. He entered the room as she had thought he would, brimming with pompous indignation. She watched this fade and another sort of anger take its place when he saw the letter in her hand, the photograph on the bed.

"No, your eyes don't deceive you," she said.

At first, he could think of nothing better to say than "How dare you!" He said this twice, but as

A DEDICATED MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

it was clearly inadequate, he stepped forward and grasped her wrists, gripping them tightly, shook her back and forth until her teeth were chattering. Not for years, not since the days of his brief marriage, had he so treated a woman and he had forgotten the overwhelming sensations to be derived from doing so. He released her, but only to hit her across her face.

Shaken, but unfrightened, she stared at him. "It was true all the time," she said. "He was really yours and you disowned him. Yet you made up that story just to have a reason for putting out the photograph and looking at it every day."

"Why should I want to do that? He means nothing to me." He hoped to disconcert her by a quick transition to indifference.

"And his mother — I was supposed to be his mother."

He laughed theatrically at the absurdity of this idea. It was a bad performance. When he had finished being doubled-up, he wiped his eyes and said: "Excuse me." The words were breathed on a sigh of exquisite enjoyment.

Coming to the door for the second time, Carrie Hurt waited after knocking. She had been surprised to hear Silcox laughing so loudly as she came along the passage. She had never heard him laugh in any way before and won-

dered if he had gone suddenly mad. He opened the door to her, looking grave and dignified.

"They're very busy. I was told to say if you could please . . ."

"I am coming now. Edith is unwell and we must manage for today as best we may without her. She will stay here and rest," he added, turning and saying this directly to Edith. He would have locked the door upon her if Carrie had not been standing by.

Edith was then alone and began to cry. She chafed her wrists that were still reddened from his grasp, and moved her head from side to side, as if trying to evade the thoughts that crowded on her.

Carrie Hurt returned presently with a glass of brandy. "It can't do any harm," she said. "He told me to leave you alone, but there might be something she wants, I thought."

She put the glass on the table beside the bed and then went on to draw the curtains. Edith was still, with her hands clasped on her lap, and waited for her to speak. "My mother has these spells," Carrie told her. "The night she was lying in bed, she asked, 'Oh, you know I had any bad news, have you?'"

"Yes," Edith said.

"Not your boy?" Carrie asked.

Edith sighed. It seemed more than a sigh—a frightening moan seeming to gather all the loneliness from her body, shuddering, clinging it.

"He isn't ill, is he?" Carrie asked, expecting worse — Silcox, to be sure, had been controlled enough. And what was his dreadful laughter meant?

Edith was silent for a moment and took a little brandy. "He pitched voice," she said, in a forced and pitched voice. "He is much worse than ill. He is disgraced."

Edith's eyes rested for a second on the photograph lying beside her on the bed, and then she covered it with her hand. "Theft," she said, her voice strengthening, "thieving."

"Oh dear, I'm ever so sorry," Carrie said softly. "I can't believe it. I always said what an excellent father he'd got. Who could credit it? No one could. Not that I should breathe a word about it to a living soul."

"Mention it to whoever you like," Edith said. "The whole world will know, and may decide where they can lay the blame."

She drained the glass, her face closed. Then, "There's bad blood there," she said.

WHEN Silcox had finished his duties he returned to the door was locked from inside and there was no answer when he spoke.

He went away and walked to the river in his waiter's clothes, stared at by all who passed by. When he returned to the hotel, he was stared at there, too. The kitchen porter seemed to be assessing him, looked at him curiously and spoke insolently. The stillroom maid pressed against the passage wall as he went by. Other seemed to avoid him.

The bedroom door was shut but no longer locked. He stood looking at the empty room, the hairbrush had gone from the dressing-table and only a few clothes hangers swung from the rail in the clothes cupboard. He picked up the brandy glass and was standing there sniffing it when Carrie Hurt appeared in the doorway.

"I don't know if you know she's packed and gone," she said. "And had the taxi take her to the train. I thought the brandy would pull her together," she went on looking at the glass in Silcox's hand. "I expect the shock of hinged her and she felt she had to go. Of course, she'd want to see him, whatever happened. I must have been her first thought. I should like to say how sorry I am. You wouldn't wish such a thing on your worst enemy."

He looked at her in bewilderment, and then, seeing her glance as it swerved from his in embarrassment, suddenly checked something out of his sight. He walked slowly round the bed and saw there what she was staring at — the wastepaper basket heaped high with her white knitting, all cut into shreds; even the needles had been broken in two.

Before the new couple arrived Silcox prepared to leave. Silcox's departure he had spoken to no one but his customers, whom he was as stately as ever, almost as if his calling were sacred and he felt himself worthy of it.

On the last morning he engaged his bedroom cupboard and the drawers, packing with his usual care. In the bottom drawer, beneath layers of shirts, and rolled up in a damask napkin, he was horrified to discover a dozen silver-plated soup spoons from the dining-room.

(c) 1965 by Elizabeth Taylor. This story is from a collection of short stories entitled "A Dedicated Man," by Elizabeth Taylor, published by Chatto and Windus.



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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Wounds made by fine, open ornamental fabric portions (11).
- Tent-dwelling nomad Arab (7).
- Intuitive apprehension in a lump (5).
- Violent attack with confused tones (5).
- One anagram of this great evil is the monetary unit of Ecuador and French sugar (5).
- Verdi's opera on the text of Victor Hugo (6).
- Food material in plants, used as a stiffener (6).
- Obstruction on a nobleman (5).
- Undignified language for a watch-chain (5).
- Indentation with a negative start (5).
- Woman's name for making a lie even (7).
- A surgeon could use it for a locked joint? (8, 3).

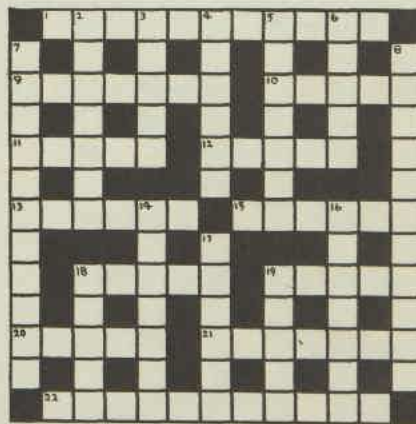


Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Co-founder with Richard Steele of the "Spectator" (7).
- To triumph (7).
- Healing tincture in a car (6).
- To receive by legal descent put her in it (7).
- Such word is coined for use at the moment (5).
- Going out of use (11).
- This person does a thing thoroughly (5-6).
- This whale has a long, twisted, projecting tusk (7).
- A reel is needed to comprehend completely (7).
- If cent is enough to taint, you solved it (6).
- East Indian method of printing design on cloth (5).
- Austere part of a vessel (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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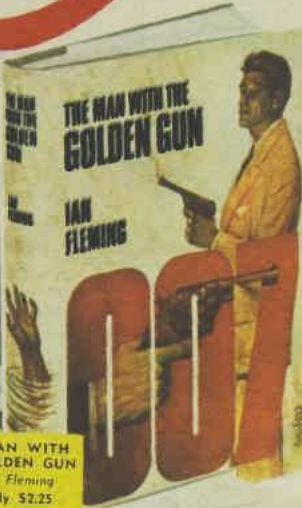
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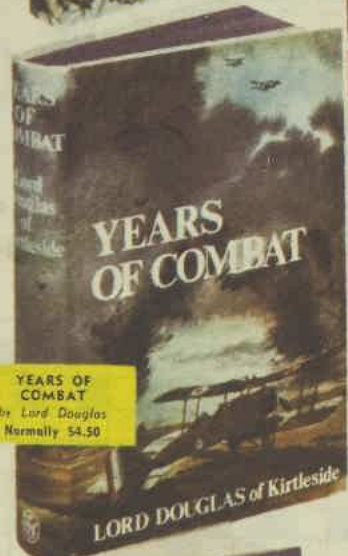
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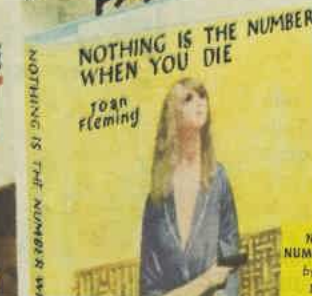
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The Australian
WOMEN'S
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presents . . .



BRIDAL FASHIONS

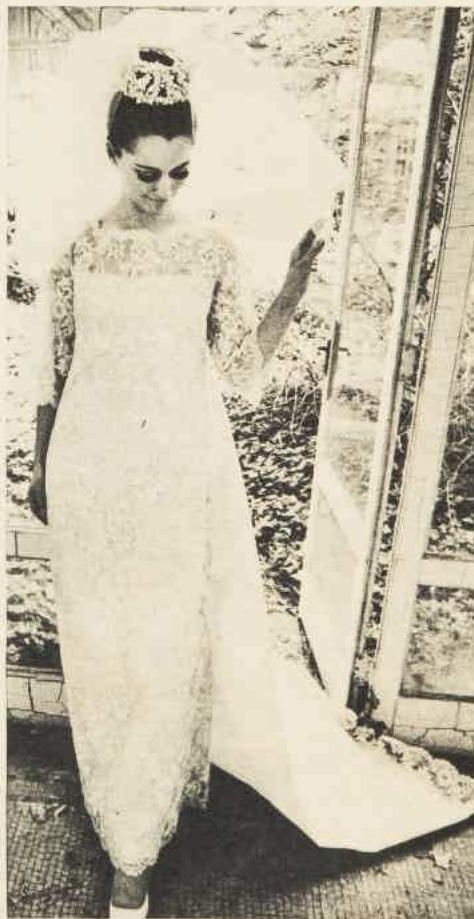
Here, for all starry-eyed brides-to-be, is a complete coverage of bridal fashions. There are wonderful designs from Paris, London, and New York, new-look head-dresses and bouquets, and all the latest about wedding veils. For the sentimentalists who wish to sew their own bridal finery there are designs and patterns on pages 14 and 15.



WHITE shantung and insets of heavy lace are combined in this elegant dress. Panel-like train is attached to waist.



NUN-LIKE simplicity in satin is seen in a straight-from-the-shoulder dress. The short veil is held with a band of the dress fabric.



LACE has always been a favorite for bridal fashions. Here it is chosen for a sheath design with elbow sleeves. Train is lace-edged.



REGAL bridal design in self-embroidered satin. An enormous bow in self-fabric is fastened to the veil that forms a train.

opened the door, dropped bag the door He was down the "That was a commotion" He was down the



For the very young bride, a slender floor-length dress made in self-spotted organza with fragile lace forming the sleeves, yoke, and hemline. A white organza flower on top of the head holds the short veil in place. After the wedding the design would be ideal to wear as an evening dress.

Romantic two-piece ensemble (right). The tailored slim-line dress is made in satin and has a high-to-the-throat neckline and alencon-lace trim. The cape-like tulle veil partly covers the dress and falls to the ground in a graceful train. The floral headdress matches the bouquet.

● SLENDER ELEGANCE





Empire-line dress made in satin has a rose trim at the hemline. The lace veil is tied under the chin, bonnet-wise, and falls to the floor to form a train.

● YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME



This wedding dress has a secret—it's a two-way design consisting of a sheath cloaked by a coat. Minus the coat, the sheath becomes a gay party dress.



A lace-embroidered bodice with beautifully shaped circular sleeves flows into an A-line organdie skirt. Note the new look of the petal headdress.



Dress of permanently pleated organza (above) has a swiss-embroidery bodice trim. A helmet of matching embroidery is worn with the veil. Lord and Taylor design.

Soft elegance is seen (above) in a bridal gown combining lace and silk. The modest bodice is finished with elbow sleeves. Veil falls from a pillbox.



Innocent, little-girl wedding dress (right) with ribbon and swiss baby lace making the bodice. The skirt forms a train. The total effect is very young.



Linen is wondrously shaped in this Empire-line dress. For spice there are circular sleeves in heavy lace. The veil is anchored with a minute pillbox.

● BRIDAL RADIANCE



Demure Empire-line dress (above). The long tulle veil is outlined in lace and worn over a small, bow-trimmed lace pillbox. The bride carries a white prayer book. In France numbers of brides forgo a bridal bouquet.



Summertime dress (above) is made in white pique with appliques of self-material flowers on the scooped-out bodice-top. The narrow skirt is ankle-length. In direct contrast to the chalk-white dress, the bridal bouquet is a posy of yellow daisies.

Lace adds a sparkle of drama to the sweet young dress (left) made in silk shantung. The collarless bodice is finished with elbow-length bell-shaped sleeves. The skirt sweeps into a tiny train. The veil, trimmed with narrow lace, forms a second train.



What could be more fitting for spring than the white linen bridal dress at left? For frosting, the dress has a beautiful oleancon-lace trim. The train is detachable.



Beautiful dress above is London-designed in superb chantilly lace. The design is waisted and has a double skirt. The floor-sweeping veil is held with a wreath of flowers.



High-necked silk shantung wedding dress is decorated with a froth of lace and worn with a coronet and voluminous tulle veil. The bride carries a ribbon-tied spray of flowers.



Bridal fashions have many moods this season, and at left is a truly romantic design. The dress has a slender basic silhouette. A wide pannier effect replaces a train.



Castillo's silk jersey wedding dress (left) designed with an Empire bodice, above-wrist-length sleeves, slim skirt, and sweeping train. Garlands of white organdie flowers outline the hood and the front of the dress.

● GLAMOROUS PA



In Paris this season the traditional wedding veil has been superseded by long hair and a train falling from the shoulders or from a headdress. Two views of this new look are seen above. The dress, by Balmain, is made in duchesse satin. The train falls from a double braided headband to show long tresses at the back.

PARIS BRIDES

Dior's exotic wedding dress (right) is inspired by cardinals' robes. The tulle coat, embroidered with wisps of ostrich feathers, is worn over a fitted silk sheath. A tiny skullcap embroidered with pearls and rhinestones completes the ensemble.



A shaped coronet of flowers is cut out from the heavy guipure lace which is used for the yoke and long sleeves of Jacques Heim's white satin bridal dress, above. Above right, long tresses again replace a bridal veil. The hair is braided and decorated with white satin ribbon and flowers. Coif by Alexandre of Paris.





Bridesmaid coif (above) is designed by Charles of the Ritz. The hair is swept back into a chignon, and a plait of hair, twined with white organza ribbon, is fastened centre front and falls over the chignon.



Satin ribbon bow-tied head-piece (right) is a pretty choice for the summer bridesmaid. The bow is made in inch-wide ribbon and looped into uneven lengths. The headdress is designed for long hair.



Two Paris-designed dresses (above) for the mod young bride. Left, a guipure lace bridal shift trimmed with white ostrich feathers at the neck and hemline worn with a "dollybag" headdress. Right, a slubbed silk dress in white worn under a pastel pink fishnet nylon coatee, buttoning at the back. Note fishnet stockings.

● Bride and bridesmaids



The bridesmaid dress (left) worn with a multicolored flower cap is sure to be a beau-catcher at any wedding. The dress, designed by Jacques Heim, is made in oyster crepe. It has a bias cut, clever horizontal seaming, and a pretty flared skirt.

Marc Bohan, the Dior designer, chose the silver-and-green lame bridesmaid dress (right) especially for *The Australian Women's Weekly*. The dress has a wide belt finished with a silver buckle. The side-slanted beret is in the dress fabric.



Pink and white is one of the most popular twosomes for a summer wedding. Above right, the bride wears a traditional floor-length dress made in white satin and topped by a diaphanous tulle veil. Left, the bridesmaid wears a sleeveless pink sheath with a pink rose on top of the head, pink shoes, and white wrist-length gloves.



Empire-line silhouette is seen in this classic bridal gown made in chalk-white guipure lace. Details to note: the scooped out neckline and long, fitted-to-the-wrist sleeves finished with prettily flared cuffs.

● HERE COMES THE BRIDE



This pretty coat-over-bare-shoulders dress is made in satin and ribbon lace. The lace coat buttons to the waist and then divides to form a small train at back. Headdress in matching lace.



This bridal gown of imported Swiss organdie has a bow-tied waistline in self-material. The coat is in matching dress fabric. The veil is held with lily of the valley. Lord and Taylor design.



American-designed princess-line dress of pin-tucked sheer organza has an applique leaf-and-flower trim. The headpiece is a band of applique. Design by Lord and Taylor, New York.



London-designed mod dress is for the very young bride. The dress is in ribbon lace over silk taffeta and it falls straight to the floor. The head-concealing cap is in the same lace as the dress.



What could be prettier for the summer bride than this London-designed dress. The satin ribbon tied to accent the Empire-line bodice is repeated for a head-dress on the diaphanous veil.

• THE WELL-DRESSED MOTHER: Patterns to make

Patterns on this and the opposite page are available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.



DAYTIME WEDDING: 3957.—Bride's mother wears a dress-and-coat ensemble, dress in shantung, coat in lace. The semi-fit dress has a V neckline; coat has edge-to-edge fronts and threequarter sleeves. The ensemble is correct fashion for a formal daytime wedding. Butterick pattern 3957 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, and 42 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44in. bust. Pattern price 70 cents includes postage.



EVENING WEDDING: 6330.—Bride's mother wears a three-piece ensemble consisting of floor-length skirt, overblouse, and jacket. It is made in shantung. This is correct fashion for a formal wedding taking place from 6 p.m. onwards. Vogue pattern 6330 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, and 42 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44in. bust. Pattern price 85 cents includes postage.

6443. — Slender-to-the-floor dress (left) is belted at the normal waist-line. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6443, 85 cents includes postage.

● BRIDAL DRESS FOR \$8.98

THE Empire-line bridal dress (right) in white pique and worn with a tulle veil can be made for approx. \$8.98. The price includes the pattern and postage. Here is a detailed list:

4½yd. cotton pique	\$3.89
4½yd. cotton lawn lining	\$1.71
1 zipper fastening72
1½yd. tulle veiling	\$1.91
Pattern and postage75

3986. — Empire-line ankle-length bridal dress (right) is finished with above-wrist-length sleeves. The veil has a bow trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3986, price 75 cents includes postage.





● Mod look by Cardin

Hood and cape takes the place of a veil in Cardin's dress, left. Cardin says, "I designed the model in wool for Paris, but for Australia I suggest it be made in silk with a swansdown trim."

For the teenage bride Cardin suggests the short-cut dress at right. The dress consists of a white silk pinafore over a sweater with a turtle collar. The tent-shaped veil is worn over one enormous rose.

